

The Candle, the Moth and the Hand

Reg Down
© Copyright 2014

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.

The candle was sleek and white. It sat in a candle holder placed squarely on a cherry wood table in the living room. It was waiting for darkness.

On the bark of a tree outside the window a moth waited patiently. She was waiting for light in the darkness.

Twilight seeped into the house. A hand scraped a match; it flared and lit the candle. The flame grew, it faded, it settled down and burned steadily. It filled the room with seeing.

The moth saw the candlelight. It was warm, golden and inviting. She opened her wings and took to the air. She purred like a cat. She hit the window. She fluttered against the glass. The light wouldn't let her go.

The night was warm. The hand raised the window. The moth flew in. Around the candle she flew, a planet circling her sun. Her eyes were filled with love. Her wings brushed the flame and sizzled. She rested on the ceiling, wondering how the light could burn her so.

The hand that lit the match and raised the window turned a page and kept on writing. The candle burned lower.

The moth circled again. Round and round she flew, longing for closeness. She grazed the flame and fluttered to the table. She trembled, her wings singing songs only she could hear.

The hand turned another page.

The wax waned as the candle spent its light. The moth gazed at her love. The flame faltered. Urgently, she flapped her wings. Low and straight she flew and loved the light completely as the hand finished the last line in darkness.