

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

