

## *Transformation*

Little caterpillar  
You're at your lowest  
Crawling through life struggles  
Searching for all the wrong things  
Then isolation happens  
Your life becomes a cocoon  
You abstain from worldly pleasures  
Which causes necessary growth  
You're transformed  
Ready to experience life  
With a different perspective  
Wings exposed  
You take flight  
Free as a butterfly

*Wildflower*

Through the cracks  
Of hard surfaces  
Or situations  
You've found a place  
To grow  
Sunlight beaming  
Down on you  
Reveals your  
Natural glow  
Showers of nutrients  
Gives you strength  
To push through  
But no one  
Really notices you  
Then you bloom  
Bright and  
Full of color  
You stand out  
A bit different  
Like no other  
The attention  
You receive  
Makes people  
Stop and stare  
Trying to figure  
Out how you  
Were able to  
Grow there  
You just stand  
Tall  
Knowing they wouldn't  
Understand it all  
That you've been through  
Then that person  
Comes along and  
Recognizes the beauty  
In you  
They carefully pull  
You up  
Roots and all  
Gently places you  
In a watering cup  
Though you've grown  
In hard places

This person creates  
Spaces... of safety  
For you to  
Nourish and grow  
Plant you in the dirt  
Upon their windowsill  
Gives you moments  
Just to be still  
Not worry about  
Being trampled on  
Or plucked at for fun  
You now have  
The peace and security  
To grow in the sun  
Times goes by  
And what do you know,  
Slowly you begin  
To multiply  
You influence others to grow.  
And be free...  
This is the joy of being me...  
*A wildflower!*

*Pieces of Me*

Pieces of me  
Shattered  
Broken  
Don't know who  
Or what I am  
Pieces of me  
Given to everyone  
Except myself  
Going with the flow  
Of whom they wanted me to be  
Pieces of me  
Lying in his bed  
On his sheets  
Traces on his lips  
A moment of wholeness  
That suddenly turned cold  
Broken again  
My wounded soul  
Waiting for someone else  
To complete me  
Pieces of me  
Clinging to the uncertain  
Just to feel as though  
I am worth it  
Looking for fulfillment  
In things less giving  
Pieces of me  
Scattered everywhere  
Wait...  
I'm exhausted  
Tired of the façade  
Empty inside  
Pieces of me  
Let me gather myself  
Slowly  
I'm back in control  
Of this wounded soul  
No more pieces  
I am whole  
Complete  
I know who  
I'm created to be  
I can give fully  
And receive... fully

Balance life  
By first loving God  
Then me  
Thankful for every piece  
Mended back together  
That made me whole  
No more pieces of me  
I am complete!