

## Between Fire and Shadow

Firelight bends into the room,  
a trembling glow transforming space and light.  
I watch and notice time  
as flames rouse the inanimate;  
sparks flirt with a bare wall,  
a minuscule inferno designed to stimulate.

A book lies spent in my lap,  
words joining together on the page,  
swirling like smoke,  
waiting patiently to evoke  
some response, while couched in dim light.

Like night, darkness has its purpose and place –  
I move in and out of it  
in time with flames, or slower still.  
Orange to black, black to orange,  
on the grey wall opposite.

I identify myself just now,  
at rest in the space between fire and shadow,  
comfortable in this still dimension.  
Unfocused

daydreaming

gently alive

as time wends into the night.