

FANNING THE EMBERS

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Wispy tendrils of white smoke blacken a chimney that
Was once alight with the blazing conflagration of
New love.

Only moments ago, it seems, glowing embers
Still remained of a love once bright and
Warm. But now the charcoal remnants of lost love lie black and
Lifeless in the grate. Only an occasional spark confirms that
Love is not now fully gone, though long neglected.

How does one fan these blackening embers of a once
All-consuming love? Can it be done?

If one should dash outside to gather weighty logs of
Selfish longing to thrust into the grate; and
Blow amidst them vigorously as though to force a
Flame where only embers lie, this thoughtless act
Compels the fragile sparks to die, blown-out, consumed
(Of hopelessness, perhaps?) For love—like a single,
Fragile, spark, when fanned by a raging gale—
Will perish.

If one would search his heart, instead, for tiny selfless twigs of
Caring and lay them gently atop the charcoal embers, then
Purse his lips and softly waft gentle puffs of kindness to
Tempt the sparks to flicker into timid flames that grow,
Blow and gentle blow, until they warm the heart and
Heal the wounded soul.