

Embercast

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The glow can be seen for miles
But on the ground,
It's the deep abyss of the night
Docile and fair
Enveloping and intertwining every acre
Cloaked further by the thick oaky smoke
Wafting its way lazily
Around the trees
Caressing their many green leaves
Occasionally unraveled by the brilliant flash
Of a streaking star
Going anywhere
But here
Suddenly,
A brilliant yellow and orange flash
This time among the trees
Yet still subdued
Hidden behind the products
Of what is to come
Soon
This flash is joined by several
Of its companions
A staccato symphony
Guiding the dancers on to the floor
Across the timberfall
Lighting up their partners
And the innocent bystanders
As they gracefully twirl,
Pirouette,
Glide
Effortlessly igniting
Everything