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The Lanterns

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The Lanterns

Ryan Frabizio

The sleepy sun sinks into
billowy clouds, the water surface
turning from gold dust to white ash
as the sky-lanterns are strung about
promising the light of the side beyond
this confined expanse of darkness.

I dream to string those lanterns,
to clean and polish them
so that their light shines anew.
They are so rare to see, now:
their stardom, stolen by illegitimate cousins.
Some still burn strong here,
the only night lights around.
It is true each one restrung is another question
hanging in the air

as should be.

Ma has had enough shelling for the day.
She will stiffly stagger
out of bed tomorrow morning,
happily miserable as she stretches
before going again.
I walk with her, but am saving up
to string lanterns later.