

Intractable Inferno

Fire is cursed with an insufficiency of self control.

So I silently sit there and watch;

I sit there and wonder if he's sorry for the lush he just dried clean.

Do you think he's sweating up
an impact from guilt over heat?

Do you think he is screaming and fighting and shaking
in any attempt to protect those inevitably trodden by his
being?

Poor guy,

for any moment he's alive, he's more destructive than his will to speak.

And the sad thing is,
to defend himself is to light someone else on fire;
to drown them in himself.

"Hearing him out" becomes impossible when authority
draws a barrier,
a line; do you think he's praying for a double track?

Poor guy,

held with a knife to his throat with no say in his destiny,
whether he gets to be a campfire or a conflagration.
He'll never get to pick his favorite flowers,
or write his will

He must be so confused.

Poor guy,

when half of the time through crackles and snapping he hears

"Die Down",
while on a night not far they beg for him to stay alive.
Anyone and everyone that he lays hands on
Screams for their lives.

But when he gets really, really selfish,
he'll forget his own power and murder his own mother
all because he was getting far too lonely.

Poor guy,

I picture him crying,
howling alongside the wind, an ugly, messy sob through his unwanted spread;

Please do not b(f)lame him.