

The Magic Candle

Sara Hood

The still flame
blazes atop
my wooden dresser,
hypnotizing my eyes
with rickety repetition.

Nothing moves
but the shimmer
of bright orange,
pulling me towards
its magnetic force.

I step closer
and slowly recognize
the veiled deception
which masked my
sense of sight.

It is not real—
an illusion of warmth—
a fake glow—
blown out
with a flick of a switch.