

FIRE

Have you fire my friend?

Do the lashing flames tear the flesh of obstinate men?

Do the curves and flicks, lick the calming lips of, blessed men?

Does the fire of true memory, companion with light,
to chase darkness away?

Or do you subtly, slowly, seductively
convince it of its nothingness?

Do you envelope the frosting, shaking child, with glowing warmness

that protrudes and devours that icy, lifeless cold

To replace it with chocolate tinker belles

Releasing lavender droplets
and sunset rolls.

Accepting nothing less

But a glowing fest

Of love.

Do you roar from the heavens?

„I am that which is brave, I drag my fear, kicking and screaming until it relents,

For I am the master of fear and fear shall never be my master“

Do you whisper to the wind?

“I am love and though love leaves me I shall always await its return
for love and I long for each other, we are as rain and the river”

Do you stand above the mountain top and spreading your arms wide shout

„I am as the sun, I emit my everything to you my flesh and blood,
I throw my coloured cloak of kindness to you,
that you may suffocate with warmth of my hallowed heart“

If you can do this,

my child,

You have fire!

