

Firefly

Joe Bruno and class, 3rd year spring camp out at Pedernales Falls, 1998

The dipper's hanging in the sky
I can see it through the fireflies.
The stars are pouring from the cup
as my friends and I keep looking up –
I wish I could be a firefly.

The moon is riding round the earth.
The fireflies are giving birth.
The light bursts out, I see the flame
It's all a pattern in the game –
I wish I could be a firefly.