

## **Inflamed**

Five candles decorate my birthday cake, and amidst cries of celebration, I  
Close my eyes and make a wish, ready to blow the candles out.  
I make the same wish every time.

The flame dances before my very eyes, but  
With one gust of wind it disappears, as if manipulated by an airbender  
Familiar with the forces of nature.  
I strike the matchbox again.

The flame that forms is shades of red,  
Hues of the horizon in morning light.  
And inside it morphs to shades of orange,  
Autumn leaves that tickle the ground.  
But they say the hottest part of a flame is blue,  
Like the skies of a sunny, cloudless day,  
A color I had yet to witness.

Sunset, sunrise, the pastel sky,  
A perfect picture painted  
To capture the moment of love and hate, with  
Passion igniting an internal fire.  
But while the pile of wood waits for a match,  
Fate tumbles down,  
And sets both their hearts ablaze.

Before I know it, I'm leaning by a table,  
Watching people pay respects at a candlelight vigil.  
Thousands of candles are lit in remembrance,  
Unblinking presences that refuse to waver.  
Once the eulogy is over, I blow a flame, but  
It refuses to budge, and my breath leaves no flavor  
Yet one by one, they soon all vanish  
In a conducted symphony of fire.  
Because just like how it is lit, it is just as easily  
put out.

And I finally see blue.