

Fireflies

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [June 30, 2021](#) issue

It was midnight when we saw them,
such unexpected bright abundance,
we thought at first we must be dreaming,
the night itself lit from within as if
the Milky Way had fallen, a multitude
of dancing stars illuminating rain-soaked
grass, the host of heaven come to earth,
beckoning, or so it seemed; and I remember
how it felt to rise, submerge, to enter in
that sea of luscious liquid dark, our arms
outstretched as if to swim winged waves
of incandescent light, becoming one with
all that is, the Spark that dwells in each
small thing.