

How do you light a match?
Do you even know?
It's such a part of your hand now
It's not like you control it
It flows out of your arm like a cursive explosion

Do you pull it toward you
Or carve it away?
I like the hiss of the bullseye warming my face
As it tears along the sandpaper strip
Too much engine for this tiny ship
It graffitis the runway in grey

A charcoal sound
A sulfur, shrapnel kiss
Glances my lips
Then I taste it

No other spell burns like this
A small hypnosis
The strike and spark to undo the dark
Without shaming its beauty, "Wake up!"
Oh, this parlor trick (We understand)
We understand and are beloved of its magic
We understand and are beloved of its magic

In my dream I saw you, match-lit
With mischief and laughing, "Watch this!"
You zipped inside of a tall cactus
Who lovingly shrank down to fit
You looked at me and smiled so wide
But all I could say was
"Wait, you can do on the other side?"
You answered with a wave goodbye

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