

Radiating Heat

Fire burns
Underground,
Licking the sidewalk cracks,
But people don't see.
Walking forward
They don't realize
The world turns to flames
And then ash
Beneath their sandaled feet.

The blaze snags a willing root
And spreads above the streets,
Seizing every naked branch
And blade of grass.
Trees smolder as their leaves
Burn orange or red or yellow
And the lawns fray and blister, brown.
Each vane of grass gasps for water
But is denied.

Leaves drop slowly to start,
Then easily break their bond
And float gracefully to the ground.
Then people notice,

And smile.

Because autumn burns
In the most comforting way.