

Two Poems by Soren Stockman

The Bigger Fire

I don't know the chemistry of two fires  
converging, but I know the bigger fire of not wanting  
consumes the fire of wanting. I have searched  
the beast's hot belly – it is incredible:  
no difference between the thing itself and what has been  
swallowed, like a bone dropped into the body.  
They burn together, and as one grows, the other grows,  
but you can tell which is which:  
    the bigger fire reaches furthest, controls the surface,  
has something inside it that's almost peaceful  
in comparison.

## Permission

Not what I always wanted, but the permission  
to want it. And to make it, to make it mine,  
to have been making it forever, to make it  
always. Greedy that way, and lovely.