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Midnight Burning

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Midnight Burning

Ryan Frabizio

I am friends with my burning,
ignited from the bed
And flickering to the bedside desk.
I am no dream
for I drift to many drowsy driving dreams
before sleep's
thud.

This ice-body fights the flames
until the two melt
to one point of flowing
ink.
If a block of ice is thrown
into a fiery ring,
which wins?
I suspect Science answers
from a fool's impulse,
but
this water vaporizes on the lips
while leaving them moist
and passing the pearly gates
to still my sloshing thoughts.

Where were you
when I wandered away from the walkway
to a grass love-seat?

Where was I
when you surrendered to the geometric concrete
and plucked with the other peacocks
about the insane silence you left behind?
Where was I
so I could disregard a defense
to hear you weaving your own imitations of yarn, needing so insufficient
much that
 by trying,
your thread has already
begun to
disintegrate?

Where were you if not under the shadows of sunlit naked trees
or of neon-dim night alleys
when I claimed center-right field
wordless
and then returned and resorted to the chair—
but only after I had taken time out of mind long enough to re-believe in
time—
with satisfaction, waiting wiser for wiser.