**Inner-Heat**

A Burning  
  
A Cleansing of simple thoughts  
As if contained on the shelf  
Nay an edge that fails to captivate  
  
Bound in darkness, but not held by it  
A purple haze is lit, glitters like diamonds across the sky  
Bound not in reason, but in feeling  
A heart to be feared for its passion  
Where it burns and how is beyond words  
Perhaps how or when are questions to ask?  
  
Not here, no it is to be there   
In dramatic flair it spreads   
With feathered protrusions dawning in light  
A reckoning shall come with a consuming desire  
That which burns from within  
Bringing a glimmer where there is none  
This is not alone, but more intense  
Creating a galaxy of shimmer  
Blinding in awe is its own form  
  
Not to dance, but to contemplate  
Not to launch, but to be aimed  
Not to pierce, but to find targets  
Not to be held, but to embrace it whole  
  
Nothing small to be placed in itself  
Perhaps no solace to be found...yet let it burn  
It shall not burn out, for the fuel is limitless  
Eyes of intensity  
Gaze of Lilac, Gaze of Lavender, Gaze of Purple Heat  
  
Unmet, unmatched, unhindered, and unapologetic  
  
It is that gaze of Inner-Heat that thee shall embrace.

~Quentix Starwing