

Gasoline

by Scott A. Nicholson

Her hair's the color of LA at night
On such occasions when the Santa Anas
Have left the hills bone-dry and burning bright,
And from its blaze a wave of pyrocirrus
Projects the devil's choice in hue for all
His would-be sacrifices to the last.
But I'm as far away from that locale
As from whatever place her eyes are cast,
Reflecting in their glass the distant fire
And kindl-ing the pounding of my heart
To suffocate within our mingling pyre
The friction for a little flame to start.
If gasoline and air is all we need,
Then why must she remain so cold to me?

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