Candles...

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Candles...

Cover Page Footnote

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Candles
(a poem for Ginny & Mark)

leaning
into your lap
I am a pool
of wax

melting
in our light
we flow into
one another
blending
as one shade
of meaning
neither of us
alone
could imagine

a softening
of hues
a vibrance begun
to surface
and glow
to shed our
light
on another
candles

Kathy Murphy

Candlelight i.

Looking into the flame
growing thin,
a beam pierces
the eye
and glows,
shines
and illuminates
the emptiness
lying inside.

Candlelight ii.

I should like to be a candlelight
that never dies in flame.
A pure and simple simile
mutability puts to shame.
No matter how long the length may be,
light marks the learned wick,
Which burns the candle's permanence away,
a deceptive nature's trick.

James H.