

Fireflies

by Christina Ciufu

Sapphire-mauve night sky
illuminates and shawls its'
veil over the Stone Bridge,
Laurel Pond,
kousa dogwoods
and black birches,
rose gardens, and a rustic summer house,
shawled in the Virginia creeper's olive-pale vines.

Golden-auburn roses,
sacrosanct and incandescent,
remain placid
around the rustic summer house
and beside Laurel Pond.

Creamy-auburn petals,
like ambers swirling over the bonfire, blow
and twirl, becoming fireflies.

The fireflies weave
into the black birches' branches,
the roses' thorned vines,
cracked, rose-covered
red cedar arches, and around
the rustic summer house
in their alluring, thaumaturgy dance.
Fireflies illuminate –
golden-pale lights, like orbs, appear.

Their light caresses
and dissipates
the roses' evergreen thorns,
leaving vines and leaves.

Their golden-pale light
caresses the roses' scarlet
and mauve petals, igniting
ensorcellment sanguinity.

My eyes, like a flame's ambers, irradiates with the fireflies' glow.
Warmth and rosiness courses through my veins.
My soul becomes submerged, renewed, and sanguinity
by the fireflies' light.

