

First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation **College Experience**

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Fire Within

Anonymous

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Fire Within, Head held high Hair wound loose. Fire Within, Hips too wide Eyes slit. Wings wilted...no angel present. Never was. No exits taken. Face the wind with reservations Never in flight, always in patience. But, her stride. Her stride's too wide. His Stride. His stride's too long. They're stride. They're stride's too paced. We're tripping on cracks that can't be taken, can't be spoken, can't be broken, can't be showin' The only fire...I know. Because I'm about to blow and I can't understand why. I did this for you. I gave myself to you. I became this for you. I don't know you. And like on cue, your fire burns. It ignites Taken everyone in sight. Rage split in two. Come and see me, come lead me, Lead me Free.

Cause' I wanna breathe.

The air that was meant for me.

Pride, I see you.