

Wishful Thinking

A tongue of flame searched land and sea,
till soon it spied a sapling tree,
newly hewn and fresh with day
felled near a log- for fires play.

The tongue of flame saw fit to stay
and tease the tinder with its play.
A timid flame lapped high in glee
and reached out for the sapling tree.

The new hewn tree too green and wet
Did not allow the flame to fret
to frisk and play and thus consume,
as thus it did, the tinders bloom.

The tinder's charred, in black array,
No place for flame to romp and play
and even tho the saplings dried
The flame's too weak to lap its side

Thus expired both fuel and flame,
A log charred black, a log inane
And even tho the sapling ~~could now~~
~~could~~ fan a flame toward former ~~wood~~ bow

~~had he no place to romp and play~~
~~The flame would search in its fervor~~
For Fickle Fate had had her way
~~For all is gone, a flame could never.~~