

The Fire

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It started downstairs.
At first, it didn't seem too important
But it grew
Soon all the basement was engulfed
And it is moving, like a person
No, not like a person
Like a monster
But this isn't any monster
This monster wants one specific thing Me.
The scalding red flames started creeping up the stairs.
Not too much longer now, it is half way up.
Eating everything in its way.
It has started on the second flight now.
And it's getting faster, faster, faster The
smell of smoke is inescapable now. Quite
like the house.
It's in the hallway now
Running
Burning
Breathing
It's almost here It's
now at my feet
Burning my toes
Onto my ankles, then knees, waist, chest, arms, shoulders, neck, chin, mouth, nose
eyes,
Until everything, from the darkest depths of my darkest dwelling is consumed And
yet, here I stand
My feet are still here, planted in the ground.
And although the fire is still ablaze and my house is now ash, I still
stand

