

Tiny Candles

(04/03/2018)

Love is like a candle,
It burns brightly when first lit,
Dimming and melting away as it ages,
The wax running over,
Some blow out before their time,
Struck by violent gust,
While other flames drown,
Falling into the fetid wax below,
If you should suffer burns,
Do not be dismayed,
Search until your flame extinguishes,
Search for a bright candle that will burn for you,
There may yet be a candle waiting,
The scorned may yet find admiration,
The injured may yet find healing,
And the forsaken may yet be redeemed.