

VII

Burn

Your dark wolves circle you
marking the territory of your sorrow.
Each howling plea
chisels another foothold
and you climb up
out of this nightmare,
out of this raging abyss.

Still shivering from the dank
you shake loose the sharp pebbles
from your matted hair
rip off the arid husk from your skin.
A fertile yearning braces you
as you gather your muscles
and tie them to bone
rousing the conduits of your blood.

When you open your mouth
the sky rushes in
and fills your lungs with light.
You bask dazzled in the gleam
and press yourself into it.
The shape you leave
is the map you follow
into the fearless heat.
And you breathe your dream
once again into the fire.

~ Claire Sykes