

Firewrite

If I could write with fire,
then I'd light a dusty match,
and strike it 'gainst my heart, ignite
to lock its closing latch

With charcoal as my medium, and
kind'ling as my wit,
I'd pour my thoughts upon the page,
my molten to its spit

I'd dip a pen in embers, and
withdrawing from the coals,
so singe and twist the paper's lines
as to demand it holes

And then I'd find a forest, where
the greatest dearth is sound
I'd string a fuse of tears and ink
and scorch it to the ground

Then in the stanzas standing, I'd
coax out a final flare
With glassy eyes, I'd snuff it gone,
and at the ashes glare

Would e'er I not control it, then
my words could all the same
alight the world—yet fear it not;
I burn but at your name.