

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIGHTNING BUGS

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I remember
Little glowing orbs
Floating through the purple July haze,
Blinking bulbs blooming in the indigo sky.

Little legs pumping, arms outstretched,
Summer dirt beneath our nails
And prickly grass between our toes.

And we cupped the little lights
Softly in the hollow of our hands,
Brushing the ticklish insects
Into the empty peanut butter jar
With holes drilled in the red lid.

And when these glowing drops of sun
Flicker against the night,
I hear whispers—
Friend, do you?
In secret blinking Morse:

Remember when? Remember when...?
Run faster, reach farther,
Quickly, quickly—

Before it fades into the indigo twilight,
Snatch the glowing memory,
Hallow it in the hollow of your hand

And brush the treasured gold
Into an empty peanut butter jar.