

# Fires That Light the Earth

Thrawsunblat

## I: Of Consuming Flame

There must be more, much more, to life than this electric, egocentric, current circumstance. On this Earth, there must be more than this for Homo sapiens. Homo spirans, Homo amans, Roamer of the Earth for aeons. Thriver through ages of ice. Homo pugnans, homo narrans\*, Hauler Down of Bear and Mammoth. We are they—the same line. Give me sun and give me song, and I will charge our blood with ancient life. Give me sun and give me song—and the years I'll sing us back to ice. This chthonic howl echoes across Metachthonia. Somewhere in the distance it is answered. Look to the sky, look to the hills, to ground you in this electric age. Look to the folk and the past they fill to ground you in this electric age. I find myself a being of consuming flame and seeing that the senses are deceived and isolated by machines. I find myself a being of consuming flame and seeing that the passions are deceived and maneuvered by machines. As you journey on through these modern times, walk light through the traps of the age. As you journey on through these modern times, walk heavy through the barriers made. Metachthonia! Metachthonia! Chthonic times are gone. Metachthonia! Metachthonia! Metachthonic times live on. Look not to these modern times—where diodes shine over the sun—to solve questions older than life, for the times only concern with themselves.

## II: The Chthonic Call

Lost in urban sprawl. Spiritual withdrawal. Lights and screens decide all dreams. The distant landscape breathed and I heard the sky above—it groaned clouded words. Followed the chthonic call; journey to the coastal wall, where great trees stand across wide whispering land. The sound of waves striking cliffs was speech, conversation. Eternal tones, in the marrow of my bones: "And the fires burn bright. And they burn in number. Oh how they burn all across the Earth. And the fires burn all across the glowing Earth. And the fires burn for any who wish to find them. Any who wish to find them."

## III: In Mist and Spray

I plant my feet upon the cliff and breathe the spray of the sea. Arms wider than the thundering sky. I roared out to all I could see and stretched flame into the sky, though

immersed in mist and spray. The fire that surged from heart to fist was ready to consume me. I saw the threads appear in the air: not quite cloud, not quite vine, glowing with each pulse, reaching high from my chest to the clouds. And the sky broke with crashing light and sound to deafen Thor himself. Lightning lit the ethereal braid. All went black. When the storm cleared I sprawled on the green. And the landscape breathed. The stars became life in the sky. When I felt the blood pulse in time with the Earth, I'd found my answer.

\*spirans: who hopes, aspires; amans - who loves, has passion; pugnans - who fights, battles; narrans - who tells stories, relays experiences.