

# After The Fire

[Donna Lewis](#)

you really astound me  
you with your half closed eyes  
far far awayand me wide eyed and focused  
intent on perfection  
what a fool to believefiercly wild in the presence of strangers  
meeting for the first time  
an innocent desire to display your charmsbut I shall not see  
I shall not fear you  
I shall not hear you  
call me a friendtears shed over one's broken promises  
blaming the foolish one  
for a poem out of timebig child sullen and self willed  
flashes of anger  
blood red to the corehow easy it would be to let uncontrollable  
words burst from my mouth  
but why should it be me  
to tell you the truthso I shall not see  
I shall not fear you  
I shall not hear you  
call me never call me a friend

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