

THE GIRL WITH THE FIREFLY

The lightning-bug in her hand stammers wildly
As she stands there on the verge of darkness,
A fulcrum for dusk. Her green torch
Flares sporadically, like a code
To which she alone can find the key.
Motionless, her figure fades into black

As the garden blends into earth. The signals
Come more faintly now, like the pulse
Of a dying child who feels the balance tremble
And slide into the night.

When all the green is gone,
She looms out of the shadows, brushing the dark,
Bewildered by the silence in her hand.

Larry Rubin