

Yvonne Reddick

## Firedrake

Inspiration, lava of the imagination,  
Rises, magma moltenly golden  
Hardens to wordhoard-gems

In the mind For the seep to seep the songsmith

The word-worm breaks from the bone-cage

The word-worm enfeebles, tightens its coils, and the wordsmith

And wrings and wrenches words to verse  
Scorched calfskin with meaning

Of the skull, once scorched soft calfskin,  
Now burns blackened words into dead wood;

Crumbles Glade eyes garnet  
Tightens coils, wrenches words

Tightens coils, a crucible  
Refining through fire.

The page is filled. I have built a pyre  
To all the words whose smoke the sky swallowed.