

# Firefly

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1. When, along the sky's edge, the final star fades,  
I search through the dark for the disdain  
Of fireflies *for* the dark.

5 Between a creature so feeble  
And an indistinct star,  
The light cast by either is the same.

2. And I choose to be a firefly -  
10 no star on high in splendor of station.  
For this I have wings, I have a hope brazen,  
Have the right to go places beyond a star's reach;  
Light of body, of wing, flying on, flying on,  
Through the night and beyond, by my own blaze;  
15 At times I am faced with wind and with rain,  
With heat and with cold -- with the world  
As it really is.

3. At the sky's edge, no final star shines.  
20 I'm defeated at times, and my will breaks.  
But where the lights have gone out, in places abject,  
I want to mean something in such a place.