

The Life of a Candle

Since winter they have lived with us

Flickering ; grooving

Disaster causing animals

Dancing at the slightest blow ;

Killing itself as it lives.



When growing bigger , the crackling starts

But when a midget;

Silence steals the sound.

Never less, still dancing

Instead of a shadowy room !

Burning embers of light escorting the way.

Shaking hair as the bright shine of the map,

And a killer of the monster in the closet.

Guiding

The soul like a future to your destiny

Like a light the elderly relied on.

Soothing , calm flickers; relaxing the exhausted,

Sharing warmth with the people of the world .

Your brother is gazing at the candle

Imagining he is a villain: the candle shivers in fear

Seeming to see the wreckage of a civilisation -

He blows.

Then lies on his back

Victorious and jovial ,

Reflecting a world as clear as water

Clutching as dead flame in his prisens like grasp

Captivated !

