

EXTINGUISHED

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Fire choked the sky, making the evening air too thick to breathe.
The mix of smoke and twilight gave the mountain a bruised quality.

Evening deepened and the setting sun lent its brilliance to the rising flames
as the beat of a helicopter paralleled the pulse in my veins.

Long fingers of steam reached for the intruder,
wanting to pull it down to Earth to further fuel its hunger.

The flames bellowed, demanding the earth yield its sacrifice.
Through the sky, a murder of crows denied Fury's call,

and I wondered if their voices sounded a warning siren,
or if they were screaming their defiance.

Stalking behind, Inferno followed me home.
Smoke crept into my room, stroking my hair while I slept.

Dreams, flaring like scattered kindling, jumped and skipped,
igniting in me every emotion I had let wither and dry.

Outside, darkness camouflaged the haze, hiding it from sight.
In its thirst, it consumed the stars, stealing away with their energy.

Only in their absence could I see Rage as it engulfed all life.
Even the crows lost their breaths—silenced.

I watched it in its gluttony, searing its name on the earth,
until, with nothing left to yearn for, it devoured its own essence.