

of fire and night

*when fall
creeps round the
corner of september,
swift darkling eyes
and air,
crystal
with icy edges,*

*then comes the night
of the first fire
the shaman
conjures...
a golden hiss
the dragons' breath*

*serpentine tongues
spring
twisting, writhing
dance
shimmering
blue-rimmed
out of ebony logs*

*flames
consort with sinuous shadows
languid smoke
and
flickering lights
in the mirrors
of the great brass balls
of andirons—
chimaera*

below, coals
glow
orange eyes
winking

feeding on air
and carbon
elemental
heat and light
to quell the coming
night

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