

Candles

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I've been held back by candles.

little bits of wax that I could easily blow out.

yet there's something about wanting to keep their spark that makes me not want to use any oxygen.

the closer they are, the warmer I am.

I feel safe in their warmth.

I feel no longer weak and vulnerable as cold makes me feel.

but if I get too close, I get a burn.

it doesn't last very long. It doesn't hurt that much.

but I keep wanting to be close to their warmth.

so I get multiple burns.

but only a few.

that's fine.

I'm numb to it.

but I keep going back.

but now there's a lot of burns.

it hurts.

but I'm still cold.

if I go past the burns, then I'm burn-ing.

I'm ablaze.

set on fire by something driven by a passionate feeling.

of what nature of feeling, I'm not sure.

I wonder if the candles even know that it's hurting me.

maybe they just do it without realizing.

or maybe they do.

maybe that's why I'm on fire, because they wanted me to burn like them. they want me hurt.

I haven't decided yet.

I have to remind myself after thinking this, that yes, they can't control the burning.

it's not their fault. (is it?)

after all,

they're just candles.