

She Plays With Golden Fire

She plays with golden fire
Romping and leaping without a care in the world.
The hem of her dress is set alight by playful lies,
promises kept just to be forgotten.
the flames shimmer like the sequins on her bag,
then fades away to nothing but ash.

Flecks of grey fly like the ash
of a phoenix made of flaxen fire.
Feathers gone missing like the memories in her bag.
She swears their eyes are watching from the world
above her, leaving her forgotten
like the promises with her lies.

As the fire dies she lies
on a shimmering bed of golden ash.
Her slumber's broken by the ones she had forgotten
watching as the remnants of fire
illuminates what is now her world.
Yet the memories still are absent from her bag.

The stars in the sky like sequins on her bag

twinkling and sparkling like their lies.

She tries to reach out for their world

yet all she can grab is flaxen ash.

spreading farther from the source of the fire

it is now too forgotten.

Her eyes close slowly as all is forgotten once more.

her thoughts drifting from her empty bag,

to the flaxen fire

left now as an empty source of lies.

she drops the ash

feeling it falter as she reaches for the world.

She freezes as the world

closes in on her form now forgotten

Covering her in ash

and pulling her free from her bag.

She sits and takes it like the lies

that came from the roaring fire.

Once her eyes are open she collects her bag of lies from the fire,

and treks on in the world left forgotten, covered in flaxen ash.