Dance of the Autumn Flame

Chris Ocken

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.