

## Fresh Flame

A whispered start, a spark unseen,  
A quiet fire where hearts convene.  
Cool air draped in the fading light,  
Yet something burned is into the night.

New eyes met in a shifting glow,  
A secret flame began to grow.  
Not the blaze of many weathered years,  
But something fresh, untouched by fears.

Like autumn leaves that turned to gold,  
We found a warmth against the cold.  
A tender heat, both fierce and bright,  
A love that woke the fading light.

Between us, even time moved slow,  
Breath against breath, the silence glowed.  
Your hand brushed mine, a spark beneath my skin,  
And a thousand quiet embers rushed in.

Fingertips traced unseen designs,  
As if our pulse redrew the lines.  
The restless world fell out of view,  
Until the only thing left was you.

No sound remained but what we kept,  
Two hearts awake while midnight slept.  
No promises carved into stone,  
Just a fire enough to call our own.

So here's to sparks that rise unknown,  
To fragile flames that find their own.  
While September chilled the world I knew,  
A fresh flame burned when I found you.