

Daughter of War

At the age of ten

Her imagination ran wild

She read books of valiant knights

Who died in honor of love

At the age of twelve

She learned that the battles were not for princesses

But for survival

She questioned her family

Brother Grandfather Uncle

Her curiosity bested

By the age of thirteen

She had heard too many stories

False memories began the sprout like weeds

In a pure garden of hope

She heard gunshots in the fireworks

Bombs flare with every lightning bolt

Her only solace

Her family

The ones she had left

When fourteen

Friends became misunderstandings

Too lucky with ignorance

Too happy not knowing

She lost those she needed most

Remnants of despair

Lie in her mind

Like unwanted house guests

Never wanting to see the beauty of breath

Sixteen

No longer at war with herself

Her head raised high to honor her legacy

Strength not being physicality

Her mind grew to accept but never forget

Her past suddenly became who she was

Refugee

Radiance

We walk on the lighted path the moon gave me
Through the time I had alone I wondered if we were dressed
Skin felt so light
You gaze followed mine as we pondered of the meanings
The grass our feet once stood on was grey and charred
The gloss of the sky reflected in our conversations
As if we never noticed

Innocence, Joy, Serenity
It was blinding with the moments shared
The moon's unforgiving comfort gave hope for eternity
Staying for as long as we wanted