

Strike a Light

The crowd wait in anticipation. They are waiting for me

Swan Vesta.

What a roller coaster, love hate relationship. You and I have shared my dear humans.

I am an empty vessel now, my contents long gone. Irresponsibly used up. Gone, forever

'Strike a light'

You'll not hear anyone say that any more. Or breath in the lovely warming Sulphur smell as the match ignites, against my sand paper striking strip.

Now I am cold and empty, a yellow and black oblong shaped box, with a worn out sand paper strip on my side.

I am a box, which will no doubt be put into another box.

'For display purposes only'. Still that is preferable to where I have spent the last few decades, at the back of a draw. A draw filled with unwanted unused objects... but kept as something that one day may come in useful?

'Why are you so resentful,' You say. 'You've had your time and now you've been pensioned off. Superseded by something much more efficient. Something small and elegant a fashion statement even' I hear you say

'Flick of a switch' is now the buzz word. Reliable just what a chaotic world needs. Reliability and I could not give you that. My contents were in control of that, not me. So I was replaced by the efficient 'Lighter.' Even the word 'lighter' evokes a new beginning, a start. A new start. Not for me, I'm gone forever but for mankind maybe?

We did have fun, did we not? Remember the feeling, the first time you struck your match against me, time and again nothing, then suddenly the match exploding with golden light, unmanageable, an effervescent stream of warm like fusion.

You used me for good and ill. For lighting dark dank corridors of death during war. Inviting lost souls to shelter and safety. But then my other side. My contents to be struck for malice, for destruction and eventually my contents were used for the ultimate destruction. The destruction of mankind and here we are.

For the few who survived. Your world, is now sterile, void and you too are empty vessels, all waiting for something, someone to once more make your cold hearts beat a little faster, and your voice quiver uncontrollably with pleasure and to emit the most joyous of noises ahhh! So you collect objects of the past, nostalgic items which were once so temporary in your busy throw away existence. We now give you life (whatever life) you now have meaning.

The audience are shuffling, awaiting my appearance.

Lovingly with white gloved hands, so not to damage me. I am placed on a silver platter. As I am paraded through your ranks. I hear the gasps of admiration and longing. A longing to own me once again.

'Here we have Lot 410. A rare object from the 21st Century. Near pristine condition. A 'Swan Vesta' Match box. Who will start the bidding?'