

**The Firefly**

by J. Richards

A rich imagination  
 And compulsive urge to write  
 Discovered they were soul mates  
 And began to work at night

A teacher's hand was what they chose  
 To hold their ready quill  
 And even as the sun rose  
 These three partners scribbled still

Compulsive Urge did not let up  
 As Hand o'er paper flowed  
 And Rich Imagination  
 Juggled word pairs for her ode

But as pink dawn left silently  
 Our sleepy teacher stood  
 And put away his long night's work  
 As safely as he could

A sip of fresh black coffee  
 As he squinted through the blinds  
 Prepared him for another day  
 Of quenching thirsty minds

But his poem was not finished  
 And his brain was still alight  
 With that rich imagination  
 And compulsive urge to write

His morning was not easy  
 It was long, and laced with stress  
 And his rich imagination  
 Was left crumpled in a mess

His afternoon was just as bad  
 As long as it was fraught  
 Yet, once home,  
 He reflected on the lessons he had taught

He thought about the early years  
 When all was fresh and bright  
 When all his bait was succulent  
 And every fish would bite

He thought of all his victories  
 The kids, and colleagues, too  
 The days when, in adversity,  
 He'd known just what to do

Enchanting, sunny memories  
 Of twinkling, sunbeam eyes  
 That shone through fields of outstretched arms  
 All reaching for the skies

Back then he'd been a firefly  
 That darted to and fro'  
 But now, he questioned, had he lost that spark?  
 And answered, "No!"

He put his day behind him  
 That's just how they sometimes came;  
 A die had rolled out badly  
 But he hadn't lost the game

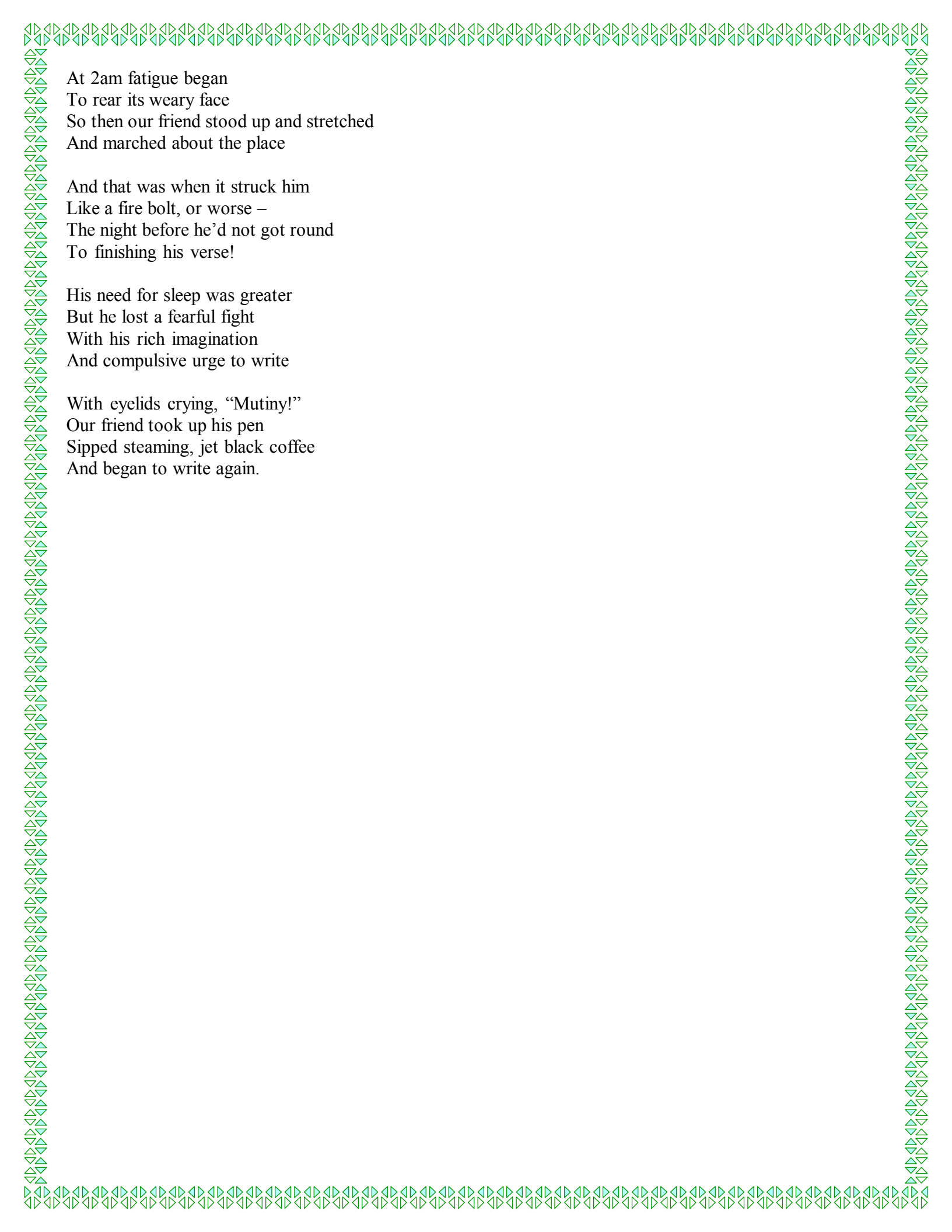
With new determination  
 To enthuse and to inspire  
 He took that dormant spark  
 And helped the fly regain its fire

Awaking with a welcome yawn  
 The flames rose up to dance  
 And half the night our teacher worked  
 Without a backwards glance

It was as if a giant dam  
 Had faltered, cracked and burst  
 As water filled a valley  
 That was suffering with thirst

As if back in those early years  
 His heart was now alight  
 With a rich imagination  
 And compulsive urge to write

His pen was like a magic wand  
 His lesson plans like spells  
 To mesmerize the children in his care  
 Between school bells



At 2am fatigue began  
To rear its weary face  
So then our friend stood up and stretched  
And marched about the place

And that was when it struck him  
Like a fire bolt, or worse –  
The night before he'd not got round  
To finishing his verse!

His need for sleep was greater  
But he lost a fearful fight  
With his rich imagination  
And compulsive urge to write

With eyelids crying, "Mutiny!"  
Our friend took up his pen  
Sipped steaming, jet black coffee  
And began to write again.