Stressed Wood

I have seen that look only once before;
Eyes dancing like flames that could desecrate.
They are dancing at mine, which trace the floor,
Biding time for the gaze to shed its hate.
I have seen this look in the wooden boards,
With their rings as bold as your irises.
They spar your eyes with their wooden swords,
At a distance they mock your chastises.
Your words could strike at them from underneath,
Setting traps that could lie, twist and entwine.
But they trap themselves behind gritted teeth,
Your gaze falling short as it meets with mine.
My eyes were made with bolder desires,
With words that catch on the darkest fires.