

## FIREWORKS

Curved lines of bright colourful light

Short, playful sounds

Repeated again and again in different space regions

Remote and close.

Sound and light in regal presence awaking faraway memories and distant desires,  
of her.

He wished they were together

Sharing the everchanging configurations of slender colours

The mini novas there and there and there

The little vanishing comets.

To the left now, little, bright-white, wiggling stars- flashing momentarily  
with joy.

And the moon, half way to its human perceived fullness,

Moving inexorably,

Oblivious to small human events,

Aloof and alluring simultaneously.

Fireworks: shooting stars made by humans.

Enjoyed by children of all age.

And they by the bay window watching

Absorbed by the spectacle, immersed in their love-  
matched bodies and souls in a complex

dwarfing Roden's kiss.