



## Weary Wick

Norm Filbert

a greasy wax candle squatting on its knees  
sputters sullenly in the evening breeze  
tallow tears trickle down its fat white cheeks  
a black wick curls and writhes and falls  
and as the whispering low wind calls  
the candle gathers its strength and speaks  
    “W-woe is m-me!” it loudly complains  
    “What’s to become of m-my remains?  
    “I’m b-burnin’ and burnin’ and p-pretty quick  
    “‘There w-won’t be nothin’ but a b-burnt out wick.”  
silently laughing, the wind whips past  
as the stuttering candle sputters its last  
    “What Ho,” laughs the playful wind, “What Ho?”  
    “Come flicker and sparkle, I like your bright glow”  
but there’s no reply from the burned black thread  
for the fat tallow candle is dead—is dead.