

Candles

Hush.

Burn at both ends,
bright and silent.
Waves of color dissolve
into black memory.
These flames
spill their gold
to each impoverished night,
until everything shines in here.
The spirits swell and glisten,
then burst and wither
blow away like smoke.
They dance on the air,
coil and entwine,
become new breath,
and begin again.