

Last Awake

Those who remain huddle closer together,
orange flickering faces close the circle against a suffocating darkness.

“Lean close, CLOSER” the lights chant,
dancing through licks of flame and under precarious logs.
“Enter the flame, become WARMTH” they command,
conscious of the unfeeling that hides in the unlight.

The unfeeling that must be beaten away, yet never remembers its welts.
It’s only memory is the prettiness of the lights.

The circle leans ever inwards, a coliseum with aspirations of dome-hood,
faces glow brighter, bodies swell in tides of heat,
shadows that dare to intrude are swiftly eviscerated to where they came.

The blames beckon onwards, reeling in the circle of fuel, closer, CLOSER.
Scraps of fire kiss at vulnerable eyebrows, drain exposed eyes of fluid leaving a
calling card of soot.

Faces hang lower, tendons straining in anticipation of release.
A delicate aroma, sweet and nuanced wafts between flies and tents,
as cheeks begin to sizzle, lashed by flames that continue their stretch higher.

The reverie is shattered by the rustle of an air mattress and people launch them-
selves back from the light, hands held to smarting visages as gazes refuse to meet.