



HEARTWORM

By Damon Robinson

It's hard to describe
But the ever wondering desire
That's been rooted in the back catalogue
Of my heart has sprouted into
A life of its own.

There was no flash before the rumble
And the flames birthed by the remaining ember
From meeting you three years ago
Under a shoddy build wall painted star gaze
Surprised me.

I wonder what it feels like,
To be unsuspecting,
And be labeled dangerous by
One who I only shared words with,
Unknowing of the flint plating crafted around them.

Perhaps it was expert craftsmanship,
But I was always decent at creating fire
Out of words laced with secondhand desire.
And while you can't shape much out of it,
You can produce a flame.

Perhaps in a different life
Would one be able to see the shadows
Of two wisps playing in the dark,
And making fire out of the words
They shared amongst them.