

Fire Figures

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dead king in the fire,
a regal figure, rigid.
Death mask on the pyre,
golden its sheen:
his face turns into an impassive screen
for playing flames;
his fame fulgid
among forgotten names ...
On the dancefloor of the blaze
his life flares up and flickers out,
his story lost in heated haze:
Here be his glory –
an orange glow no one remembers.
There be his riches –
reduced to embers.
Below, behold his realm –
burnt to ashes, easily scattered.

And above, admire his power –
shattered in shadows and smoke,
all that once mattered.

The log in the fire
looks like an ancient king,
a mask of precious metal on a funeral pyre:
rigid and regal.

The flames, they glow.
In orange and red they offer a dramatic show.

The wood fades to embers, to ashes,
and finally, smoke:

The king is dead,
the fire out.