



I thought I was a flower.

Resilient,

grounded,

graceful.

I lived gingerly

because flowers can be delicate.

I feared the winter

believing I had but one chance to bloom.



But as time passed, I realized...

The wind was blowing, yet I was still standing.

The snow was falling, yet I was still growing.

I severed my roots, yet I was still thriving.

I wondered if maybe...

I'm more steel than flower



Strong,

durable,

versatile.

Born of fire and strengthened by heat,
I bend without breaking
and adapt without compromising.





And maybe, like steel,

my body can be mended and repaired, too.

Maybe I'm not meant to just last the season

but rather, I'm built to endure.

