

Jennifer Kimball

"Lightning Bugs"

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All morning Darien's been blue, nary a cloud in the sky.
From here your daddy's fields stretch out fifteen acres
long and wide.

One minute swaying wheat the next, quills on a
bristling porcupine.

Now he's coming toward the porch rail, no place out
here you can hide.

Lightning bugs at twilight, that's how the stars shine for
you.

No apparent rhyme or reason, no one can hold them
still for you.

Your fear of needles won't help, baby, keep that animal
at bay.

Oh you want that field to lie still more than you could
ever say.

But daddy's six feet underground and mama don't like
country life.

And now you couldn't tell your high from low if you
could stick it with a knife.

Lightning bugs at twilight, that's how the stars shine for
you.

No apparent rhyme or reason, no one can hold them
still.

They should be brighter, you could see clearer
bring what you want a little nearer.

But now they're moving in zig-zag fashion.

They're still eluding, you want to smash them.

New York skyline's not the same, the searchlight sends
it's magic beam.

Now your daddy'll never leave your side. Things aren't
always what they seem.

Lightning bugs at twilight, that's how the stars shine for
you.

No apparent rhyme or reason, I wish I could hold them
still for you.

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