

## When The Last Glow Flies

The Enid

The logs at the fireplace  
Burn warmth to the breeze  
Of my thoughts  
As they wander around  
Closed down  
To me.

As the hours turn and fall  
And the warmth weakens  
Decends like a cracked  
Voices moan.

My thoughts get weak  
And cold hope  
Rises and falls  
When the last glow flies: