



*Tugging on her sleeve and whispering  
I tell Nana the neighbor's barn is on fire.*

*I've just seen the sheltering pines and cedars  
explode into flame and orange-gold sparks scatter  
from the roofline like children playing tag  
or birds in the cornfield frightened by gunfire.*

## *Witnessing*

*I feel myself become a faint companion  
to the fire's bright and pulsing core.*

*Flowing from branch to branch,  
relentlessly spiraling, something and escaping  
from my trusting splendor, stunned  
by the dark heaven, this impetuous flash  
of pheasant wings  
flying east and west  
north and south  
leaving nothing to anchor  
the timid candle behind my eyes.*