

THE LAST SUPPER

The table invites,
Deceives with its glowing appearance.
The flower in the vase lies,
Its soft fabric petals conceal the truth
Of impermanence.

I inspect the china,
Each tiny crack slowly splitting apart
Growing weary with use and handling,
It no longer has the energy to maintain the whole.

A candle sits at the table's center.
I watch as tiny glints of light ascend from
Its glass container, little fireflies swarm around
And divert my attention away from this chamber
Of rambling discussion; away from you.

I cup my hands over the candle's brilliance,
Bathe in its warm glow, its comforting distraction.
This self-imposed infatuation draws me closer,
Until I am almost but not quite touching—
There is a danger that comes with this kind of play...

That night, the last time I saw you
I singed the tip of my finger and realized
I could only bear so much exposure.