

# Match-Lit

Neko Case

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 graffiti is 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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