

Keychain Flashlight

By Caroline Winnenberg

I am a fire.

My words lap the oxygen from the air

And rage through the night.

My punctuation marks the sky

Like sparks burning bright --

A keychain flashlight in the night.

My thumbnail flicks

at the switch

And the light clicks

As my my pen tip hits

Against my notebook.

The ink flows out and

My mind leaks through

My fingertips

Like a porous pipe

Bleeding bumbling brilliance.

The flames from my ears

Crawl down my arms onto the page

Like a starving spark on

A dry leaf,

Consuming the branch on the

Outside of the pit.

I spew symbolism with

Smoke through my eyes,

Tears dripping down my face
With the pressure of finding that
One perfect word.

I am my own kindling,
Feeding the heart of the flame
And breathing life
Into my characters,
Into my stories.

My point is, I am a fire.
Don't snuff my spark,
Instead stoke the coals
Of my creativity.

I am a fire.
Let me burn.