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Lifeless Sanity

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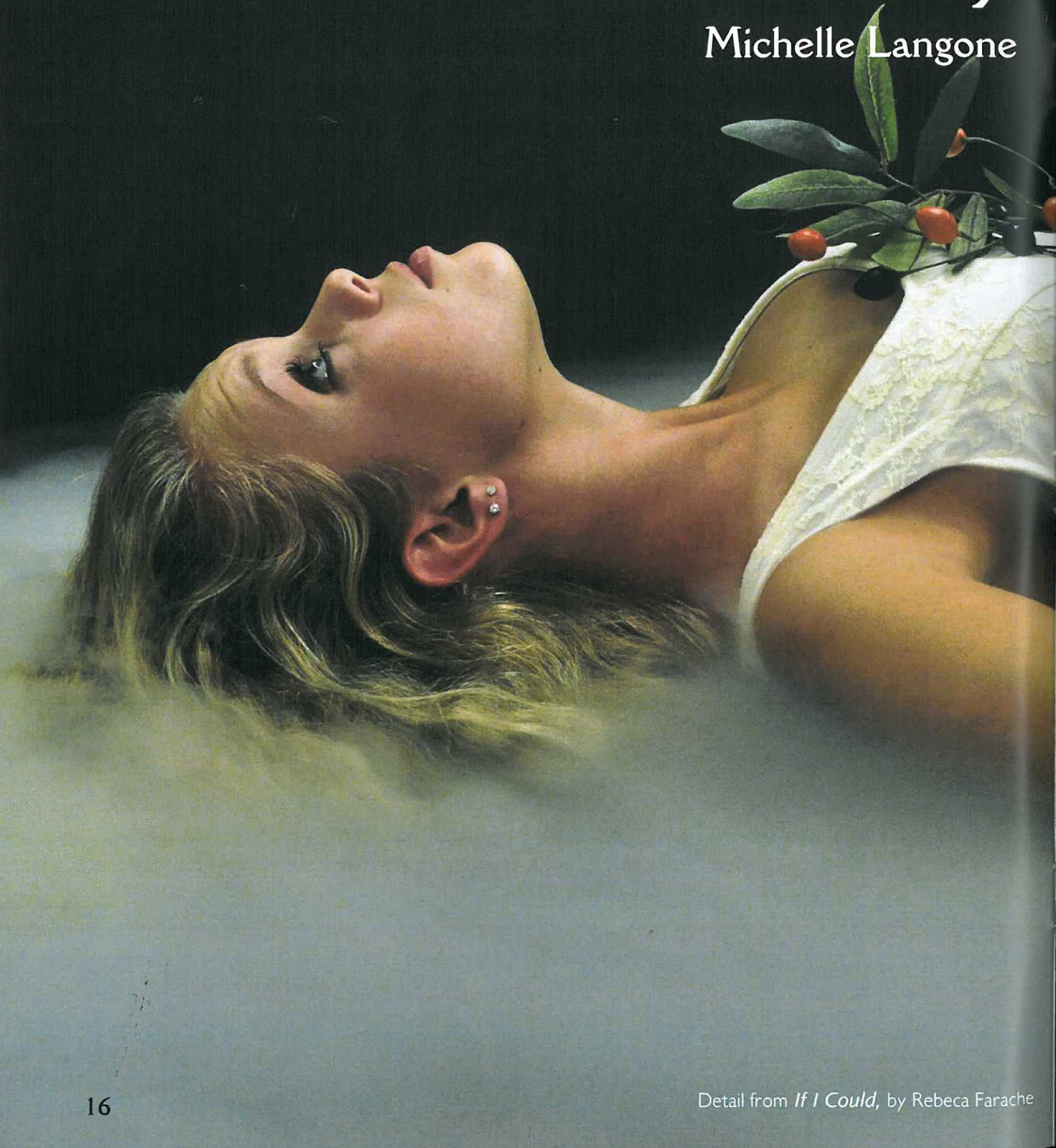
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Lifeless Sanity

Michelle Langone



Leaning, falling, landing
Into the fire that does not burn.
A fire that had been once ignited so
ardently
That its flames could have consumed
mountains.
Now, the fire has subsided into a modest
source of warmth,
Emanating from the chipped, charred
wood.
The flames that for a time enveloped,
engulfed,
Every thought, every word, every phrase.

These flames illuminate, then diminish.
Some days, the light flickers on its last
breath.
On others, the flames are revitalized.
I relapse into startling frigidity,
Shaking away the fire that never burned
me.

I hang onto every wrong,
When the light of the fire is not there,
To show me what is right.
Remembering, forgetting.
Remembering times where the light,
Illuminated spaces as vast as the earth.
Forgetting times where the light,
For a period of brevity,
Ceased to exist.
To recall is to relive.
To relive is to be guided
By the fire's luminance,

Once again.
Always, again.
Reaching, running, racing
Forward into the radiance of that fire's
neverending flame.
Now, that fire still provides the
comforting warmth,
Like that of a tender caress of the
cheek.
Without the flame,
Darkness would curtain the world that
I know.
No light, only shadows.
Faces unrecognizable.
An omnipresent gloom.
Present at every occasion,
An uninvited guest.
So with my flame,
I silently fall
Into the security of a mundane
existence.
Yes, uneventful, however the constant
in my life,
That yields my interminable happiness.
Without it,
A lifeless lethargy
Overtakes my sanity.
This is the state of mind I would face
Were I to lose
The light
The mellifluous tone
The harmony of my being
My utmost desired and yearned for
treasure.