Prescribed Burn

Below the trail, we see the white fuel tanks through the cloud of smoke that makes the flames they cast seem dull. The ranger, in her white fire suit, looks Martian-esque against this strange landscape of green

and char behind where she walks, waves of flame spread and smolder the leaf litter like breakers on a shoreline. A tame blaze born out of the steady flow of gasoline and a spark, disciplined by firebreaks plowed into the darkening earth, the ranger walks her sacred labyrinth in reverse, a god birthing Phlegethon behind her as she moves outward toward the perimeter of tilled dirt, the tattoo of scorched ground

and handline spelling boundaries to veil the illusion of management and control, a remedy born out of its own poison, her careful retreat from its advancing line leaving the landscape charred and impotent,

fighting wildfire with restrained flame, scorching the fuel, the saw palm becomes an offering against the day when feral flames might sweep wild as mad dogs through protected taproot and loam.