Fireflies

The children race now here by the ivied fence, gather squealing now there by the lily border.
The evening calms the quickened air, immense and warm; its veil is pierced with fire. The order of space discloses as pair by pair porch lights carve shadows. Cool phosphors flare when dark permits yearning to signal where, with spark and pause and spark, the fireflies are, the sites they spiral when they aspire, with carefree ardor busy, to embrace a star that draws them thence.

Like children we stand and stare, watching the field that twinkles where gold wisps fare to the end of dusk, as the sudden sphere, ivory shield, aloft, of moon stands clear of the world’s far bend.