

Like a Flame

like a flame, she was
somehow so “different” from what we know
in rows and rows of the all the same
distinguished by her warmth alone

like a flame, she was
and at her happiest, she shone
a light almost blinding
her complexion would *glow*

but when storms roll in
her candlelight subsides
the smallest whisper of wind
and with, her light dies

what took ages to build up
comparable to that
of the eye
of a raging wild-fire

like water to her flames
a shower on her grace
struck her down once more
her time and effort
almost completely severed
with smoke as the
one and
only
trace

for in the world
we know
with our eyes as our light

and our heart as the flame
there will *always* be water and wind
much to our disdain

but we can change this
we can

so let us turn the tables
let us change our fate
instead of putting out
one another's flames

light the match
ignite the fire
but this time instead
push each other *higher*