

FIRE

I stared dreamlike at a burning match,
as I started a bigger blaze,
that became a sort of a crystal ball,
projecting into my gaze.

I saw visions of fire affecting my life,
directly, or that I've heard.
I found myself in the dictionary,
living in the very word.

I felt kinship, with process of ignition,
and it's flame of heat and light.
I thought of it's relativity to me,
and spoke as I thought to write.

Oh, fire me, like a bullet.
Fast on my way to learn.
Fire me like a form of clay.
Set right by the use of the burn

Excited I got, as I danced in the glow,
my shadow even wilder than me.
My fire inside, stirred me again,
flashing hot sparks of revelry.

Fire me up like a motor.
Fire me up like a rocket.
Fire me up like a man of the moment,
going off in a pocket.

No hanging fire, fight fire with fire.
Through fire and water and back.
Playing with fire, dangerous desire,
With smoke black and flashback attack.

There's fire so sharp, fire the blur.
Fire the enemy, fire the cure.
Fire, the weapon, fire the tool.
Fire the element, fire by fuel.

Fire, the colors of fire, the light.
Fire the savior in the black of a night.
Fire to inspire a drive for arrival.
A ball of fire, to power survival.

I stopped at this angle, staring into the blaze,
transfixed on the points of the flames.
I bowed my head in sincerest reverence,
to this, by any and all of it's names,
FIRE.