

Firefly

by Angela Kubinec

She remembers the time they climbed into a brook
He shivered, laughing
While the backs of her hands and arms felt blushed beneath the
surface
Never noticing the banks breaking free
Smiling at stones and chunks of earth pounding in
On the shore, she cried at the fireflies
An empty house
Grass
And two clean pink palms, one small one large
As the insects strolled across both hands, blinking, they trapped
them in a jar
And they waited

