

Barbara Sigman

brushfires, September '88

orange magic
in the mountains,
one-thirty a.m.
I breathe ashes
I gaze and giggle,
losing my balance
on the tilted sidewalk
(the cement baked warm
beneath my tennis socks) —
careful, Dad says, reaching for me
but I'm not afraid because
it's groovy walking down our street
so late, the fire far enough away
that we don't hear anything —
we just watch, silent red and blue
lights flashing below the flames
the town sleeps inside
its glowing womb
but Daddy and I creep
along the pavement —
we could walk all morning
in this silent soft show —
we could walk forever