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Sky Full of Fireflies

Juno Nightingale

I remember getting excited when I saw fireflies in the middle of June
Catching them and holding out my hand to let them go
Running after the little bugs under the light of the moon
While they flickered with a light green glow
Like sparks, they lit up my yard throughout the night
As they spread their wings and took flight

I would show them off to my parents, who sat around the fire
They chatted with my aunts and uncles, reminiscing about old times
And how moving to America was their greatest desire
Ever since their hometown was overrun with violence and crimes
They hoped their kids could have a better life here in the states
And they dreamed of the bright future that awaits

These days, my family is too busy to invite anyone
Too tired to light a fire, too old to catch fireflies
It's like we've lost connection with everyone
Nobody noticed, but I saw it happen before my eyes
My yard has become quieter every summer since then
I wish I could relive those memories once again

Last night I went outside to lay on the grass
And look for constellations in the stars
They twinkled like broken pieces of glass
I wished for them to take me to Saturn or Mars
I started to notice things I used to ignore
And found a sense of peace that wasn't there before

Like the sound of the wind as it gently shook the trees
And crickets singing their song
There was a refreshing summer breeze
At that moment, there was nothing wrong
I still see fireflies once in a while
The memories they bring still make me smile

Devona Barnes. *Sunday's Best* (at right). Digital photograph