

# Miss Havisham's Fire

*by Philip F. Clark*

Miss Havisham went up in an ardent  
flame -- a gladiolus that bloomed fast and thick  
    catching her breath somewhere between  
    ecstasy and surprise. The cake soon flowered too,  
and then everything bloomed: the silk  
    and the chairs, her lace and her desire;  
the windows flared as she turned,  
looking around the room whose  
    furniture for years  
held only you.

