

# 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.

