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| *“Matchstick”*  Matchstick thin,  he stood in black -  black boots, black pants, black jacket,  black leather band wrapped ‘round his left wrist  Orange hair shot like sparks  flames that flickered, streamed downwards off his shoulders  Two blue flames  blazed in his wire-framed eyes  He was la lucifer,  waiting to set someone afire  “What’s it mean?” I asked aloud.  He tore himself from the book, leaned back,  two hands on his desk and lit  “I don’t know.  What’s it mean to you?”  Thoughts crackled.  My imagination burned. | Text  Description automatically generated  A picture containing floor, indoor, weapon  Description automatically generated |