

POETRY

Hearth

Micah James

What is humanity without our libraries
Not just those of brick and paper
But the spoken and sung
These stories and tales
Of warning and woe
Of hunger and hardship
Of trials and triumph
Of happiness and heart
These words we share are fire
The centre of our homes
The thing that brings us together
And leaps into our minds
Burning brands there forever
To be passed to the next
In an unending cycle of word and flame