## don't let the flames chase you away

by M. F. Sullivan

my maddening pyromaniac, you're burning up my heart; so open up your broad-toothed mouth and let me pour the ashes in.

it's the least you'll do for me considering this wreck i am: an addict with no needle near to chase away the tightening itch.

is dropper drawn to junkie as that sad slave to syringe? i hope for my sake that it is. poetic vomit is too sweet

and stings my eyes so i cannot do a thing that does not overflow with wretched feelings i seek to contain for fear of blazing like a red dwarf

and licking you with peels of heat only to send you to the emergency room with second degree burns while i smoulder

among the ashes of conflagrant brilliance once sparked alive by those calloused working hands.

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