

The Firefly

By Marilyn Reeves

When I was a child we visited my grandparents
Who lived in Illinois.

And one night, to my great joy,
When I looked out I could see
The garden filled with twinkling lights,
Blinking on and off like a Christmas tree.
Up, down and all around
The lights performed a dance for me.

'What are those, Grandma? What is that pretty sight?'

'Why, those are fireflies,' she smiled,
Upon seeing my delight.

Entranced as if by magic,
I stood spellbound
As those tiny blinking lights
Twinkled to the silent music
Of the soft, enchanting night.

'Oh, Grandma, may I please have a jar?

I'd like to catch one if I can.'

Then I ran out to the garden, jar in hand,
And oh, so very carefully
Placed it over one
And quickly sealed it tight.

Inside the jar the creature flew,

Up, down, and all around,

Trying to get free.

I was thrilled to watch its light
Blinking on and off as I held it in captivity.

'You're all mine now,' I said to my friend,
And you shine now, just for me!

But as it beat its wings against the rim
After a while its light grew dim.
And then it just lay there on the bottom.

'Oh, no!' I cried, 'it's going to die
If I don't set it free.'
So I opened the lid and it flew away.

But it came back 'round and touched me,
As if it wished to thank me.
Then it once again took flight
To rejoin the silent chorus
As it twinkled in the night.

Although sad to see it go,
A lesson learned, and now I know
That loving something sometimes means
You have to let it go.