**But Oh How It Feels So Real**

*Inspired by the 1971 song "Tiny Dancer"*

Jeannie Roberts

Stippled across eclipse of night

flashes imprint upon the tarp

of darkness

Signals sway

leap and jeté

glissade and plié

above me

Lying here

upon the aphrodisiac

of moss's softness

the family of Lampyridae
quiver and surge

merge

midst the nocturne

of summer's solstice

Counting blinks

on this ambient highway

I say softly  slowly

*Come closer*

*Tiny Dancers*

*illumine my palms*

atop the fabric of woodland's understory

*brighten and balm*
beneath the expanse of dancing amber

*pulsate your psalms*

*in my hands*

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