



YWCA
EDMONTON

A TURNING POINT
FOR WOMEN

A Fire

Pam Chohan

A flame never smothered.
No dark hands clasping the air,
No dark hearts could lay ash to it.

A flame brewing inside,
Silenced for years, yet it flickered.

A heat grew hotter inside this woman,
A soldier as soft as feathers.

Strong bricks, one by one,
Lay foundations so that I may walk.

A flame always keeping me warm.
Even when all else was frozen.

I watch in awe always,
Someone so close, so incredible.

How could she be mine? And I hers?

A flame, so passionate that in the face of all the seasons,
In all the harshness of the world,

She stood still. Always growing. Always waiting,
So she could one day lighten her own path.

A flame. A mother. An artist. A woman.

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