

## **Time Spent Dealing With Demons**

She revels in the flare of her own rockets,  
And the lightning bolts she dares to hurl.

It is true that she is more in danger of incineration  
Than those who weather her displeasure.

But she won't stop, at least not yet.

For the intemperate rush that races through her frame,  
And lays its flickering fingers upon the tinder of her uncertainty,  
Sets her afire.

She burns.  
The haze before her eyes grows thick as flesh  
And comes alive,  
A plume of smoke that curls and writhes,  
Then snaps to attention.

Oho! Reinforcements!  
So. Now. Twin-selved and multiply-armed  
She leaps into the fray,  
And hopes to keep her feet.

Cynthia Vautier

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