

Fireworks

approx. 100 words

Light punctures the surrounding darkness.

Colorful fountains spray aloft in splendor;

A burst of wonder, not soon forgotten;

Until it is replaced by another.

Each beam tells a tale,

Together, they weave wonderful mythologies;

Their light pulls the crowd out of their melancholy.

All this and more from a minor reprieve,

And, yet, one rarely placed into action.

Late, in a night not yet seen,

They will soar again. By cosmic mistake,

Or, by nefarious design

When aluminum foil is placed in a microwave