

# Firefly

In the darkness  
the cyclopean red glow  
of your cigarette  
is your real third eye.

You smoke  
only to catch my hidden face  
in the sudden matchflame.

Laughing,  
you show me  
the blue genitals  
of the fire  
pulsing  
on the golden stick.

When you walk away  
from me,  
the light weaves you  
a flaming sweater;  
and sleeves, bluer  
than shadows  
spin from my emptying eyes.

By Kathleen Moore