

#2 Feeding Fire (Poetry)

by Rand M. Burgess

Cool is the whisper of shadow kept cinders, cornered without
promenade
Our comrades have fallen in arms, squeezed tight, jazz syllable-If
you ever heard bones pop,
Pretend you looked the other way. Someone once said where there is
smoke there is fire,
Love of misinformation? Just like, cool, as broken hydraulics of a
spider, twitch spastic
Choreography. Acidic, our intentions, chemical reactions in eyes of
plastic wearing body-suit
Neon yellow, taking ill on vacation. Our facility has air conditioning
when it snows outside,
but Warmth comes from inside skulls ripe, death is dormant as
sleeping at night, windows open.
Fire is the coal that fuels the tender when marching mind-side in
promenade

