

The Candle Flickers to My Left

before a thought

 a word

 a line

there is the candle, waiting

take the match

 strike the box

 light the wick

see the flame pool the light

 strident

 resolved

 alive

the perfect companion.

when my grandmothers used stitches to make stories

their candles were melting fingers

aflame

with power to listen

grief regret hope

embroidered as one

the last word is laid the flame will tire

quietly exhale and sleep.