

## Poetry Workshop I

### **Playing with Fire** **Joe Bruner**

What would a fire kissed room look like?  
A chair, blacker than coal  
curtains ragged and torn,  
Frayed and delicately wispy,  
smoldering at the edges.  
Windows shattered,  
shards sitting still  
reflecting the glint of the still burning carpet.  
The scent of smoke crushing you, heavier than  
the world on  
your shoulders.  
The tapestry on the  
wall, burning tiger  
in the night.  
The moon shines through the jagged hole cut  
in the glass. The cruel, piercing edges that slice  
and a drop of blood  
rolling down your  
thumb.  
Drip...drip...drip...  
The blood falls, slowing  
from its rushing boil,  
cooling from the brush with a fire kissed room.