

Randolph on Fire

All I could do was watch until his half-
whimper of fear
came to breath. Too brewed to know how his legs
began roaring to blackness,
he could not find his face in the succession,
the utterance, not words—
a scream, a dance—the succession, running
in place, slapping
his thighs, gasoline britches,
bursting near the chicken coop.
The yard birds ruffled and clucked,
white plumes flung in the air—
snow and flame and screaming—
the undazzle of fire.