

The Smoke of Many Fires

Be'Lakor

The river had brought with it much that day,
From driftwood to blood from the ember
Some things were hidden
While others were seen
Yet the man somehow could not remember...
Having ambled away from the water's banks
To return to his tribe and their lights,
He soon found a failing,
Of flesh, and of mind -
They were no longer robust or bright
What he could not have seen
Was the sickness upstream;
Those abandoned remains of the wasted
What he could not have known
Was the blight of the bone
In each ebb and each flow he had tasted
Dawn found him ailing, delirium rife
Those he loved feared his illness would wander
With time wearing thin,
His young eyes clouded in
As the odour of smoke became stronger
It was then that he heard the sharp crackle of torches,
Carried past him by men from his clan
A panic cut through
All the life that he knew
It was over before it began
Rope looped his wrists and held tight to his veins
As beside him his relatives sagged
And with tears in their eyes,
Through confusion and cries,
Out towards the wild flames he was dragged
Like billions before him, regardless of form,
It ended as chance had decided
So briefly contained,
An inferno's refrain,
Having powered and angered and guided
At the heart of the blaze, awareness dissolved
Light ascended devoid of desire
From a trail intertwined,
Life and death strewn behind,
To the stars, it returned, from the fire
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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