

One Damned Log

It won't burn,
Sandy said.

I infused the
Fire with
Paper.
Much paper.
The fire
Blazed.
The log slept.

It won't burn,
Sandy said.

I underpinned the
Fire with
Small, dry sticks.
The fire
Crackled hotly.
The log
Seemed to smile.

It won't burn,
Sandy said.

It will burn,
Sniffed I.
And wadded even the
Political pages
Under the fire.
The log
Was apolitical.

It won't burn,
Sandy said.

With flashing eye
And gnashing teeth.
I poked and stabbed the
Fire.
The log
Rolled over and
Slept.

It didn't burn,
Sandy said.

I was glad
To see him go.
I snuck to bed,
Craven,
The family name
Enescrowed by
One damned log.

At dawn
The log
Was ash.

So, my life.
I start
Fire after
Fire.
But only
The empty room
Is warmed.