

To the Soot, Anew

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My candle's wick has reached its end;
Ah! My wax is pooling.
In this shadowed summer's night,
My twinkling ash gasps, dull in gaze,
choked by soot's simper.
The gentle hand of a somber breeze whispers to me,
Tickling, whistling, worrying a wispy lip;
Lapping at my languished flame.
In the pool of my wax,
I dare to dream
Of a world in which the tether never snaps.
What is left for me to burn?
And away I drift,
my wax cooled and still
My body amongst the stars, once again.
In the blanket of darkness,
my ash still shines
Among heaven's cradle,
my body still cries.
The lust for light has ceased,
And yet –
I have never seen such brightness.
From the pool of my ruin,
To the cinder stars above
I dream a constellation of newborn suns.
Shining and gilded,
weeping with life;
Ah! I am once more.