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| *“Matchstick”*Matchstick thin,he stood in black -black boots, black pants, black jacket,black leather band wrapped ‘round his left wristOrange hair shot like sparksflames that flickered, streamed downwards off his shouldersTwo blue flamesblazed in his wire-framed eyesHe 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 generatedA picture containing floor, indoor, weapon  Description automatically generated |