

# Expecting a Fire

The cloudy mucky morning  
portends this winter's end  
whatever dawning light  
needs importing from within  
to burn away  
the showers aborning.  
That's why I'm here with you  
so you can hear and I can read  
the plot arising.

I'm awaiting  
a vessel fit for floating  
a song worth singing  
a fire to light the candle  
to connect the spirit in me  
to the flame in you.

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