

# An Orphan of Fire

*by Philip F. Clark*

I am an orphan of fire and  
a seer eye; a rank coil  
of panic rummaging  
in a satchel of curses  
and curiosity.  
I break your flesh  
and make music  
on the harp of your bones.  
To love me back requires  
an avid mouth.  
Longing is the air I eat.

