Returning

Dedicated to those who are no longer here and those who have just arrived...

At that time there was a large green wood, where the fireflies used to live. Every evening, they would drum the sky by thousands, flashing their lights quickly, disappearing in the dark niches of the night. My father often took me there in springtime whether it was raining or the moon was covering the night like a mantle. Every time a nightmare wounded my rest, we advanced in search for the lights, scattered here and there along the path.

In the distance you would hear the torrent's voice, calmed down by the frogs' sonorous croaking. Hidden by the leaves, the cicadas warbled an intense and lively maestoso in choir. There were no fears in that scrub and, as we went forward, our hearts filled with joy.

After a long and feverish advance, we reached the passage of the white oaks where, after putting out the flame, we waited. Of course, as only when the flame went out, they began to spread in the air. When the first one peeped out, the others came out in hundreds.

«Daddy, why do they turn off?» I would ask incredulous and ecstatic.

«... it's their way to say hello to my little angel» he would answer with a sweet smile.

They must have felt so happy pulsating light-heartedly in the night, our hearts were so filled with emotion at that rhythmic and frenetic dance. Then, magically, just like they had arrived, they disappeared into the distance, to make other children's wishes come true.

My soul satisfied and light-hearted, I walked the path backwards, giving back the darkness to the night, and I was no longer afraid of the dark.

Now that my father is no longer here, I take my little angels to the wood to see the fireflies by night. Their lights do not flash so intensely any longer and yet to their children's eyes it keeps being an inexplicable magic.