The Tale Of A Phoenix

A poetry collection about surviving trauma and becoming a phoenix

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A. Hedgehog

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ISBN: 9789403950945
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2026
Published by Bookmundo

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Writer's Note

Dear reader,

This piece of poetry is humbly offered to you because I believe it is of the utmost importance to find the right words for feelings and happenings in life that cannot be simply put into direct words. “Trauma”, “Grief”, “Vulnerability”, “Rebirth”, “Depression”, “Anxiety” and even “Love”. What do these terms really mean when you say them? Just to clarify: “parents” for me personally does not refer to my mother in all of these poems, but to my father and stepmother. All of these poems are wounds that I have embraced and I hope you can find the room to try to embrace your wounds as well. Please take care of yourself and be kind to yourself, the poems could be triggering for you. This book does not intend to pour any salt into your wounds, but intends to help you accept the above mentioned themes and most importantly, aims to give acknowledgement for your scars. As a trauma survivor myself, touched by flames, validation and understanding of my being as a phoenix has been the most vital part of my healing process. I sincerely hope that these words make you feel less misunderstood and that they give you your wings back. Because like a phoenix, we will rise above and endure.

“*They tried to burn me for so long that I became a phoenix, covered in my own ashes***”**

“*Living inside the flames was my home until I realized the way I carried those burns outside of it***”**

“*They told me I was cold while I was burning to death***”**

“*I was standing in the pouring rain until even my fire could never be doused again***”**

“*They set my freedom on fire which made me grow my wings to fly away***”**

“*They wanted my warmth until they were set aflame***”**

“*My world was on fire until I became the fire***”**

Before A Phoenix Was Born

These poems were written before I fled from that burning house. I was seventeen years old when I started writing poems, in hopes of setting myself free with words of hurt and grief. Writing these poems gave me a relief back then, a way to acknowledge my world with my own pen. I scribbled them out in my own notebook and now they have found their way inside my collection of poetry, illustrating the ashes from which I have risen. They depict topics of trauma and the longing for a saviour that never came. These poems are the very first that I have written and capture “Before A Phoenix Was Born”. Amidst the fire, there is a trauma survivor that does not even know yet.

“*I cannot lash out, but you can? How tied up do you want me to be?***”**

“*Because no one can ever tell the tale*
If they lock themselves up while growing up
*Secretly wishing but always dismissing***”**

“*I have almost swallowed my tongue the last time someone did me wrong***”**

“*If I do not treat you as an authority, you will not treat me as a human***”**

“*I am reading between your lines, but you are changing them every time***”**

“*She let her demons live inside her identity and forgot that there were living children in her vicinity***”**

“*At night when I am crying because of your words of hurt, your abusive fire charge residing in me is growing larger and larger and I am utterly afraid that I will wake up one day, being nothing more than that inferno continuously charging at me***”**

“*It is a war inside my head, heads or tails, it is always wrong*
*Why do I always have to be strong?***”**

“*You have pulled me into your depths with each twist, making me afraid of everything that is better than this***”**

Seventeen

Seventeen, seventeen
The darkest paths already seen
Right now, I am trailing
Am I failing?
Lost in those dark woods
Every tree leading me somewhere that is not me
The time is ticking and my feet hurt because of the ground that they keep hitting
They always say there is danger in a stranger
Yet those that are close are the most violent, they even attempt to keep it silent