

Fire Shapes

**Inevitably, a chaos of order
comes against summer:**

crafted like wind.

**Bringer of the new,
shaper of angry time**

**an ache of history,
that tendril distant
the thinnest sign
of possession.**

**Smaller, it obeys
the laws of breath
And ghosts itself;**

**in more fecund ways, it floods
by flicker and leaping reach,
mocking sentinel gums
escarpment of every hell;**

**unfettered, cloud-curved
claw-edged
rushing empty
dissolving memory
solid and not**

**soft new colours rise
from the floor of dark hues
in newborn silence,**

when futility has faded

and, on our behalf,

the canvas

is rendered

blank.