Confessions of a Candle

Cover Page Footnote
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Hey! fiddle, fiddle, 
you and feline; why the quibble?
quite contrary to what either might think
neither at fault for that minor debacle,
I might have known from the little mutts sneer
the consequence of such a mean-spirited jest,
his intent yes, but carried out with willing accord
my raw stinging flame scorched the stinking arse,
somersaulting the bovine over a celestial body,
meanwhile, that mangy cur snickered with delight
sole witness to my despicable act.

For many seasons the guilt abscessed and seethed
gradually congealing into waxen beads.
a confession long overdue indeed,
without realizing until now
the slow burning wick had run short
with it the necessity of concealing truth,
my ignorant youth, consumed by flickering fire
      lost within a shroud of smoky haze,
absolved of this past transgression my light glows brighter;
however, I am still glad that I
told the dish to run away with the spoon.