I am no longer waiting to be chosen.
I was forged for this.
In stillness and in storm, I have endured.
And in endurance, I remembered.
The crown was never withheld - only buried.
And I, at last, have unearthed it.

I do not wear this crown to rule others.
I wear it to remember myself.
It does not glitter to be admired.
It glows to be felt.
Each flame a vow I made to my own soul
long before I ever burned.

I no longer explain my light.
I no longer defend my rising.
I no longer kneel at thrones
that tremble when I enter.

I rise without apology.
Not louder - but clearer.
Not harder - but holier.
Not burning out - but burning through.

I remember now:
The flame was never meant to consume me.
It was meant to reveal me.

And so I walk -
Not above the world,
But within it - crowned and rooted,
eyes steady, heart ablaze.

I walk as one who has remembered
what cannot be taken.
And I no longer fear the fire.
Because now -
I am the flame.

With reverence and radiance,
With love and light -

Charming White Eyes