

World on Fire

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It's so easy, said James, to set the world on fire.
Imagine growing up with fire.
You would think things had to be on fire.
You would start fires.

It's the dying God.
It's the flickering of the air.
It's the language of Aegeans.
It's the crown of the charioteer.

In a way you are invincible.
Whenever you narrowly escape, two worlds go on:
one where you improbably survived,
one where parents are crying even now
and at your interment brothers discuss your property.
You leave infinities of grief — when you swerve.
And you go on living where the rules do not apply.

Imagine growing up with death.
You would think things had to die.
You would start fires.
You would sell whatever's left.