

# 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.

