



Fireflies

The night is coming on the heels of the heat,
The frogs are putting out a healthy beat,
The rain crow has crowed at the end of the day,
And I'm on the deck after a day of play.

The darkness is emerging from the east,
As I settle in for the evening's feast,
A slight breeze meanders up the creek,
I know I could stay here for at least a week.

And when darkness falls over it all,
A bell must have rung, and they're answering the call,
The lightnin' bugs are on parade tonight,
Putting on a show to our delight.

What could be better than the bugs with lanterns
That dance in the night in obscure patterns
That make sense to them and no one else,
It makes one believe in fairies and elves.

There's one over there and two over here,
I can see at least twenty bright and clear,
It's an Earth Church service - they're conducting a mass,
It's spiritual schooling, and I'm joining the class.

Oh, the magic, the energy, the utter pure fun,
My spirit is hopping, ready to run,
To play with the beetles with lights built in,
Generating delight, making me grin.

Lightnin' bug, lightning' bug, light my way,

Brighten my spirits at the end of the day,
Lightnin' bug, lightnin' bug, don't go away,
I want you around, I want you to stay.

But alas, the little bug turned out the light,
Sending me off after a wonderful night,
A celebration of mingling nature and spirit,
I go to bed fulfilled, for I've reached my limit.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And pray that the lightnin' bug,
Lights the spirit within you.