

Frozen Flames**

María Dolores Salinas Benavente

The pages pulsate like the beat of a heart
In this great hall of books a fire star hangs high and mighty
Flaming glass of orange fire echo their whispers

Under its blazing tentacles opened books exhale its musty breath
Invisible flame crackles with the turn of each page
The pages pulsate like the beat of a heart

A melody of long ago is resuscitated
High arched windows spotlight floating musical notes in the dusty air
Flaming glass of orange fire echo their whispers

Words in the mind are arranged like a full symphony orchestra
Strings on the left, right and rear vibrate harmoniously
The pages pulsate like the beat of a heart

A tap of the baton kindles the rainbow of curiosity
Find the bold brass between woodwinds and percussion
Flaming glass of orange fire echo their whispers

Orange is the perched frozen explosion that keeps flames eternally radiant
Sparks ignite above the heads that open the portal of time
The pages pulsate like the beat of a heart

Flaming glass of orange fire echo their whispers

**Dedicated to the Chihuly Chandelier and the UW Tacoma library.