

Robin Crag Farrar

[Your eyes are filled with wonder]

Your eyes are filled with wonder as they gaze
so deep between the colours of the flames.

Drawn by warmth, I came to see you,
which I do. You look back at me.

The moment passes, and we turn anywhere:
fear reflects between our eyes,
without words or comforts.

We burn.

We can't touch or even speak,
afraid of the reflections;
and when the moment's gone, we're lost and alone.

Do we understand each other?

Stars and earth and fire between them:
these dazzling coloured images of flames.

Should I wonder if my eyes deceive me?