

Ian McBryde

ARSONIST

On the evening news
he hears all he needs to.

High of thirty-nine. Strong
winds. Total fire ban.

Tonight he will go through
no particular ritual. TV,

a few beers, some pornos,
nothing special. He knows

that tomorrow he will
wake up early, sweating

and erect, clothes
prepared, hall table laden

with binoculars, camera,
accelerant. He knows he

will dream himself already
hidden in pre-chosen

thickets, smelling of petrol,
the first smoke

rising, his fresh seed
wet on the leaves.