

lost

the boy was lost.

he had fire in his hands,

flames in his fingers,

ashes at the corners of his lips,

the backs of his knees, his ankles

he granted wishes,

lost what needed to be found,

cried himself to sleep

or slept cold, hard,

numb,

woke unblinking

he loved in swoops,

fought in massacres,

dreamt in orchards, cigarette cases, pinpoints

the boy was lost.

he thumbed the ridges round the edges of dimes,

fell into chasms,

flew blindly into windows,

dove from cliffs,

circled haystacks