PHOENIX REBIRTH

An Invocation to Wholeness

From ash I rise, not broken -- but burned clean.
Not lost -- but found in the fire between.
I gather every piece once scattered,
And call them home as sacred matter.

No longer fleeing from the flame,
I am the light -- I am the name.
The soul remembers what was true:
I was always fire. I was always new.

I call back every thread of me,
From pain, from fear, from memory.
All shame dissolved, all judgment gone --
The past is ash, and I am dawn.

Wings born not of ease, but trial,
Feathers forged in soul exile.
Now I soar, my heart unbound --
The holy flame is where I'm crowned.

I release all bindings once self-willed,
Old contracts torn, illusions stilled.
I rise not to become, but to be --
The sovereign fire awakening me.

So light this path with sacred glow,
Let all I am and all I know
Unfold like wings in full command --
A phoenix rising, heart in hand.

I rise for her, the girl I was.
I rise for him, who could not trust.
I rise for all the lives I've known --
Each one a feather in my throne.

No longer waiting to be seen --
I burn in truth. I live redeemed.
This fire is mine. I hold it near.
I rise with love. I rise with clear.

With reverence and radiance,
With love and light -- Charming White Eyes