

Fire

Kitchie Nadal

Little child, did you throw the dice again
Black and blue paint on your wall
Hey, didn't mama tell you that she loves you so
Even if her bones are dry to hear you sing and cry

Attempting to please the world at the age of seventeen
You kill your babies and call it "offering"
The stench of truth: a life for a life
To be kind is to be unkind

It took six sweet years of your life
You walked alone along with your tea-cold-colored mind
Subtly you pay the curse upon you
But a promise of a man seeps through earth, grave and stone

You will seek Him with all your heart and soul and strength
You count all the cost as you walk out the door
Without a warning, you set the world on fire to me
Fire
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You're never appearing not to
Emerging through unscathed
Hey, little god, you're cauterized by sin
Comfortable and seem to gain the taste of a fatherless

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