The Fire

Laura Gibson

Are you carried by a restless wind?
Does it saddle you with brave ideas?
With battle scars and souvenirs,
To hang across your shoulder blades.Oh if you're hot as the sun,
I will not question your ways.
Oh if you're hot as the sun,
Be not afraid of the fire.The shape of bodies galloping,
Will follow every song you sing.
Oh they sparkle like a wedding ring,
And hold you like a melody.Oh if you're drawn to the flame,
I will not question your ways.
Oh if you're drawn to the flame,
Be not afraid of the fire.In the creases of our histories,
From candlewax to motherhood,
To sliding down the banisters,
Oh fate will have no grudge to hold.Oh if you swallow the fuel,
I cannot question your will.
Oh if you swallow the fuel,
Be not afraid of the fire.

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