

THE FIRE By James R

I am born from the thundery rage of the sky,
I can feast on forests and leave the floor black and bare.

I can hug you with warmth and keep you cosy on
the couch in the winter's night,
I can illuminate your house in your time of
darkness.

I can melt through iron and melt stone,
I can burst out of the world's zits and slither down towards the
villages.

I can light beautiful fireworks for your
enjoyment,
I can cremate your friends and family.

I can swallow houses whole,
I can destroy your dearest belongings.

I can help you light the way when you're lost,
I can help you cook your favourite food.