

Light Hearted

In the cold
My own warmth gutters.
Can I live?
Is my strong flame at home
In this courteous shell?

Light reflects from her stillness.
Warmth mirrored. Mine?
Maybe twinned.
Sparks back and forth, feeding each candle;
Dance, scare enrich,
Source of life to each.
And other's lights now where all seemed dark.

Touching a mind, a hand;
Just the open, gentle gesture understood.
I know the flame; the one that lights,
Burns, warms, licks with jealousy.
I can see you under the carefully-fashioned
English wraps!

Who laughs at whom?
Which me's the fool?
Just me
Crazy.
And warm, too.

William Hallidie Smith