

Fire

She slowly awakens as a match is lit,
Her blood-orange hair sparks as she begins to evolve.
Her crackling amber eyes glow with rage –
No one can defeat her.
Her golden arms fiercely attack nature's trees,
As tiny bits of ash dance around her.

Suddenly, the wind blows, but she does not give up.
Fearlessly she burns anything in her way.
'whoosh' the wind blows again,
Fuming, she tries to stay alive,
Sadly, she gets smaller and smaller until she is no more.
Her memory remains, but she does not.

Aleyna J. Year 4