

Fire

Fire has stained the sky. Lightning has struck, and the match is kindled, 300 acres burn, and smoke seasons the air, light cast down as orange paint, a scent and sight, most surreal. Weird and thick, the air is stained with yellow-rose scent, too sweet and thick, as the light, an effect...and I remember, when I was lost. I could not gain a foothold in the world, music left nothing but ruin, and I was filled with frustration, a shuddering frustration...and then it hit me: I could be a smoke jumper! At the time, I could run 10 miles without a drink in 100 degree heat, and indeed, 15 years of training in such temperatures for many hours a day, well, such strain was normal for me then. Yes, I would make a difference, and enjoy a bit of risk, not so much as motorcycle racing, but still, even with the parachute, this could be a bit fun! I was such an idiot...you can not even imagine. I began to research, and get my blood going. Yes, burn the stupid drums, and then...save the forest. Just a hint of risk, some silly fire and a slight fall to earth...perfect! OK, idiot does not quite cover it.

Then during my research I found a strange fact: the forest is SUPPOSED to burn...yes, it is! We stop this, and then, material builds up, and oh my, such a fire comes of it, and horror of horrors, property is in danger, and the forest as well. Oh...WE are why the natural system is in ruins. I get it. Put out the fire, create havoc and destruction for the world. Typical. I did not become a smoke jumper. I want to help the forest, not fuel its destruction...and as to property...let it burn!

Now the helicopters rush water to the blaze, and in other months, they spray vats of poison on the fertile timberland, so it may be controlled, harvested, made toxic and sold. Helicopters...I do not like them. I often trace their arc with my pistol sights, just to imagine ... no, I do not like them, not one bit.

Fire is part of regeneration in the forest, and the hummingbirds like the ash we leave for them. The earth, is ablaze, how perfect she is, filled with wanton fury unleashed, licking her flames over the world, for she does love this earth, and tends it with her best and worst, just as she should. Cones open, and seeds fall, earth is brought riches, from the cauldron of blaze and heat, so she may prosper. Each life, is filled with earth and flame, sand and dusk, with her orange heart of smokey, thick, smoldering stain...so it is, and should be. As you or I, each speck of all...has a purpose and point...can you feel the heart of height, sun poured thick and orange over the grasses?...can you hear the snap of flame, tending the earth and sweetening the air? This...is our world, as it should be. Heat, frees unto us, the future of this earth, guided by tender and brash truth; it is so. No man, knows more than this thing. Let her, control us. In this...we may yet remember.
—© 2015 Rich Norman