

I Once Knew a Sparkledrop

by Carl Santoro

It probably would
 never happen
 for someone else
 as it happened
 for me, just then.
The car I was in
 was speeding
 at about seventy.
The night had
 already begun.
The view from
the windows
 revealed mostly
 open fields.
Small cold-like clouds
 slept stubbornly
 only yards
 above the earth.
The black from the
night part of night
 was not black yet,
 but a mellowing
 deep, far off blue.
And then I, and I believe,
 I alone, saw
 this small child
 run a few steps
 in a field, and

stop to throw a
lighted sparkler
into the blackening
blueness of the sky.
It glowered happily,
and yet desperately;
and yet desperately,
for it would
never return
to the earth
as the same
bright stick of
joyousness
as it is now.
The last gleeful
sparkledrops
painted the child's
attentive face
with a friendly, but
departing,
orange goodbye.
The image of the streak
from the child's
run and throw
now was taken in
by the nearest mother cloud.
I remember it now-
still as if those seconds
are still occurring
as a full length movie.
The child smiling up,
along with the sparkler;
the fading contrail
evolving from white
to a soft blue and

slowly melting into
the air.
And then I could
see no more.
A one act performance.
So fast.
So very, very long.

