Fire Poem Prompt

Let a fire burn centrally or perhaps in a corner of your poem.

After the Fires

Now that you are old, you have moved inland, surrounded by trees and a river hidden below. You walk there with your life inside you. The scenes, the arrangements and dissertations on the bounty of women, the flecks of their color, and all the rest. With your age upon you, your boxes of papers and pictures cut out of the National Geographic ranging from the forties to the present, to know the world that was yours. It makes me remember the fires that were built on the beaches when I was young. Huge fires made out of what was there. I remember what they looked like when the fires went out. Plenty of logs left blackened, held by the wet and high tides. I stand with the size of the burnt-out fires the morning after and listen to the quiet young ocean.

Linda Gregg
from All of It Singing: New and Selected Poems.

Burning The Old Year

Letters swallow themselves in seconds. Notes friends tied to the doorknob, transparent scarlet paper, sizzle like moth wings, marry the air.

So much of any year is flammable, lists of vegetables, partial poems. Orange swirling flame of days, so little is a stone.

Where there was something and suddenly isn’t,
an absence shouts, celebrates, leaves a space.
I begin again with the smallest numbers.

Quick dance, shuffle of losses and leaves,
only the things I didn’t do
crackle after the blazing dies.

Naomi Shihab Nye
from *Words Under Words*

A fire before dawn.
Orange flames quiver above snow
as the neighbor in her bathrobe
throws on paper waste.

And me too up early
throwing all I can muster
onto my flickering words
before the sun comes up,

before our cold planet
rolls around to reveal
the great ball of fire
who dwarfs all conflagrations.

To believe is core.
We make our purpose up,
fan it like a flame
or fold it in our hearts.

There, I’ve done it again,
tried to tie a bow
at poem’s end
where the door of mystery

should be left open,
  banging in the wind.

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The Fire

Listen, I've light
in my eyes
and on my skin
the warmth of a star, so strange
is this
that I
can barely comprehend it:
I think
I'll lift my face to it, and then
I lift my face,
and don't even know how
this is done. And
everything alive
(and everything's alive) is turning
into something else
as at the heart
of some annihilating
or is it creating
fire
that's burning, unseeably, always
burning at such speeds
as eyes cannot
detect, just try
to observe your own face
growing old
in the mirror, or
is it beginning
to be born?
Franz Wright

There are those who are trying
to set fire to the world.

We are in danger.

There is time only to work slowly.

There is no time not to love.
Deena Metzger