

Category E - Individual Poem – Grades 11 & 12

Eleni Aneziris

“The Spark of the Sun”

Upon overhearing articulations spoken by fiery blaze to reticent timber,

The forest fire, it proudly proclaims:

Hello King Tree, I am a sorcerer's promise, I am the mystic spark of the sun; That orb in the sky lights me with its eyes, and I grace these hills come summertime,

In narrow puffs which breathe and bend the cautious wind,

In narrow slivers which reach up and throw caution to the wind,

I grow playful when meeting low-lying brush, dry twigs, fallen detritus;

From quiet ember I rise, a roaring inferno,

I crackle and curl, I am tall, I burn brilliant, I devour the fruits I am fed.

Had I been set by man, I'd engulf your outstretched dendrites,

And spiral into smoke clouds, leak past leaves into sky;

How I'd be ruthless, how I'd wreck acres, leaving fallow ground behind me,

The progressives, how they'd flood the place, crying oceans for humanity;

How I'd drag the miserable breath out of your wooden lungs, gasping,

How you'd be burnt and bare, standing there, quite alone, shivering,

Stunned into silence by my unforeseen fury, you'd crumble,

Into dust, blown across the graves of your beloved fellow brethren.

But I am nature-born; I respect my elders, when introduced to royalty,

My dear King Tree, I won't harm you;

I am but here to clear away dead foliage, lustful matches,

I can only edge around your damp, impenetrable barrier, and ignore those who are alive, inhaling,

I drink the oxygen you provide, always licking my fingers of surplus air;
Do not despair when I leave without a shadow of warmth in my wake,
For departure allows the unearthing of fresh commencements,
And the ashes, they are celebrated profusely: the soil renewed, and enriched, for nativity.

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