

Conway Deborah, She Prefers Fire

Deborah Conway

She stood on the steps behind a man
He lit a cigarette and leaned on the rail
The smell of burning made her head clear
Thinking all the thoughts she hadn't thought for years
Everything that we have reminds us what we have lost
Old friends go to war
Love comes love goes
Everything that we have echoes what we desire
She prefers fire
Tomorrow no plan will carry her away
This evening the man well he wonders what to say
The sparks are lighting up the night sky
Possessions, letters now just fuel for history
And from the bridge she's seen
Water pale and green
She still prefers fire
Sometimes I dream that everything I own
Could burn up and
Leave me no sadness no home
A flame collapsing from the inside
Antiseptic, honest blue and purest white