

## **Eulogy for Lightening Bugs**

Deep South, big house,  
And outside is full of life.  
My church clothes soaked from crawdad catching, turtle hunting.  
I'll catch another beating, this shining Sunday morning.  
Tonight, though, the trees will dance with light.  
The dense woods becoming a living, twisting Christmas in the middle of a stifling,  
wet summer.  
The smell of them, thick on my hands with their curious glowing backsides.  
'We call em Lighthnin Bugs, down here.'  
Young enough to wonder if they can shock me  
With the same magic that draws me out to see them  
Night after night.