

## ***Fire Season***

It crawls through Colville,  
picking land randomly to erase, pummel  
into dust, cream sagebrush to black embers.  
The citizens know how to endure this burning,  
inhabit ash without flinching as heat  
encircles history, licking walls of childhood  
homes. No one even blinks until faces  
start melting out of frames. Those who watch  
do not run for water. They know it's over.  
They are not frantic in their grief.  
A stark contrast to me, crouching  
amongst my own burning, trying  
to put out the fire with my spit.