**Valerie Dohren**

**Seething cauldron, an inferno  
belching noxious vapours  
spewing red hot molten lava  
spilling down mountainside  
to drown the land in sulphurated destruction.  
  
Rocks hurtling through the air,  
falling everywhere -  
  
- turning into words pouring from lips  
burning – destroying.**

**Bernard F. Asuncion**

S-ee the perfect cone,  
H-iding from its eruption,  
A-s the lava flows.

**Emily Dickinson**

On my volcano grows the Grass  
A meditative spot -  
An acre for a Bird to choose  
Would be the General thought -  
  
How red the Fire rocks below -  
How insecure the sod  
Did I disclose  
Would populate with awe my solitude.