**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.