

## BLUE GHOSTS

*“ . . . encountering the blue ghost firefly takes a little more effort.”* – Diane Sommerville

Longing leads to the dark.

We follow bread crumbs  
into dense woods &  
wait for nightfall.

Shadow-threads pull us  
under cover of deepening black

to hide  
to seek what we have lost  
and cannot find under the sun, or

to watch for blue ghosts to rise  
over moss and whip-poor-will eggs  
luminous veins  
tracing the ground of old-growth  
root and leaf

as God kneels on the forest floor  
puffing streams of caerulean light.

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