

The Flame of Desire

By Oliver Scallon

I awake,

To find myself amid an unrelenting winter
A frost exists that challenges my yearning
For Light
For Purpose
For a Cinder

To Ignite my Passion-Blade
To glide through these forest shadows
To taste sweet light and bask in the meadow
To escape this perilous labyrinth and its corrosive afterglow.

I can feel the wind which beckons through the trees
carrying with it, broken dreams and forgotten memories
All once belonging to someone theretofore.
Now but echoes. Reflections, reverberating endlessly
In the Forest's Apple core.

I battle on, with blade in hand
Through barren terrain and white-dusted land,
Til I come to an opening, a clearing
In the trees converging into two paths, almost synchronically.

Either equally fit, Uniformly made
As if fortune knew the predicament therein
In this arid ceremonious glade.
Yet, if fate spins all:
this choice matters not
for the wrong choice she hath forbade.

Triumphantly I hiked, Neither left nor right
Ambling on towards my golden dawn.
All mystery, secrets, knowledge and fire
Cannot quench the flame of my desire.

For whether, I am tethered to fates own will
Like the titan of old I shall blaze my own trail.
Now it is my life to fulfil.
I exit the forest, with new hope instilled.

