

## **Personal pyre**

So I have with me, my own two feet  
and eyes to witness my own defeat  
standing among the ruins of days gone fast  
with little but air left to grasp.  
Can we really hope to see the sun  
in the prison of only one?  
How can the warmth ever break through  
without someone finding their way to you?

I light my self afire at night  
for just a moment of clear, clean light  
and know that the morning's ash  
blows in the winds of this life past  
scouring away, all of me, at last.

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MMVI