Keychain Flashlight

By Caroline Winnenberg
I am a fire.
My words lap the oxygen from the air
And rage through the night.
My punctuation marks the sky
Like sparks burning bright --
A keychain flashlight in the night.

My thumbnail flicks
at the switch
And the light clicks
As my my pen tip hits
Against my notebook.

The ink flows out and
My mind leaks through
My fingertips
Like a porous pipe
Bleeding bumbling brilliance.

The flames from my ears
Crawl down my arms onto the page
Like a starving spark on
A dry leaf,
Consuming the branch on the
Outside of the pit.

I spew symbolism with
Smoke through my eyes,
Tears dripping down my face
With the pressure of finding that
One perfect word.

I am my own kindling,
Feeding the heart of the flame
And breathing life
Into my characters,
Into my stories.

My point is, I am a fire.
Don’t snuff my spark,
Instead stoke the coals
Of my creativity.

I am a fire.
Let me burn.