

A Fire On A Hill

Hands Like Houses

It starts with a spark, a breath and a moment of still,
A flicker, a glow, as the oxygen spills through a delta of spindles and stone,
Kindled from nothing in a whisper of smoke. There a gift ignites a cursive thought takes flight,
And there's a dancer, twisting in between the spines.
Give her the breather's kiss, and watch her spirit lift,
She'll take over the stage, and take over the night. Learning how to make a name from the words we can't keep
in.
Learning how to strike a flame, and draw fire from nothing. I don't know where to begin, to make the words take
shape,
How to nurture a flame, and raise it to a blaze
That on the clearest night can be seen forever.
I don't know where to begin, or begin again. It's not enough, because outside the night is still cold.
The fog is collect'd on the sill.
Feed the house to the fire to let out the light,
Consumed and inspired, burned magnesium white. Let it spill from the hearth.
Take the curtains, the carpet to fuel the insatiable fire inside.
We'll set fire to a hill, so intense that it will be the brightest star on this side of the sky.

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