

A Fire On A Hill

Hands Like Houses

It starts with a spark, a breath and a moment of still,
A flicker, a glow, as the oxygen spills through a delta of spin
dles and stone,
Kindled from nothing in a whisper of smoke.

And there a gift ignites; a cursive thought takes flight,
And there's a dancer, twisting in between the spines.
Give her the breather's kiss, and watch her spirit lift,
She'll take over the stage, and she'll own the night.

Learning how to make a name from the words we can't keep in.
Learning how to strike a flame, and draw hellfire from nothing.

I don't know where to begin, to make these words take shape,
How to nurture a flame, and raise it to a blaze
That on the clearest night can be seen forever.
I don't know where to begin, begin again.

It's not enough, cause outside the night is still cold.
The fog is collected on the sill.
Feed the house to the fire to let out the light,
Consumed and inspired, burned magnesium white.

It spills from the hearth.
Take the curtains, the carpet to fuel the insatiable fire insid
e.
We'll set fire to a hill, so intense that it will be the bright
est star on this side of the sky.

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