

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

