

Heresy

Silence. Only the wind blowing softly. (43)

It was a pleasure to burn,

to see things burn,

blackened, changed, eaten. (1)

An ordinary kitchen match, (36)

fumes of kerosene

like the track of some evil snail (37)

dead, but alive, the damnedest snake. (69)

I want to smash things. (61)

The charcoal ruins of history. (1)

I want to kill, (61)

like a spark leaping a gap (38)

this great python spitting a swarm of fireflies.

Eyes all orange. Books died.

The sky red, yellow, black, (1)

for heresy, burnt alive. (37)

This poem is the result of the Found Poem Workshop conducted on Tuesday October 20, 2015. The numbers in parentheses represent where in *Fahrenheit 451* the lines were “found.”

J.S.