

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.