

Stephen Leonard "His Fire"

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I know now names in this town
They tend not to go unknown
They fuel the fire
That brings us together
On this patio
I watch him warm his hands
Yet I doubt he understands what it means to feel
His hair has grown out a lot since then
I've kind of wondered where he's been

But now he waits by his fire
In hopes a flame sparks desire

And even though the leaves are gone
Trees will learn to breathe again
Once the ground thaws from his fire...

I know now streets in this town
Lead us all around in circles
Spiraling out of control
And back to where we started
I watch him sip his drink
As if he owns the place
Though I know that he knows
Not what he is doing here
Much like everyone else

But still he waits by his fire
In hopes a flame sparks desire

And even though the leaves are gone
Trees will learn to breathe again
Once the ground thaws from his fire...

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