

# As Fire

When I live  
let me live as fire  
let my movement be heat  
let burning fill my bones  
live coals sear my words  
tongues of flame halo my head

When I die  
let not my body turn utterly cold  
let ashes smolder  
embers wait for stirring  
let oil cover me as a blanket  
and holy fire devour me

When the Lord God calls the four winds  
let my dry bones rattle  
let them shake bone into bone  
let flesh clothe them  
skin lay upon me fresh as newborn  
and winds breathe fire into me

When I stand  
let the cords of death melt as in a furnace  
let even the earth beneath my feet  
become glass let sun and moon  
burn overhead let all people cry out  
Holy holy holy Lord God Almighty  
and let the whole earth  
inhale light

—Richard Tice

This poem won first place in the *BYU Studies*  
2004 poetry contest.