

Fire by Friction

The best part has to be
the sheets of paper and the pen which kindle fire by friction.
I'm not that good a comforter in bed
especially my cold hands on warm sheets.

A cold hand is kindling, the dice death-empty;
it waits by the river and the snow,
winning when it plays only chips and dollars
not friendship.

A grey sky is made of many cold hearts.
Now on the other hand, its palm hot,
a warm heart is love (and maybe marshmallows),
the fields are its delight,
and no landmark tells it the way home amid blue sky:
their home is sunlight on the spine.

When the space and volume meet
that is, the cold and heat,
one fills the other—

The kindling is lit
and it burns with hot conviction.
The miracle of life
is Fire by Friction.