

THE QUIVERING FLAME

Jennifer Rothschild

The night was cold, lonely

She sat by the fire

And marveled at its beauty

The flame quivered

And she faltered

The flame expanded

And her heart filled

She clung to it with hope

Hope that it would never extinguish

She yearned to keep it, to control it

She yearned to hold it, to retain its warmth

But alas, the flame flickered

The light dimmed

And the fire died

Leaving her

With only her breath

Jennifer Rothschild, 16, attends the Upper School of Solomon Schechter Day School of Essex and Union.