

Forest Fires

I. If a person has something to say
without the willing people
to hear it,

II. She flicks the ashes off her
hand-rolled cigarette,
breathing in a nicotine
that tastes like forest trees,

and all the branches
to her lungs
fill with a smoggy apprehension,
her thoughts fuzzy
as she stares at the blank space
between people,

the boundaries within air
that hold the individual's fear
compacted – Consternation.

These humans: animals
scattering themselves,
grinding their bones against
each other in terror,
running amok atop
charred grass, burnt
soil. Past growth
turning against them in
fiery ineptitude,
as is typical
when nature isn't allowed
to die properly.

Argumentative words slither
through, breaking rhythm
from the charmer – Yet
as quickly as the wood was sparked,

she is putting out the fire
rising
in her chest,

dulling the words lining her lips,
and only simmering
amongst her burnt vegetation,

waiting for the rains to come
and wash everything away.

III. does it still further growth?