

# Sparklers

By Mark Vinz

Twirling our frantic loops and circles,  
We cried out *look!* to the grownups  
Watching from their lawn chairs,  
Afraid they'd somehow miss the  
Giddy slash of every turn and leap  
Until the last glow died and we went back,  
Warned each time about burnt hands  
And bare feet flying in slippery grass.  
Again! We shouted, and ran as far  
Beyond the porch light as we dared,  
For this was Independence Day  
And we were too busy to listen,  
Writing our names in thin air.