

to get rid of us for a while  
we were given a capture jar  
with small ice pick punched holes in the screw on top  
then told to go outside and make a firefly lantern  
to hang on a porch post.

by the end of the night  
no more sounds  
of beating wings  
no more dancing light.

was it preparation for the future  
was it a recreational gateway to harder cruelty.

we were told not to cry.  
it was all right...  
bugs cannot feel happiness.

a capture jar.  
wf.h.  
2025