

Man on Fire

Red flames descend from the sky,
Burning into the depths of his eyes,
And crackle as they engulf his hair,
In tongues of fire.

The eyes, the eyes, stare out in
Placid indifference, while all around
Tongues of flame lick at the very air
Combusting in the night.

No stars here; no limned moon;
No serene reflections on the fiery
Pools below; only fire and burning,
And passion sleeping in those lidded eyes.

Saint or madman? Artist or lunatic?
Does it matter to a man on fire?
Can mere words express the desire
That fanned the flames into a conflagration,

And set the canvas alight? Oh, I long
For a flame to consume my desire,
To quench the thirst of my longing,
To plunge headfirst into the flames

That destroy all conscious thought,
All empty lies, all words written on
Cracked parchment. I long for the
Purity of fire, the peace of flames.