

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.

