



The Candle

Since winter they have lived with us
Dancing and flickering.
As still as a statue the flame grows,
Cavorting with the lightest blow
Waving gracefully,

Shrinking gently,
Giving a crackle-silence
When attacked, the sharer of warmth
Red roses, blue violet aromas
Such illuminate powers we live with

Instead of debilitating darkness!
Melancholy shadows, monsters engraved in the floor
And these omnipotent eyes,
Observing the room.
Relaxing

The heart like a joyful baby
Staring at the clouds,
Greatest enemy: itself
Without it we are nothing.
Your small

Son is putting,
Himself in danger
But a breath of air and it'll be gone.
The sirens of warning are talking
Seeming to see
A puddle at the end.

Then sits
Back, captivated
Contemplating a pool of wax he could dive in
A dead
Flame in his little fist