

Faggots

The kindling, dry and small is best, catches easiest.
Delicate strands, fingering together, laying on top,
inside, underneath each other. Like a mangled
Japanese alphabet. The tick of the flint: *Nick. Nick. Nick.*
In a second blue, now orange. They're caught.
Sparks gossip amongst the logs. Mingling with the lattice work
of branches, bone edged, smooth, shivering together.
Chittering in wait for the glow. Smoke escapes,
rushing up and out in every way possible
as if to avoid the strange intent of heat.
Arms, twigs, branches, twist.
Caustic glisten, as the orange Golem grows
Casting off cloaks of wood-smoke. As the faggots
meet the fire, twisting black together.