

## **Sonnet I**

**By Annabel Fedcesin**

With delicate grace like small, playful fire,  
Would you not dance in ember light of eve?  
A brilliant glow that one can admire  
Spread yourself across skin and never leave  
If you were to dim, my tears would fall fast  
And the world would be colder in your wake  
I find more pleasure in weather downcast  
With you burning warmly, soothing my shake  
    But your blaze can cause much pain to soft me  
    Little wick, freely lay under the ash tree