

Junior Division, Poetry
Bridget O'Brien, Gander

Incendiary

The first time you light a candle,
the wax melts slowly.

The next time,
much faster.

Sometimes I am the wax.

I slow-burn.

Even with stress extinguished,

I inevitably reignite,

to melt faster.

Unlike the wax,

a candle's wick will adapt.

It twists as it burns,

to use the hottest part of the flame.

Often I'm the wick.

Yet still I feel small,

fragile.

Holding that flame is tiring.

And sometimes,

I crack and crumble under pressure.

Nothing can last forever.

But if the flame is smothered,

or no fuel is left,

the candle is the one you'd blame.