

## **On the Edge of Candle's Light**

As night is raised with setting day,  
Across the mind to candle's light  
The darkened realm,  
The brightened sprite.

Dwelling in the dripping glow  
With flicking wings, the darting click  
Of bickering flame  
And wilting wick.

Setting eyes of yellow shift  
The edgy spore of shadow's knot;  
It wavers back  
The rotting thought.

Gnawing cross the candle's cell are  
Minute claws that cringe and cower  
With second life  
In final hour.

And as the core is lowered still,  
Too void, the emptiness it lies  
Too bare, in sleep  
Deceit deprives.

And so avoid the rest of time:  
In meaning less it feeds on all  
With lulling grasp,  
Mirages fall.