

Playing with Fire

Soaring flames lick the sky like sashes thrown in the air

I do not fear being burned, the melodic volcano steams and airs its woes and hopes

It catches the wind, the sparks of wet life erupt in twists and rockets, finding the moon,
mostly landing among the stars

The air feels heavy and toasty, it's a dry sauna

The sky catches ashes, the fabric with little holes burned through, letting the air that runs
towards a flame billow and uplift the receptive reflection, the mirror of ourselves.

I can see the moon in the sky. It looks so small, and makes me feel so, so small. And yet
though others may see me as small, I see myself as the moon. Distant, unknown, a two
faced God of water.

She, like a lake, reflects the light of the sun, ribboning through the trees just like the sparks
that fly through the wind.