

Firework Bugs

July 18, 2013

Silent, still, the evening glides
slowly into night, as hair
tender, loving gesture guides
tip-toe back behind the ear.

Stars above and stars below:
darkening lawn a mirror makes,
as the firework bugs aglow
render smooth the aged aches

of a day reclined for rest;
faithful, bearing as they fly
lightning from the setting west,
feet anointing ere they die.