Everything Is Kindling, Everything Burns

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The house burns like the cherry embers of a forgotten cigarette
    the forgotten cigarette burns the larynx of an opera singer
The opera singer burns like the jazz hands of Thelonious Monk
    Thelonious Monk burns like a star only visible away from neon
The neon burns like a cityscape skyline scorned with Seagrams highball
    the Seagrams highball burns like a dive bar poet enraptured in his craft
A dive bar poet burns like the high country bears first salmon kill of the season
    the first kill burns like the first kiss of a long awaited funeral
The kiss burns like the runaway atop the midnight express
    the runaway burns like the summer solstice sunset below the Ozarks
The sunset burns like early morning fog criss crossing elk meadows
    the fog burns like a riot encapsulating gated communities
A riot burns like a 6 inch knife sliding back only 4
    a knife burns like the death row inmate meditating on his impermanence