

Kurt Pattison

## A Stranger's Smile

Wearing deeply fleeting  
her hearts puppet  
    my eyes telling me  
    this is real  
    bright and vivid  
lingering on that smile  
    lacing the walk home  
    spiced with the ripple of a waning river  
spawned a mortal love

set to fire  
    a wick strung waiting moments  
    for the liberation of flame  
    a day of life best absorbed  
    in this dancing light

never still  
the same

everything that burns  
to be here and eventually gone  
leaves behind in the ashes  
    the seeds of our songs.