

Forest Fire
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The odor of ash muzzles my face, tearing
my breath away. The fiery fox with bright
emerald eyes asks me how long I'll stay.

The world is bland, I say, hugging a stone
close to my heart. Fragments of jade entombed
in my flesh. It is now a fox with a hole in its chest.

Out of the gloom trots its ashen kit engulfed in
blazing inferno. Look, it says, its crimson
coat coated in rose buds and ash and blood.
Look at what you've done, it says, it cries.

The fox with emerald eyes and a hole in its chest
comes closer. It says I am greedy. It comes closer.
The light in its eyes are fading, its last look at
me is full of pity. It comes closer.

"You have what you came here for, are you happy now?" they ask.
I rebuke and refute and the fox stumbles closer.
But the fire in its eyes spreads through its fur, consuming.
Those emerald eyes will never blink again.

Before the kit joins its mother in ashen air,
it stares with somber emerald eyes and says
I'll give you a piece of my heart, you have more need for it than I.