

Sammi Messina
A World on Fire

The world was on fire.
Just his world exclusively –
just enough to burn.

She started the fire;
she bought matches with “Hello”,
and lit them with “Bye.”

It started off warm,
Her smile as bright as a flame –
his, tinder for it.

She sparked within him
a near arsen-like passion,
consuming them both;

But she, however,
merely fanned the growing flames
apathetically.

His love always seemed
to burn much brighter than hers;
yet, he never saw.

Though all but he could
see the disconnect,
the sparks blinded him.

She brought her guards, though,
shielding herself from the heat
and remaining cold.

Her cold fostered chills,
freezing the home around his
one, lowly fireplace.

And despite how hot
he had strived to burn for her,
he couldn't melt her.

Her frost overtook
him; she extinguished his flame
with a stray wind gust.

She found her solace
in a much brighter bonfire,
turning his to ash.

His own fire then roared
in response; his flames singeing
his whole universe.

He could only see
red; shimmering and violent
with burning hot rage.

Yet in his fury,
he couldn't distinguish the
world's extremities;

His world was on fire;
just his world exclusively,
but, he had frozen.