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## The Hearth

C.K. Williams

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## The Hearth

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C.K. Williams

February 2003

1.

Alone after the news on a bitter  
evening in the country, sleet slashing  
the stubbled fields, the river ice;  
I keep stirring up the recalcitrant fire,

but when I throw my plastic coffee cup  
in with new kindling it perches intact  
on a log for a strangely long time,  
as though uncertain what to do,

until, in a somehow reluctant, almost  
creaturely way, it dents, collapses,  
and decomposes to a dark slime  
untwining itself on the stone hearth.

I once knew someone who was caught in a fire  
and made it sound something like that.  
He'd been loading a bomber and a napalm shell  
had gone off; flung from the flames,

at first he felt nothing, and thought  
he'd been spared, but then came the pain,  
then the hideous dark—he'd been blinded,  
and so badly charred he spent years

in recovery: agonizing debridements,  
grafts, learning to speak through a mouth  
without lips, to read Braille with fingers  
lavaed with scar, to not want to die—

Though that never happened. He swore,  
even years later, with a family,  
that if he were back there, this time allowed  
to put himself out of his misery, he would.

2.

There was dying here tonight, after  
dusk, by the road: an owl,  
eyes fixed and flared, breast  
so winter-white he seemed to shine

a searchlight on himself, helicoptered  
near a wire fence, then suddenly  
banked, plunged, and vanished  
into swallowing dark with his prey.

Such an uncomplicated departure;  
no detonation, nothing to mourn;  
if the creature being torn from its life  
made a sound, I didn't hear it.

But in truth I wasn't listening, I was thinking,  
as I often do these days, of war;  
I was thinking of my children, and their children,  
of the more than fear I feel for them,

and then of radar, rockets, shrapnel,  
cities razed, soil poisoned  
for a thousand generations; of suffering so vast  
it nullifies everything else.

I stood in the wind in the raw cold  
wondering how those with power over us  
can effect such things, and by what  
cynical reasoning pardon themselves.

The fire's ablaze now, its glow  
on the windows takes the night even darker,  
but it barely keeps the room warm.  
I stoke it again, and crouch closer.