

Branches Leaves Bark

Everything burns

Fire Fire Fire

Black smoke rises from trunk

Oaks burn in flames

A bitter smell of burnt wood expands

The Temperature liquefies fearful butterflies

Twisted bark and cooked fruit

Burning embers shine between scattered ashes

A black liquid flows between primordial gases

A deafening symphony of crackles between broken embers

Sap boils between streams of resin

twigs black as burnt arches

Everything burns

Fire Fire Fire

Burning bushes disappear

Plants and flowers sublime in smoke, tongues of flames illuminate the sky

it is the night, the moon retreats

In the sky appears the white stripe of a Mig now far away