

Spectrums of Evidence
by Don Proctor

Shadows flickering in procession to the flame
Undisclosed evidence of a dissected night
The might of the conflagration runs to the void
Precariously veers towards atmosphere and employs
Combustion, thermal expansion
Unification of man and nature by absolution
Burning pure the scattered sins
Hope spurs, raising the ignition of desire
Renders passage from the depth of fire
The inferno burns lucid
That breaks speed to stillness and expands
to a thermal shadow's demands
Cross trekking the bricks
The senses fierce and fluid
The black shadow bellows:
"Climb clean spent, clear vacant light ascend!
Bring me up in stillness freed that's blacked out inside of me!"
The flick of a flint, shadows diversify the night
Positive and negative space in a nocturnal fight
Vicariously living unto the spectrum of the blaze
Hues spacial to neglected transparency
Worriless, wayward rolling
Eyes of the night
Burn clean and black in unison