

Deadly Diamonds

I don't have to build a fire
others ingenuity has done that for me.
Warm airs blows merrily
powered by some boiler in the bowels below me
so I lounge in luxury
gazing out of my window
as it glazes over icily
crystal growths of frigidity
existing in sub-zero geometry
it is very pretty
but rather suddenly I no longer see beauty
I see an image, a warning:
 frozen fingers fumble
 as the matches spill into the snow
 numb knees buckle
 and disbelieving eyes know
 the end waits among these deadly diamonds
 desolation and dying alone...

Warm airs blows merrily
powered by some boiler in the bowels below me
I sit subdued, shocked into humility
by the ice crystals on my window
glittering at me maliciously.

Steven J. Sackinger
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Winnipeg Manitoba Canada
MMVIII