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BURNING

by H.C. Lee

His face coloured in shades as the
air got heavier with black matters.
There were stars and angels and all
on the coated ceiling above.
The night sky disturbed as the growing
infernal vines digested avariciously
the once danger-free playground
where lips used to press, where cheeks
used to blossom. Now the sheets
succumbed, curled in the heat — some
furrowed and shrunk dark-grey entity,
pungent. The undulating fog blanketed
the exposed limbs as if protecting them
in place of those having turned wild
creatures outside with their roars cracked
and organs crushed. The sparks were
metaphors for the painted stars; the untamed
and un-tuned glowing undressed the
enchanted gloom. The bed warm as ever.
And the tearless eyes close peacefully,
as ever. And he woke up
in the middle of the night,
listened;
wondered if a fire had dreamt you.