Ember

The location was unknown but only to her, as her soul

cried out pleading to be found.

From dawn to dusk she tirelessly searched with no avail.

There was no gold to be found at the end of the rainbow,

but something of immeasurable value; peace.

In a deep dark abyss, encompassed within skin and bones,

rest a glass chamber with a hairline fracture.

A fissure so miniscule it could only be breached by the

state of the wind.

It was an unfeasible task to discover the Bermuda Triangle

with a guide so miniscule the trace of a thousand

receptors could not distinguish where to station the band aid.

What once roared like the king of the jungle was now

unrecognizable as a mound of ash.

A race against time to discover the beacon amongst

a dying fire before it could be snuffed.

Trust is a dangerous game, for even your shadow leaves

when you are surrounded by darkness.

Nothing is as it appears to be, for an inhale followed by

an exhale can just as easily impersonate a gust of wind.

Appearing unsalvageable, like a phoenix rising from the ash

with one inhale her exhale like kerosine to an open

flame ignited the ember once more.