

## with every blossoming

with every blossoming of a firework  
each cascading shower of sparks  
dangling from smoky threads  
there is a risk — —

a stray ember  
carried on the hot wind to a shrunken pier  
or creaking boardwalk alive with round faces  
craning necks, gawking up  
bright wondering eyes  
packed so tightly that the short walk to the parking lot will take half an hour.

in some world a fire was kindled each of these nights  
car windows burst into teardrops  
the boardwalk drummed with footfalls  
explosions lit the white-lipped terror and labored rasps  
mothers clutched their young and burned

but this represents the best of man;  
to pursue beauty at great potential cost  
and it is done each season unwittingly  
instinctively  
with tears of joy.

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