

# the HARLEQUIN

*Samir Guglani*

**Fireworks**

*The stars we see, our son says,  
are they ghosts? Night's deep field lit  
by instances of willow or passed sunlight  
pressed through leaves. His hand  
cloth soft in mine and we're talking rockets,  
their simple trick of separating match flare  
from bang – how sound, even light  
must arrive in time.*

I start to answer but he's gone  
from one moment to the next  
as have I, to that night years back  
before him or us when you find me  
waiting in the station's brief glow and drive  
us home under a print of fireworks,  
silenced by some music you play  
to this, here, tomorrow morning –

how I wake again to my hand on your back,  
a constellation of freckles  
as if you were the sky  
or an inversion of it, reached for,  
lived in but always just gone.

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