

## Fire

The flame that had once been there was gone. A friend of mine had lost the spark in her eye and did not want to go on. The inner spark she once had, had been snuffed out. The fire that once made her feel warm and passive had gone deadly and spread through her body and her soul. The days when she would sit in front of her fireplace and daydream and all the passion she once knew had now diminished in her mind. Her soul had burst so badly from hurt and pain and great losses that her once light sparks of fire became a towering inferno burning out of control. It brought disaster and destruction with every passing day and night of her gloomy life. She could not again capture the old feelings of passion and warmth and beauty and romance. For in front of her all she felt was the hot roaring smoldering fire that made her feeling nothing but anger, scared and empty.

You see her life became a living hell when her family perished in a fire. When they died along with them, and she felt she did not want to go on. She often asked the gods not to spare her, to let her body and soul go up in flames, like having fatal human combustion. For the fire inside of her body and mind was out of control and just kept burning her up inside, and she did not have the energy or the will to put it out, nor did she want to.

She would picture in her mind being a piece of wood, setting it on fire and watching it burn, and picture herself being that piece of wood, the bad stench of burnt flesh, the pain and hurt of sweltering skin. Knowing deep down inside that once the flames were out she would be at peace and in her heart she could rekindle all her feeling once again, because in her passing she once again was reunited with her loved ones. For after joining her loved ones, her candle that once burned so brightly and sparked and glowed so brightly had once again come to life.

- Kathy Essery; first published in *Let's Face It* (2011)