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Evanescent

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Evanescent

by Gina T. Farag

How odd is a candle
It sheds tears as it burns bright;
Are they from the burning
Or are they from the light?

To the bottom the wax creeps
(silently the candle weeps)
Pure like the tears of a newborn
(for what reason does it mourn?)

The string is consumed
By a voracious unquenched fire
From the beginning it was doomed
That to its death it shall retire

A trace of what once was
The growing pool of wax
Melted by the heat
Tarnished black for a cause
The flame and the bottom meet

The flame subsides, flickers, disappears
Smothered in waxy tears
With sooty and umber string to remind
The fire the future has left behind

No longer pure or white
No longer giving light
The string, the wax with black stains--
 all that remains
Tells a tale to inspire
Another blazing fire

Was it worth the pain,
To give light for an hour?
What token did it gain?
Was it victory sweet or sour?