

Heather Alexander, Life's Flame

One dark and stormy night,
a fledgling fell from flight,
into a falconer's arms--
Though dead it seemed to be,
the falconer could not see,
any wound to cause such harms--

The falconer bound it 'round,
and laid it on the ground,
then went and built a funeral pyre--
With the bandaged bird within,
soon the flames began to spin,
tangle up and then grow higher--

From there a phoenix bold,
rose up of flame and gold,
twisting about within the air--
Still bound it hung above,
and sang of pain and love,
of magic power both dark and fair--

I am life's flame!
Respect my name!
My fire is red my heart is gold--
Thy dreams can be!
Believe in me!
If you but let my wings unfold!

Up spoke the falconer's fear,
"There may be danger here,
I cannot let this raptor free--
It's words I cannot trust,
it burns with power's lust,
and so in turn it could burn me--"

The falconer then moved fast,
and iron shackles cast,
thus catching up the bird in chain-
"Thy fear has boded ill,
and bound me 'gainst my will,
now I must die and rise again--"

The phoenix burned so bright,
it burst upon the night,
it's golden breast did flame and flare--
One flash of fire and then,
came stormy night again,
and found the falconer holding air!

The magic never dies,
in children's hearts it lies,
pray let them learn from times before--
From dragon's flame and ire,
can come forth phoenix fire,
and we will hear the song once more--