

FEAR OF FIRE

in myself and outside

It has taken me so long to get everything together
I am afraid ~~that~~ someday it may all be taken away
see my place ablaze ^{flames billowing}
hear the fiery engine ^{through}
me choking with smoke trying to swim the tides of fire
drawn in to drown in tremendous furnace undertowing
~~what~~ glorious orange roaring ^{under floorboards}
and afterwards to survey the damage
my writing entirely wiped out
notebooks totally destroyed
rough drafts unfinished in fine time ashes
my typewriter an unworkable wreck
my books reduced to useless ruins

I will come back
one night to

1861/Longfellow sees his wife on fire ^{house in Concord a holocaust}
1872/Emerson flees the lethal heat of his ^{Ralph Waldo}
~~Fire fire what is this fear of fire~~

~~Carlyle's FRENCH REVOLUTION~~

Fire fire what is this fear of fire
are we afraid to face the great rage of our own origin
are we so tired to trying to fight this fire of life
tired of reclaiming some sense of ourselves from the chaos
are we averse to go through that agony of birth again and again

It has taken me so long to get everything together
~~I do not want it to be taken away~~
Fire is brief - the upward licks of light
leave after them cold ash, silent and white

~~is it our need to~~ ^{he remembered as} ~~we want to be remembered for being~~ more than ^{just} ephemeral wanderers

Wm. Carbur -

^{I see} ~~the~~ nightmare fire
at the library at Alexandria

Aristotle

Thomas Carlyle leaves ^{his} the manuscript of The French Revolution
with John Stuart Mill ~~and~~ it is buried in the
fireplace by mistake