

Old Flames

12 September 2022

As I sit, I remember the point of the story,
the struggle to keep out the cold.
It was always getting colder, no matter the weather,
and we, like frontiersmen, built houses and fires
to keep ourselves warm. But the houses grow old,
fires dim, and the embers are hardly remembered.
I say, as I sit, I remember those embers,
how long-dwindled fires once burned in our hearts,
or if not in ours, then in our grandfathers' hearts.
But we are the ones who are here (they are not, or may be
but are not as they were), yet their embers remain
unremembered. I think that is sad, but not new.
As I sit, I remember a time, and another,
when history was not remembered. I will not give names,
but you likely know that this is true.
There's a cold wind breathing at the door.
It's for us, and against us. I think we do well
to remember it. Even the best insulation
will never make heat. We will need a new flame.
We must ask where the old flames have gone.