

Fireplace

By the fireplace tonight
we are helping the fire warm us.
These flames are as old as pain
and as new as tomorrow's journey.

While the logs listen,
we think of stories to tell
that crackle and sizzle
and laugh into the air.
We confess old secrets
and fresh hopes, surprised
at the fire's way with truth.

What warm gift is here?
If fire were aspiration,
would its color differ?
If fire were catharsis,
would it not still crackle?
If fire were love,
would its flames fail to dance?

By the fireplace tonight
we and the flames are one.