

BLOSSOMING BLAZE

By Nolan Fuss

Huddled together under blankets and damp sweatshirts,
We sat in the darkness staring at the celestial sky like a pack of werewolves.

The occasional click of a lighter coming from the wet sand at our feet.

Click.

The ominous cliffside, silhouetted by moonlight stood tall above us,
Casting its gloomy figure over our hopes for the night.

Time kept on moving.

Click.

The cold got colder,
The dark got darker,

And the menacing shadows of doubt crept in with the ocean breeze.

Click.

Yet we sat hopeful that the excitement we shared
Which filled the hike with drunken laughter

And dragged us away from bed to the moonlit beach,
Would carry on, as soon as that spark caught fire.

Click.

Circled around that pile of soggy logs we sat hopeful
That any second that flicker would turn into a fiery fortress

That would unleash its flaming, gilded knights,
Armed with burning swords and shields

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Into the cold, dreaded darkness.

Click.

We sat, hopeful that the small glow before us,
The very glow smoldering in each of our hearts,

Would blossom into a blazing flower of flames.

Click. Crackle.

Then, as if our anticipative spirits
Burst to life in front of us all,
And demanded the festivities of the night continue on,
The spark caught.

And it didn't just burn,
It launched off the sandy logs with powerful legs
And performed a raging dance shrouded in flames
That fueled our newly intertwined friendships with a
freshly lit thrill.

Furious with light
It danced with us all night
Introducing our elated spirits with another,
Ensuring we were never without a
dance partner.

A dimming orange light
Turned to a small pile of embers.
Our exhausted bodies splayed out on the dance floor
That had melded our souls so tightly together.

By nights end,
We were all hopeful for the next.
Knowing doubt would not fill our minds,
Just the excitement for our spirits to dance together again.

ART // SKYLER MELNICK

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