

People know me as danger, but also as wonder,
I can be as soft as silence, but as loud as thunder.
I am dancing “fingers” of red, orange and yellow
To make you feel joyful or sometimes just mellow.

Listen closely, and I crackle merrily as a sweet song,
When I’m “born” I appear weak, while really I’m strong.
Not truly a living being, I have no body, and no life can I taste
But I eat wood, breathe air and leave behind a black waste.

I will admit at times I’m as mean as a demon in he(ck),
But at other times I am your savior or even an angel.
I am like a runner in a race; I don’t stop until I’m finished,
And like an Olympic athlete, without oxygen I’m diminished.

Like a benevolent leader I give light to those who are in need,
And if I’m dropped in a forest, I’ll destroy with great speed.
It is easy to be intrigued by my “sparkling” good looks,
And without my existence, your food won’t cook.

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