

WOMAN ON FIRE

and burning the sword

the fire warns of time:
 of dying

the horror

no, the horror is the living

inside an empty dark
black night so wound as stars
from pointed light

and the living is the sword

the wilderness calling
 oh

 me in your fire
 you absorb it

in your hand

 you mouth it

the slow burn inside

in your mouth

a shield against your metal
Will the fire burn out?

burning in the night

Will she ashen in your palm?

She fights the haunting
 the hamlet
created everything

there was a scream

in her glory

and exultation

born in her dreams
licks of flame
the hell what can sound
the end of time

the echo

the echo

the echo

the echo

cut deep in her palms
in the cities
canopies of song

unsounded joy