

## **Aries' Inferno**

by Christina Ciufu

Golden-rosy sky  
illuminates and shawls its' veil  
over the honeysuckle field,  
the river's sapphire hair,  
alder and willow trees,  
and the temple's stone roof.

Like white wax dripping  
down a bronze candleholder,  
its light trickles  
from the alder's brown branches,  
like a river, streams within the leaves' cresses,  
through the roof's thin cracks,  
and into a firepit.

Charcoal firepit,  
reticent and hollow,  
remains placid.

Dark green vines  
emanate from blackened ashes.  
Its vines and leaves  
twist,  
twist, and  
twist – interweaving  
within each other,  
their green fingers reaching  
towards the temple's roof.

Mauve- roseate buds appear –



blooming  
and igniting thistles,  
becoming flames.

Crimson-marigold flames,  
resilience, intense, vitality, and passionate,  
oscillate and twirl around  
the firepit and tan columns  
in its' thaumaturgy, ardent dance.

Flames form –  
two curved, amber horns  
and a ram's faded face appears.

My heart, like a ram's hooves, beats in sync by the fire's crackling.  
Passion courses through my veins.  
My body caressed by ardency.  
My soul awakens and reborn from the Aries' inferno.

