



Fire

By Anisha Chakravorty 8B

I clench my knees to my chest
Huddling in a miniscule ball
In a compact room I rest
Waiting in substantial apprehension for the call

Will it be the call to obliterate?
Or the call to assist?
A place to accumulate
A place to spread
like mist?

I feel a vigorous tug
I scream in protest
as always
But it crushes me like a bug
I am carried away thrashing lengthways

I am an elegant cat as I land
Arriving with such grace
I unwillingly expand
Conquering every bit of space

The heat I emit is unbearable
I walk through the house
The screams of children and parents are intolerable
I have transformed this place of serenity
into a slaughterhouse

I feel everything but water
Annihilating everything I touch
In a room I sight a daughter
A toy bear in her clutch



She looks up and her tranquil gaze meets mine
I merely wish to help
I surround her like scorching sunshine
I reach out to her
She does not yelp

Forgetting what I am
I move closer
She the pearl, I the clam
I place my hand out to her

She identifies my true form
A simple serene infant
In the form of something treacherously warm
She walks to me in an instant

Accepting her fate
She burns in my embrace
I am carried away
always too late
Returned to my insufficient space

Here, I grieve.