

## ROBERT HUDZIK

### *Man On Fire*

I think of you making light some uncharted  
Strip of land, your laughter breaking deep  
And inexplicable as pain. Guarded,

Simple gestures go unnoticed: a man keeps  
From his wife all his lives, those lies wished for  
For so long in his life. You have children,

Though love is no piece of children: furniture  
From that period you thought so highly of.  
They describe your life together—modern, mild contrast;

As always, they outlast . . .

Fear surrounded you like bark on a tree—  
Caught, you learned the importance of stars,  
Of laughter, what is lived, what is done,

Reflecting through the night sky like nervous youth,  
Accomplished and final, too late for polish.  
That is what you wanted,

Broken into pieces . . .  
Because the stars are burning in place,  
Burning into the heads of children, delirious,

Because you wouldn't allow yourself to burn  
In place, you placed yourself on fire—  
You were always autumn . . .