

Fireflies

Susan McMillan

While the moon hides her face
tonight, the stars have fallen
onto this blanket of blackness,
and swarm like celestial fairies
on a velvet field that,
 by daylight,
becomes endless acres of soy.

From the narrow road,
between sweep of pines and clumps
of tall prairie grass, we see them
circle and join, circle and part
 again
 and again.

The idea of a garden party
lit by Chinese lanterns comes to mind
and though, compared to such,
our lanterns might seem
 colorless
 and small,

their grace-lit swirl and gambol
beneath this very real midnight sky
mesmerize. Here in this pitch,
 this musk
of summer air still wet from recent rain,
we watch, stupefied –
 eyes dancing in the dark.