

## **Ember**

Eyes rolled,  
with a lifted brow,  
you spit your spite  
with fire, at all.  
Such a poor semblance  
of motherhood  
to capriciously flare,  
lacking rectitude.  
Your daughter, so tender,  
want of kindling guide,  
a cinder of hatred  
foretold in her eyes;  
a burning ember  
destined for fire.

—*Michael Pracht*