

# Playing with Fire

*by* Susan Davis

I'm not sure what's come over me these past few, wintry months. I was a normal mom, a normal wife, a normal friend suddenly thinking, acting in unfamiliar ways. We know children love to play with fire, but I believe adults do too, including me. Placing a hand over the burning flame, getting warm, then hot, singeing with a pain almost too great to bear before finally pulling away, but then going back for more. Did the flame leave a mark? No one will see, no one will know, only me.

