

# Fueling The Fire

The same fire that keeps the wolves at bay  
alerts them to your presence

The same fire that pushes away the darkness  
makes the shadows dance

The same fire that feeds off the air  
is threatened by the wind  
that heats the night  
is hindered by the cold

How do you keep the fire going, knowing this?

Where do you find the fuel?

How do you stay alight  
in a world that wants to consume you  
blind you

freeze you through & through?

How do you keep afire in a wet

cold

dark

dangerous world?

I've been searching for would

but I can't see the forest for the trees

I've run out of gas

My wick is too burned out to catch

& the alcohol

is too dangerous a fuel

makes the fire unstable

burns more than intended

I don't like to depend on it

So, I remain lost in the wilderness

fire falling

failing

flickering to faint embers

searching for the fuel to keep it going in this cold world

but I am all wet

shivering

sore

weak

ready

to let the wolves consume

the darkness surround me

the weather wear me down

ready to let the fire die

I know a phoenix egg incubates in the embers

but the fire is a double-edged sword

& I'm afraid of pacing wolves & dancing shadows

of going deeper into wilderness with no paths    of burning myself again

& of darkness yet to come

I haven't seen sunshine in months

I wonder if it will ever come

I wonder how long I can wait

how long I can hold out

hold on

how long I can last

lost in the wilderness

afraid of a fire that both saves me

& enslaves me

indebts me to its existence

exposes me to dangers

torments me with shadows

taunts me with its frailty

afraid of a fire

that burns

Knowing this,

how do *you* keep the fire going?

Jason E. "Jay" Walker