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You Were Born One Time

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Fire

Because I made this fire,
the pieces of the tree
that fell break down
in incendiary symmetry.
I stare at red coals
falling to ash and recall
the flames that started
it all, how much they wanted
once they were allowed to want.
And even the moon tonight,
poor beaten rock I love,
is full and burning
with its borrowed light.
Someone has made the fire
forever, as far as I know.
She sees a falling star
that would not be or be seen
at all but for its burning,
as I am, to be seen by her.

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