

Fire Bird

Ever Singular Bird
gazes from on high
as the world turns
slowly, by and by.

Red with ichor
and blue with blood,
her claws will slip
in thickening mud.

Still she spreads
her wings to bloom,
stretching shadows
with the plumes.

In her forge,
she casts a light,
still blackened by
the coming night.

She is complete,
in burst of flame,
but will return
from whence she came.

The fires burned
and ashes reaped,
the spark that's sown
is ours to keep.