**Scar**

The word

rhymes with mar

with star, oblique

it rhymes with fear.

With stare. With spared.

As in *here you are*

and *why*

*am I still here?*

The scar I do not have,

after my head went on fire

at the feral cat rescue

pot luck supper.

A candle, my chiffon scarf.

I was inside

a hot tongue of flames.

My face, my hair.

I felt the white

light coming.

Then Joseph leaped

across the room. His

body weight. He

snuffed me out,

his sweater partly

melted.

A school-bus driver had

pulled my flaming scarf away

as I continued torching.

(His arm was badly burned).

Spirit fire that night:

You could have terminally

singed my lungs.

Intuitively, I didn’t speak.

Didn’t breathe.

Took me and left me with

no burns. No mark.

Now the cat rescuers - they

stood and stared.

*Is my face still there?*

I asked Heather

She sort of nodded.

I touched my hair,

looked in the mirror.

Ann Graham Walker 10/01/21