

Alone by Candlelight

by Margaret Heath

Candle arrows flicker

Duelling figures, squat or tall

A tapestry of wicker patterns

Tangle to the floor.

Teacups waltz with ten-foot chairs

Half-moons beam and wane.

Moth wings shiver

Like wish-filled coins

Thrown in liquid shade.

The woman wishes, too ...

Lingers,

Her shadow stooped on the wall.

Technicolour kites tug in a purple sky -

Yellow for sunflowers

Dancing round a table,

Magenta for music and passion and joy,

Stained glass shards for loss

And red-cut pain.

Hot tears swell

Over-spill

Their soft wax rim...

Then cool to threads

Of sculptured pearl.

She sighs...

Her cry

Unbidden

Snuffs the fragile flare.

White smoke drifts

Hovers

Offers an essence of prayer.

She waits ...

Breathing the perfumed silence

In another long-night's air.