

The Night You Died

Outside your nursing home,
fireflies tried hard
to be light
under a full moon.
They flickered on and then off,
an exhausting pattern
of joy and then
love lost.

None of us is really light,
only dim reflection
on a stone face
before God—
love on
and then off—
an endless waiting
and wanting
like the moon
that has no choice
but to be
something other
than the sun.