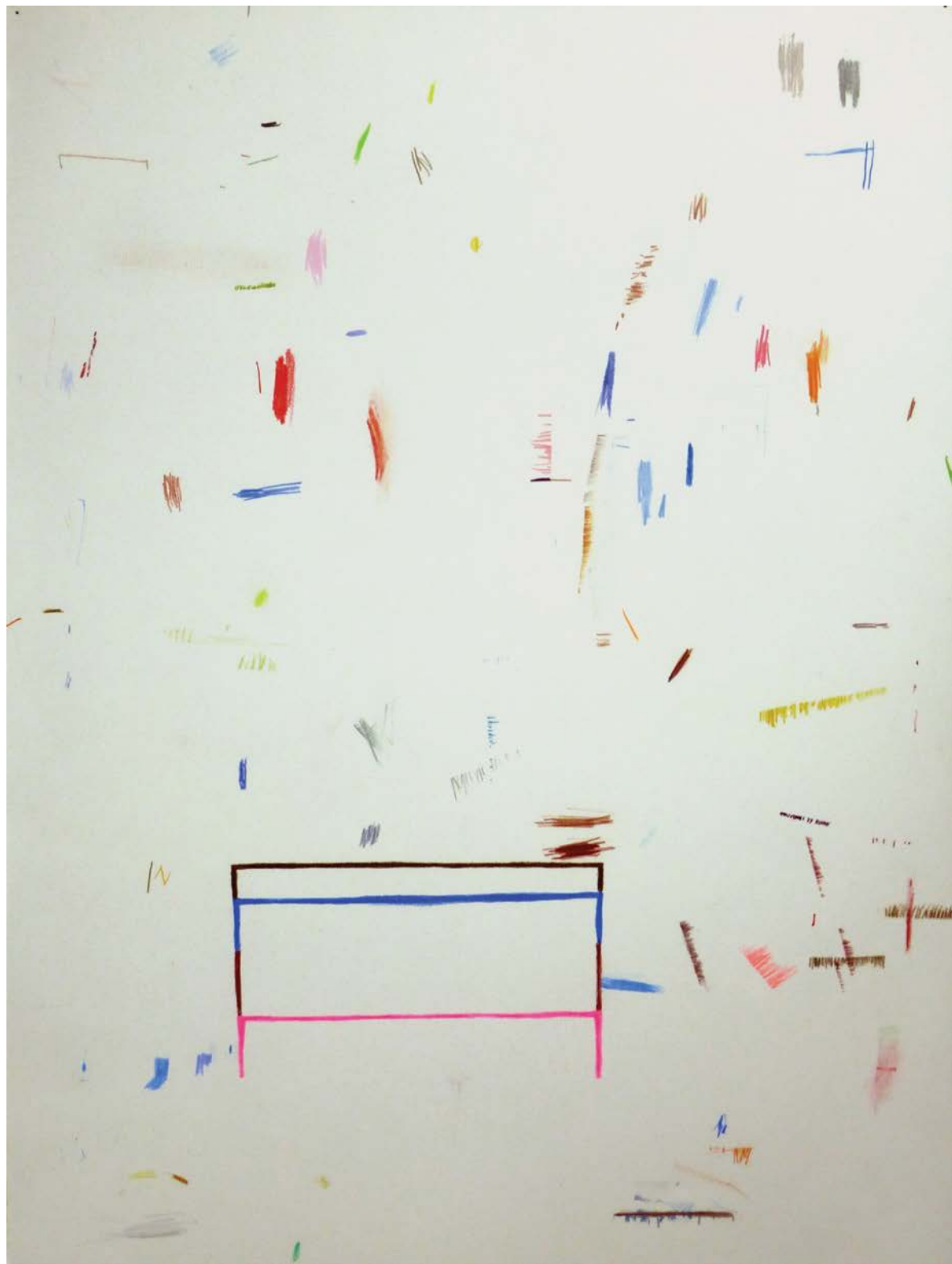


ANNE SEIDMAN

Untitled (DR7), 2015
Color pencil on arches, 22 x 26 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

CYNTHIA WHITE

To a Firefly

The sun has drowned itself in a neighbor's pond,
now your belly burns cool—luciferase

the enzyme that turns you on, a neon sign
winking temptation. Beetle

of the house of Lampyridae, we hail you
as glow fly, fire devil, big dipper, peenie wallie,

or just bug, lightning & moon. Caravaggio,
it's said, dusted his canvases with the crushed

bodies of your brothers. How many
have I condemned to die in jelly jars,

my own cupped hands? Our cities
are bright beasts who feed on darkness;

they sicken your signals by the sky full.
Tell me, little flicker, luminous

one, what match are you
for human brilliance?

Cynthia White has published her poetry in *Arroyo Literary Review* and the *Comstock Review* and was a finalist for *Nimrod's Pablo Neruda Prize*.