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FIRE

Sheila M. Weaver
Trumpeter

I am Fire!
Out of the sky, as lightning
down to the forest I come
a tree calls, I strike, I catch
I grow, rise up to the treetops,
I burn, I am free!
I am free!
Wind comes, and together
we dance, we leap.
we crackle and roar
down to the ground I skip
through the debris I run, lightly
swiftly
up to the treetops again
I race gleefully, roaring, sparking,
billowing, dancing ---
Ho, to be Fire!
I am mighty, awesome!
I am change, and renewal.
For some, I am death.
All who can, flee
but the trees of the forest stand
Some give me their lives
others live, but on their thick bark
with indelible ink I write,
Fire was here!
To some, I bring life ---
to their seed cones, tight-closed
I alone hold the key
Hey! I am Fire!
Sing sky, sing earth!
Run, wind! dance flames!
Roar, leap through the treetops!
Wake, earth, to change,
to renewal!
Ho! I am Fire!

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