



(sxc.hu)

Smear

by NICK MEADOR

Driving home the other night a lightning bug hit my windshield
And smeared its glowing pus on the pane of glass.
Outside total darkness accentuated the chemical light,
While the wipers and fluid only served to spread remnants.
The streak of bright green – as if emptied from a glow stick
Purchased at a fireworks show – seemed to like its burial place,
Plastered on the front of a vehicle moving at rapid velocity.
I thought to myself, that's not such a bad way to go.
When I die I'd like to explode in a supernova blast,
Up in the sky, where thousands can see the glow.
I'll twinkle and glitter like a weeping willow planted in star-land,
Then absorb into their skin, and they'll feel what I've felt,
They'll see what I've seen, and know what I've known.
My private self-destruction could be a public spectacle,
Though it would only last a few moments, because, like the lightning bug,
Whose light faded at the end of the chemical reaction,
The light will fade from all of us, until naught's left but a memory,
And a hope that the glow will return in some other form.

Access this article online at http://www.supraterranean.com/issues/issue_003/08_9_1_PE_smear1.html

