

# 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.