

Fire

The blaze grows dangerously warm
as I gravely kindle
and coax. A wreath of ageless stones
glows
like some fallen halo. And all around,
the darkness smells
of pine sap
and red dust,
begging forgiveness by its heavy
silence.

I stare into the heart of heat
and share
the destruction that brings forth
light, longing
to merge, to purge, to rise
in brilliance and radiance. And rise
I shall.

I have taken the first taste.
Far above, the many distant
blazing dots are mocking me
from their millions of miles,
but I smile, I know.
They do not
touch me.
They form angelic
choirs and sing chants
and incantations from their lofty
balconies. But their voices
cannot penetrate
the crackling,
snapping
whipping peaks.