

Charlie Davies

Lampyridae

Edge of July
and the hushed Blue cloak
of twilight gathers,
air still burning off that midsummer Heat

Hidden away from
the black blood of asphalt—
a grove of wild Souls

The youngest among them looks on quietly
Watches the staccato flashes glow golden—
silent chorus of Wanting

(I'm here, please see me)
(I'm here, where are you?)
(I'm here, don't let me be lonely)

my Being reaches out to Yours,
to a million others

I plead with the giant Tuliptree, the silver Maple:
Let me tangle the strands of my Soul around your Roots

I beg the Cicadas, the Katydid:
Let me add my Voice to the Many

I have searched for Belonging all my life—
Please,
let me find it Here
in the alchemy of oxygen and luciferin
sheltered underneath a pair of elytra.