

Fire Flies Outside The Garage

Poetry by Matthew Wallenstein

We saw the most fireflies
outside Dave's garage
popping on and off like turn signals
over the bent yellow grass.
I knew her in person
for seven days.
Now she writes me letters
about Steinbeck
and about her
dead parents.

If I don't move
my car for a few days
soot from the mill
piles on it

enough to write
initials in it
with my finger,
enough to poke little circles
in it
of a lighter color,
enough to dig shapes
in it like a sexton's trowel,

enough to puncture
the dark like tiny lights.

Queen Anne's Lace
on the stem of night.

