

Feed The Fire (The Hearth)

Humans like bodies, one as another,
Shoulder to shoulder to shelter our thoughts.
Cover the light, we cannot be found,
Our eyes must keep that magic red secret.
And we talk, not for attention or praise,
But as defiance of knowledge and that
Softness that calls us to sleep.
The wild is untamed, it may always be so,
As the change of the wind scorches our eyes.
And we dance, not for attention or praise,
But to answer the call of our feet and
Shake off the dirt of the world.
The mysteries unfold, maps are filled in,
Hestia a killer of gods far more than we.
And we play, not for attention or praise,
But for those that are watching and the
Love that we'll feed to them later.
We will be lost to the grass that we lie in,
Our stories will never be written in books.
But the earth we've disturbed, undisturbed will remember.
Whatever you do, feed the fire.

Riki Roma