

# Dance of the Autumn Flame

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Two candles sit on the  
coldest Autumn Night.

They tease and flame and flicker  
but never touch.

The beauty of the light,  
trying hard to intertwine  
the red glow, seems  
to play the game  
that separates now and then.

Their wax melts  
to become one,  
but they cannot touch.

The beauty reaches  
but is lost to the  
ever-chilling wind.

Continually falling shorter,  
the coldening wax keeps  
it from reaching its dream.

But on goes the  
Dance of the Autumn Flame.