

Dance of the Firefly

by ryall *Saturday, Sep 19 2009, 10:19am*

international / environment / literature

Be not quick to dismiss as fleeting (or insignificant)
the extraordinary dance of fireflies.

An entire life compressed into a single human day is easily
trivialised/devalued as either novelty or a passing curiosity.

Yet what magnificence tiny insects present in sexual display;
a thousand pulsing beacons of (generated) light piercing the night in search of
continuity!

Compare the sexual lightshow of fireflies with human mating ritual -- if one exists today!

The 'civilised' male is unable to luminesce or dart about in frenzied sexual abandon
instead he engages in formalised commercial ritual or stultifying convention for FEAR
that unbridled passion and honesty may betray his REAL humanity - raw emotion not
allowed, unacceptable in this tinsel age of inversions and perversions!

I may not have stopped to witness the dazzling sparks in the night had I not consumed
nature's fungal brew - what wonder!

A certain synchronicity and rhythm attracted a multitude of fireflies as I reclined to
witness the wonder of the night.

As each tiny beacon pulsed its allure to potential mates I felt a little lighter.

In joyous abandon the entire night began to shimmer in excitement until a million tiny
lights adorned my translucent body.

As if unable to endure the quickening dance of light the gates of infinity flew open and
transported the compressed lives of flies and men to places indescribable.

After a time that seemed to span the beginning and end I returned and found myself in
solitude and joy.

Never again would I take for granted or disregard tiny creatures that for a night become
the envy of the stars.