

The Bonfire

crackle, pop, sizzle
breaking the muted silence
like a twig under foot

warmth radiating
rupturing the Autumn air
raw heat stroking flesh

orange embers blazing
undulating waves of lust
flames dance in the night

lolling trails of smoke
gray clouds floating in the air
white whirling wisps

fierce fire creeping
up old, forgotten logs
final wild slumber

Soft light in the darkness
remnants of a bewildered soul
a lamp in the night

—*Brittany Violet Long*