

Embers

We were his
thunderstorm, born
of fire and feeding
off the heat
of flashy plumes — as if
he would never cool

But then the weight of snow;
unmooring lines of power,
and she gathered us
to the glowing reserves
deep within her core

she smoldered —
stories of us
in orange and yellow
and red and we
someday hoping to be
hot
as the one
who created us