

FIREFLIES

J.B. Drori

It was not on the
Icy peaks of the Himalayas,
Nor in the caves of Tibet,
Or on the verdant plains of Kansas.

It was not among
The trees of the Amazon,
Nor on the black
Meteor cube in Arabia.

Neither was it under the
Frozen tundra of the Arctic,
And not on the hot
Sands of the Sahara.

It was on a summer evening.
Fireflies sparkled in my garden
At the crossroads of time,
Where the two eternities meet.