

# *The Bush Burned With Fire And The Bush Was Not Consumed*

PETER MUNRO

Skin draws gaunt to his skull, deflating  
jowls he has borne across eight decades.  
His dying scrawls revelations, the unadorned  
face of this child burned through in a cell-  
by-cell immolation of his mask.

Horned into body all his life,  
this new task of leaving  
leaves him exhausted among exhaust fumes,  
acetone blown past the gaskets in his lungs.  
Inhalations come hard, drawn  
against the weight that presses his chest.  
As he combusts, electrons unhook. He parses  
proteins. His rattletrap contraption of cells  
triggers and he exhales.

Let the breath that breathes him put on a new vessel.  
Let the breath that breathes him reform him from gales.  
Let the breath that breathes him  
breathe storms through him in sentences  
gusted beyond what any frail  
construct of dust may countenance.

Departing this land of sound,  
he wrestles ragged cadences.  
Syllables metastasize slowly.  
Breath shall cull every particle of him,  
word by word, charring that holy ground  
on which all children must walk.  
As he walks into distance and then beyond  
distance, wandering new fields,  
what consumes him all his life  
shall unscroll flame, written invisibly  
into, then out of, mask and skull.