

# Honey, Turn Off the Light

By Robin B Lipinski

Country cabin, home to a home,  
A sanctuary of content,  
Spilling sounds of happiness while summer is nearly spent.

Overhead the stars twinkle,  
Flickering like fire flies,  
Matching cadence with the eerie blue light,  
Porch bound killing moths,  
Killing flies,  
Making for a blissful moment slurping beer,  
Smoking lamp showing,  
The last evening cigarette.

So many nights,  
This warm summer spent.

So many nights,  
They fried,  
Flittering to and froe,  
Never to know they would die.

Off to sleep now, leaving only the blue light,  
And one other thing...  
Humming?

Light years to the power of ten,  
It came,  
A ship from those stars above,  
Searching for life other than them,  
It arrived.

Landing on lushness of green cropped grass,  
Their door opened in awe,  
They had never seen a planet so nice.

Smelling the fresh air,  
Tasting the life,  
They stretched their tiny wings taking flight,  
Drawn to such a wonder,  
The eerie blue light...

You know the ending,  
They never saw it coming,  
The next day the dog played with the ship.

The End