

The Fiery Flame I

*Along the darkened path of life
I found a match of great delight.
I held it gently in my hands
Then stuck it quickly, giving light.*

*The flame was large, beyond degree
Filling me with awe and fright
I cupped the flame to keep it lit,
But watched it dwindle in my sight.*

*I sought out others for advice,
To keep the flame from going out.
I gave it fuel to burn once more,
That it should fail, I did not doubt.*

*Alas it burned but all for naught,
It never flamed as wild and free.
The flame it was, yet not the same
Then something changed, in it and me.*

*As it consumed the wooden stick
The heat soon changed to searing pain.
I would not drop the precious flame.
And knew we'd burn ourselves away.*

*Now I'm alone, the flame is gone
The fire I sought is lost for good.
It burned until it could no more
And left me in searching for new wood.*

April 13, 1997

