

# Invoking Fire

*by* Hazem Tagiuri

We talk of his time in the jungle.  
He describes one marvel in particular:  
how a fire was conjured from cold sticks,  
as if heat swelled in their fingertips.

No tinder, hot coals; embers a day dead.  
“It's not that it seems like magic, it simply is.  
Their magic. These are not illusions.”  
No sleight of hand. Smoke, but no mirrors.

What we mimic through tools,  
these men of power can summon,  
with quiet majesty. No incantations;  
they save their breath for the flames.

