

Christine Karka

Candles

We were like candles
and you lit us up because we were pretty to look at

but every hour that vanished
we vanished a little more as well

until there was nothing left of us
but melted wax

and misery

How many water drops does it take to create
a wave

How many people does it take to create real
change

you kept dancing in the rain
and wondered why the lightning stroke you

- *I am a storm*

Watching storms colliding in front of me and houses burning down to their last pieces
I've learned that everything has an end

We were designed to have an expiration date

You touched my skin and set my body on fire
And from the outside it must have looked breathtakingly beautiful
But what happens if the flames are no longer straining their heads into the sky and
slowly start dying
Because you took all the oxygen with you when you left

What will be left of me?

the sunbeams wake me up in the morning

they start cautiously touching my face and slowly move down my collarbones and further to my tummy and hips

warm and gentle

calming and satisfying

comforting the broken parts of me that usually are hidden in the shadows