

For Later

by A. Pseudonym

a tub of children in the wash
where the grass is thin by the lilac
have together encountered a junebug
which is a hard and loud creature
and they wish for lightening bugs
lightening for their jars

out above the hayfield where it is
already night under the woods
there is heat lightening
which is quiet and gentle as clover
and could it be bottled they wonder
and could they ever get close enough

now after supper and the fire getting good
fire which lets you be quiet in unison
fire which grows you up while you look inside it
bonfire of the tree limbs cut earlier by dad
while you played in the creek with them
do you keep that fire in you for later?

