

The Candle

When Winter comes they live with us,
Shiny and graceful, illuminating in the dark,
Bursting with scent and colours;
Like a life that can be controlled; flicker or shut down.

Shrinking gently,
Giving a crack- following a breeze; making it dance.
When attacked ,
Demolishing.
Purple lavender loitering a nose, red roses engraving the walls,
Kindling their way in the dark.

Instead of gloomy shadows!,
Sharped- clawed monsters in the closet!
These almost alive decorations beaming brightly,
Sharing warmth like a blanket,
A map on a beach,-
Calm!

Greatest enemy: itself
Taker of life when spreading or falling,
Death; screams, children`s cries.
Killing the innocent!

Your big brother is tempted to blow,
Walking passed: a crescendo, hoping to see
A dark room that might be on the other side,
He gets shivers

Stands back: taking in a deep breath,
Getting ready to let it out.
He sneezes.
Stands in a dark room: a puddle of wax and him
Isolated; fearful.

