

The Call

By Woojin Jang

From our low chair beside the slow burning fire,
Marvellous stories we would hear from the fire,
Whispers from the bright orange glow,
We would hear a beautiful story every night or so:
The burning fire was so warm and bright,



So comforting in the cold of night,
Then one doomed day the burning stopped.

To-night we heard a call,
A tapping on the window pane,
A voice calm in my ear,
I knew the fire was still here,
There was a burning in my soul,
Brighter than an angel's glow,
Then: something swift and tall
Swept in and out and that was all.

The fire, The glow:
They were gone now.

Was this a message from the wind or a ghost of evil intention?
In the dark and in the cold to be scared I was too old,
But no matter what my age would say,
I was scared alone - fear my only companion
Then suddenly I felt the lock shatter, then the door swung apart...
By him

It bothers me not who opened the doors
But why they did so bothers me
Now without a fire I must leave,
To find a new fire to live by me,
Though yet we do not know
Who called or what marks we shall leave upon the snow

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