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Fire

David Sparenberg

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Additional Keywords

Poetry; Fire; David Sparenberg

to start a family. Don't you think we should wait until there is a problem before we get all up in arms?" broke in Pinter.

"I think there already is a problem," said Williams. "It's just that none of us wants to deal with it because it would be costly. I've heard what Father Vincent has to say and that clinches it for me. I say we vote on the thing and get it over with."

"There won't have to be a vote," said a deep voice from the doorway.

The crowd split to each side and Sheriff Lyle Peter walked through the middle. Droplets of water lay on his jacket and as the group grew quiet they could hear the splattering of rain on the roof.

"I've been out to Alex's. He knows what's going on. He wanted me to tell you all he's very sorry if he's caused any trouble. He'll be moving tonight and he won't bother this town again."

"All right," said Prack. "Let's make sure he gets out and give him an escort."

Peter grabbed him by the collar and lifted him off the ground. "Prack, you asshole. That man has done nothing wrong. He's just in love and you bastards can't deal with it. He said a lot of nice things about the people in this town but I'm not in the mood to repeat them to you lynching son's of bitches. That boy has a good heart and I know he'll be in heaven when I get there."

With that the Sheriff turned and walked back out the door, leaving the town behind him.

PIRE

by David Sparenberg

A small bear
is a flame
on the tundra.
A small bush
is a flame
on savanna.
A strange fire
is a tree
in the shadow
of the mountain.
A small bee
is a flame
in a flower.

A red leaf
is a flame
of transition.
A red hawk
is a flame
in blue sky.
A strange fire
is a tree
in the shadow
of the mountain.
A small touch
is a flame
of desire.