Three Short Poems

by Kait Mauro

I welcome myself
back into the fires
that forged me.
I welcome myself back
into the fires that forged me -
hoping to emerge, yet again,
stronger and full of less bullshit,
more wisdom - with the parts
of my little life I love
most still intact.

❊ ❊ ❊

Sometimes a person
need to get "out
of their head" and back
into their body. Stretching
is one way to do this -
standing then sitting
then standing again. Drink
all of the water you can
hold.

❊ ❊ ❊

Sometimes anger
can be relief.
A decision is made -
no more not knowing
this path or that one,
no more trying to keep
the peace, no more trying

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to keep every person happy.
Just this: no more.