

Fireworks

by Julia Ganley

Light dances behind my eyelids
as I squeeze them shut,
tears squirting out between my lashes
soothing the stinging
from the scalding flashes of light
and dry air.

I rip them open,
eyes renewed,
the show too good to resist.
My aching ears
long for a similar reprieve;
an escape from the glorious booms.

A dazzling flash
and a whistle, tone descending,
mark the launching of
yet another missile of entertainment.
It erupts into tiny fingers
that scatter frantically through the inky sky.

Two more blaze a path through the leaden air,
reaching for the heavens.
They release their energy,

instantaneously expanding into a star-shaped entity,
vibrant arms glittering
as the delayed boom sounds.

A muted cough splutters
from the horizon and seconds later,
a white-hot sun splits itself
and falls,
a shattered star still blazing
in its descent from glory.

Pedestrians unknowingly mask
the next ascent,
but the auditory result
is impossible to escape;
the crackling uproar
splintering the heavy air.

My weary eyes glimpse
the wispy, grey clouds
that depict previous blasts,
the meandering remains of brilliance,
illuminated by yet another
display of gunpowder's beauty.

Flares and eruptions are obsolete now,
cloudy remnants
the true focus.

But as I focus on
the ghosts of yesterday's show,
I neglect to bask in the glory of today.