

## The Candle

Since the Winter they have lived with us,  
Hair blowing; body shrinking,  
Dancing, waving and flickering,  
Fearing myself;  
But giving warmth.

Invisible nervousness—children!  
Giving a crackle: giving a click,  
The taker of life; barely trying,  
Vibrant violet scents ; tremendous tulip aromas,  
Such captivating powers we live with.

Instead of debilitating darkness: light is here!  
Gloomy shadows, monsters engraved in the walls,  
And the brightest flicker in the flame,  
Ever-lasting souls, never-ending hope:  
Soothing

The souls: overpowering the body.  
A small flicker at the end of a tunnel,  
Gazing up at the fluffy clouds,  
Sweet birds chirping,  
The one piece of hope that stays with you.

Your brother is tempted to blow,  
The candle is trying to dodge his breath,  
Your brother is peering through,  
Seeming to see a funny, orange world in front of him-  
He did it.

Then sat back,  
Smelling the rotten, burning smell,  
Thinking of a next object to kill,  
An ordinary candle now there,  
Fare-well.



