

When the Last Glow Flies

Enid

The logs at the fireplace
Burn warmth to the breeze
 Of my thoughts
 As they wander around
 Closed down
To me. As the hours turn and fall
 And the warmth weakens
 Decends like a cracked
Voices moan. My thoughts get weak
 And cold hope
 Rises and falls
When the last glow flies:

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