FIRE IN THE DOLL’S HOUSE

The paper house ignites
with an alchemist’s bellows.
Golden-finned, arched, dying, re-aroused,
encircling every human and thimble-sized object—

Love, with the tiniest, red torch branded to your heart—
will you come now?

Blood blooms lie decked on the mounted beams,
devouring the scabs of tissue roses.
They follow the crumb paths
through little halls and rooms
no larger than the width of a child’s hand:
tablets for worms, baskets for a litter of mice,
gnats swim in the pool
of a toy teacup—
Inside the sleeping tents,
vapor unwinds the dolls from the dolls’ beds.

Acid ash snowcloud
little white sails.