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YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

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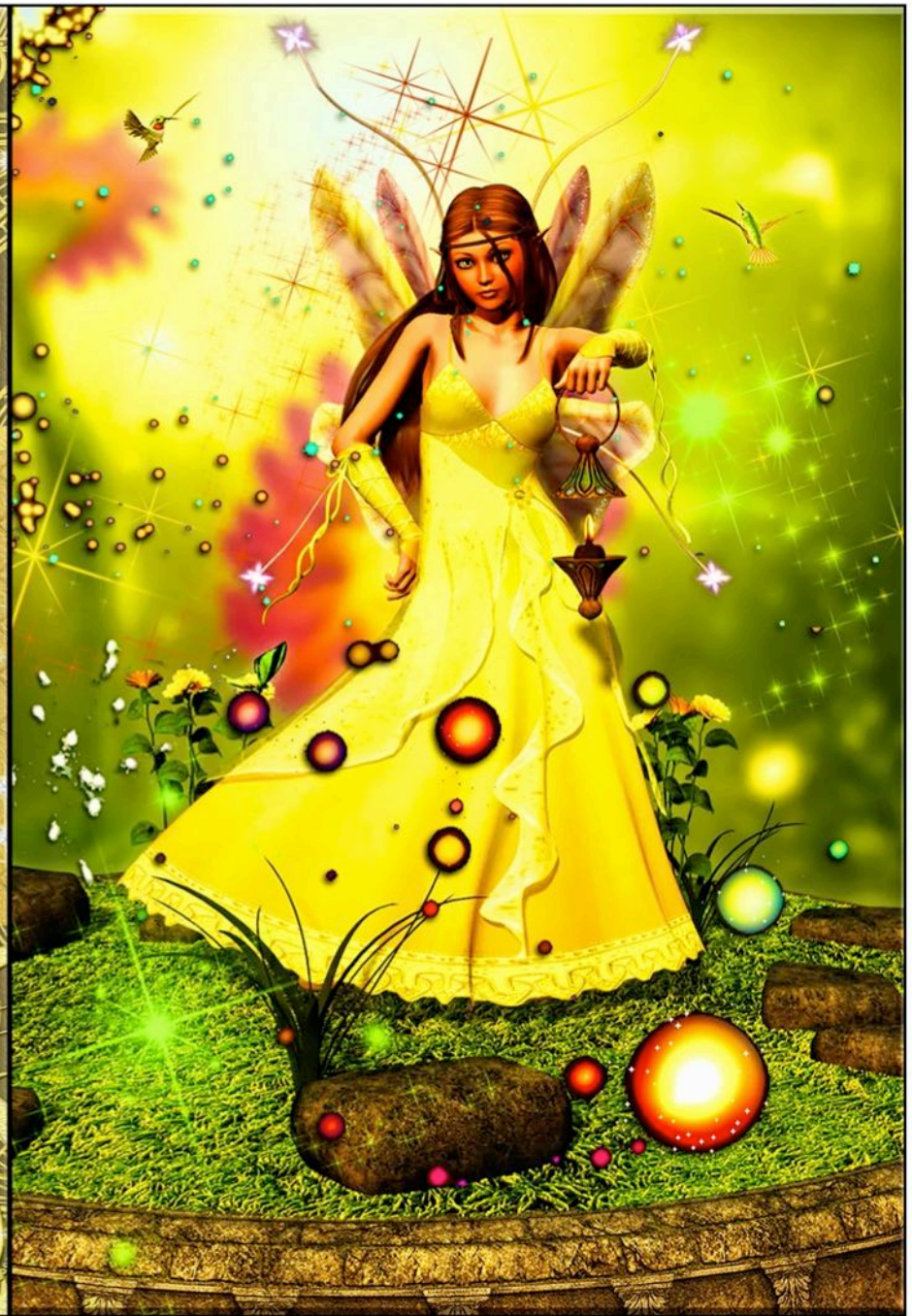
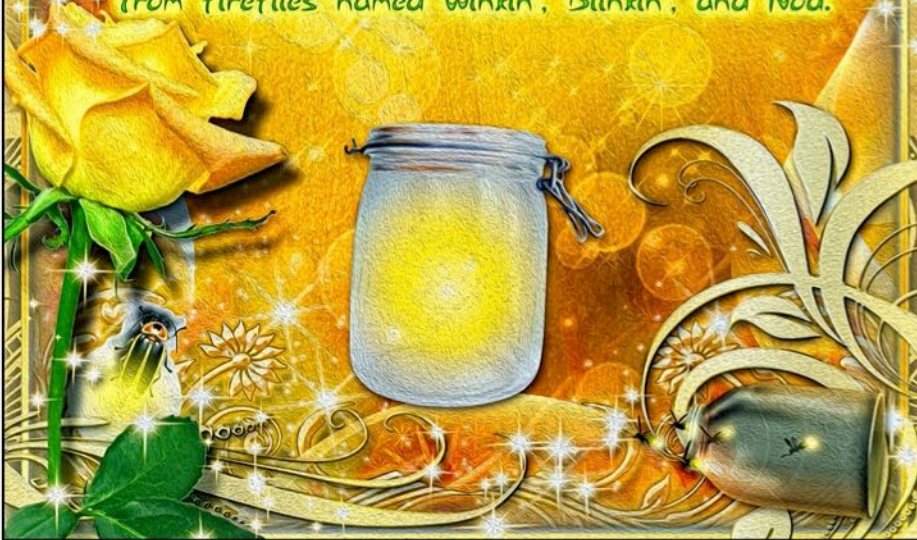
## THE LOVE LIFE OF THE GLOW-WORM

The day pours life into roots with sunlight.  
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.  
In a blossom, a glow-worm blinks its light,  
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.

The glow-worms, fairy stars come down to ground,  
Gleam the shadowy woods through summer's round.  
During the gloaming they warm up their lights,  
And then metamorphose wings for their flights.

The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;  
Silence descends, as when a gift opens.  
Eventide rises. On high, Scorpius camps;  
The eyes catch stars, like fireflies in lamps.

The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade,  
Of mating calls from luminated pods,  
Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile—  
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.



Flashing desire, the glow-fly twinkles across  
The starry summer sky, love's energy unspent,  
Searching through the darkness, with passion's might,  
For the beacon of her consent—the surging sight  
Of love's pulsing, green and yellow light.

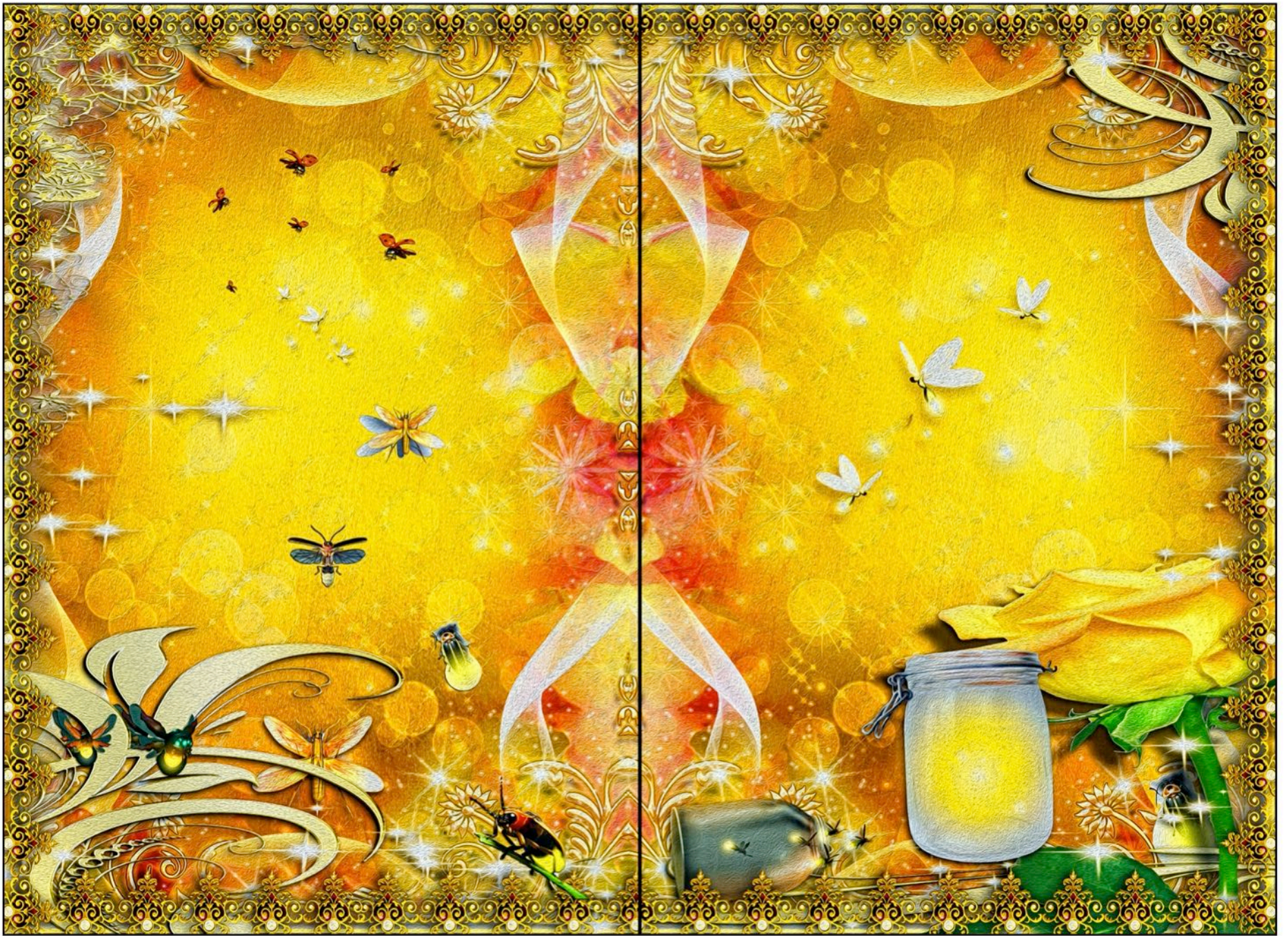
The reply: "Yes, oh yes", alight, she winks, to woo.  
Now he becomes a firefly, as at once she does too.

"Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;  
We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.  
Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,  
So let's radiate, since for now we're here!"

In a closing flower, they together make their stead,  
Blinking, winking, in the seclusion of its petal bed.  
This dance of light and love—their honeymoon,  
Brightens the night—till it looks much like noon.

Their jolts and bolts, surging, merge in currents,  
Sweeping back and forth, as they signal delight—  
Flies luming and oft reluming  
The flames of love, in electric hugs—  
For they have by now  
become lightning bugs.



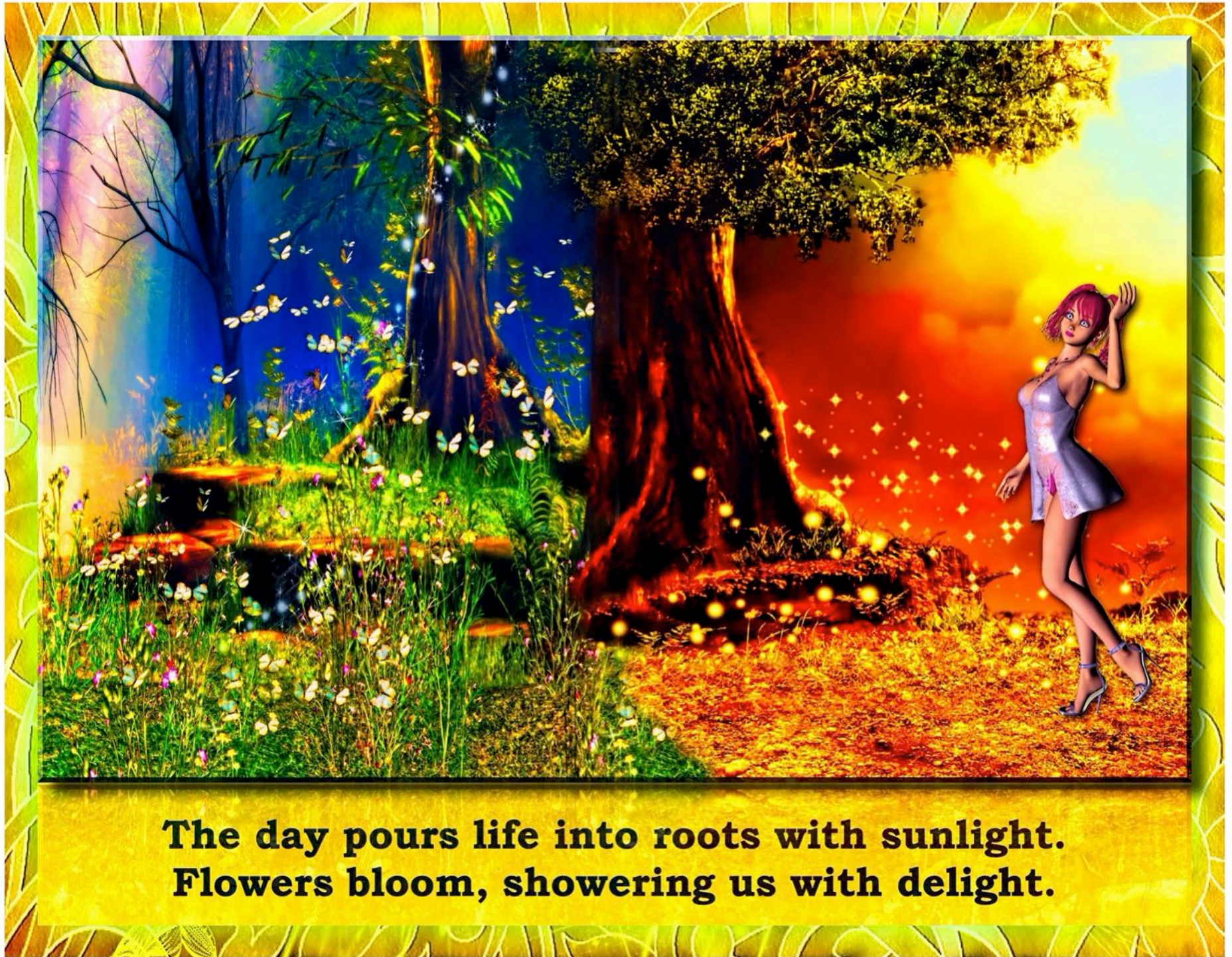




**The Love Life of the Glow-Worm**

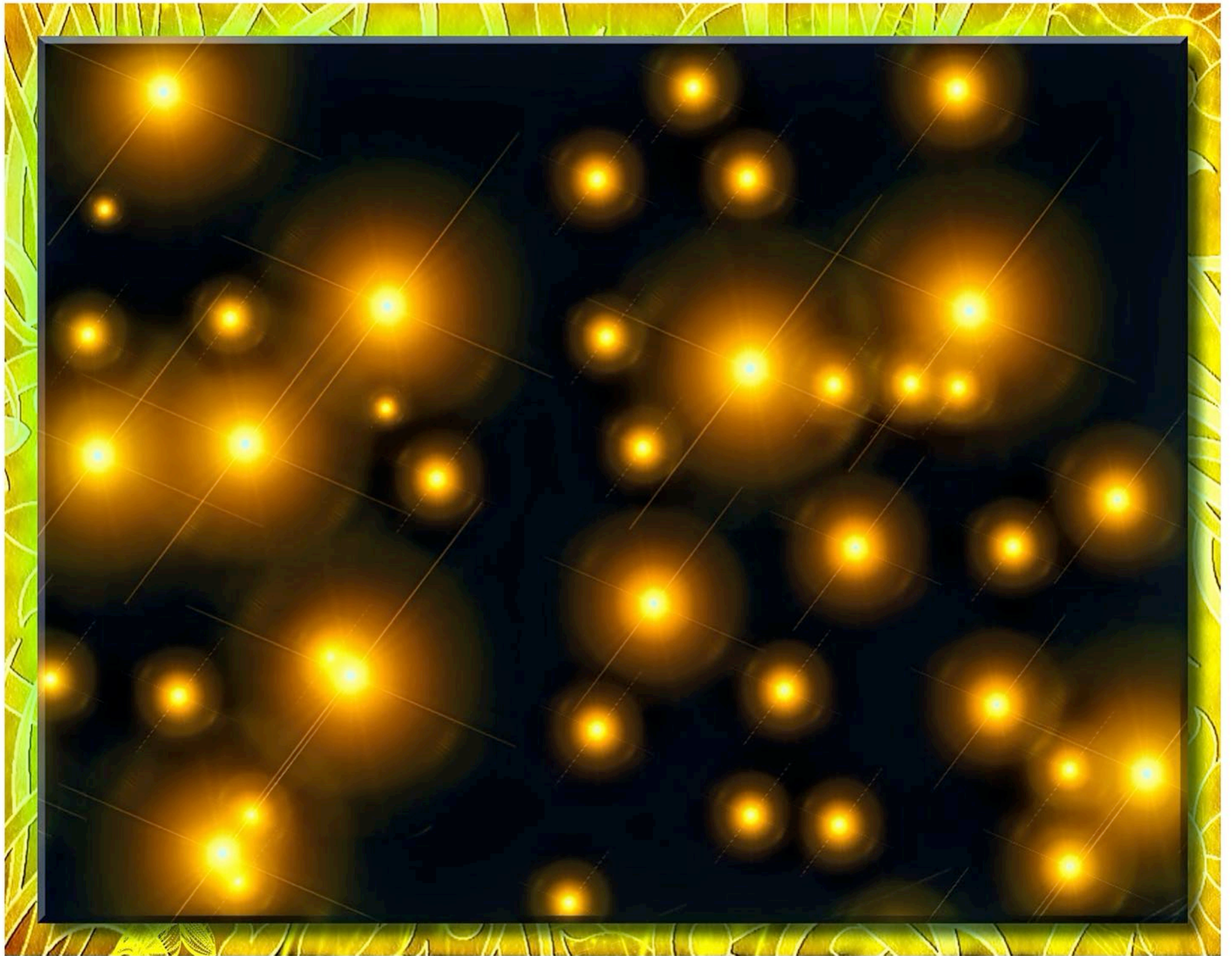


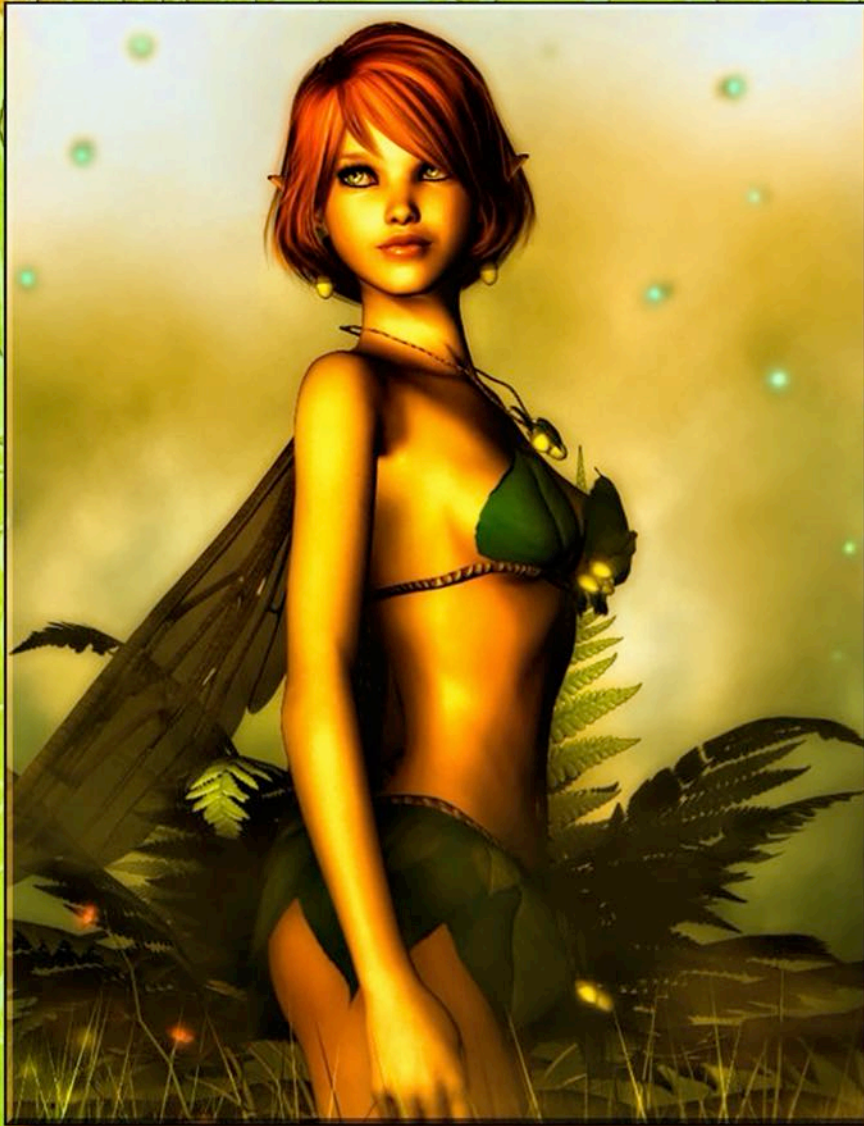




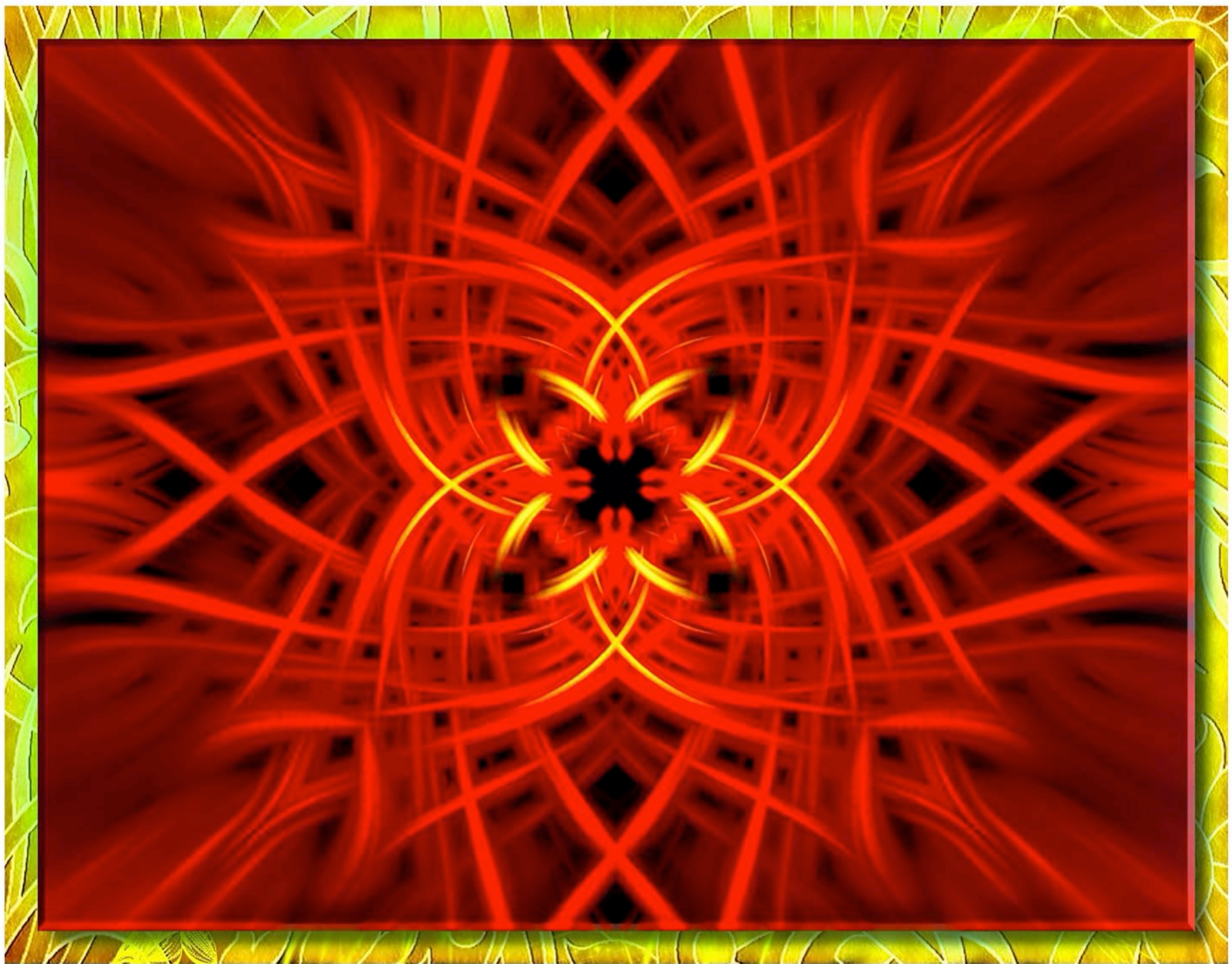
**The day pours life into roots with sunlight.  
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.**







**In a blossom a glow-worm blinks its light,  
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.**





**The glow-worms, fairy stars come down to ground,  
Gleam the shadowy woods through summer's round.**





**During the gloaming they warm up their lights  
And then metamorphose wings for their flights.**





**The dusk deepens, night's pot of tea steepens;  
Silence descends, as when a gift opens.**

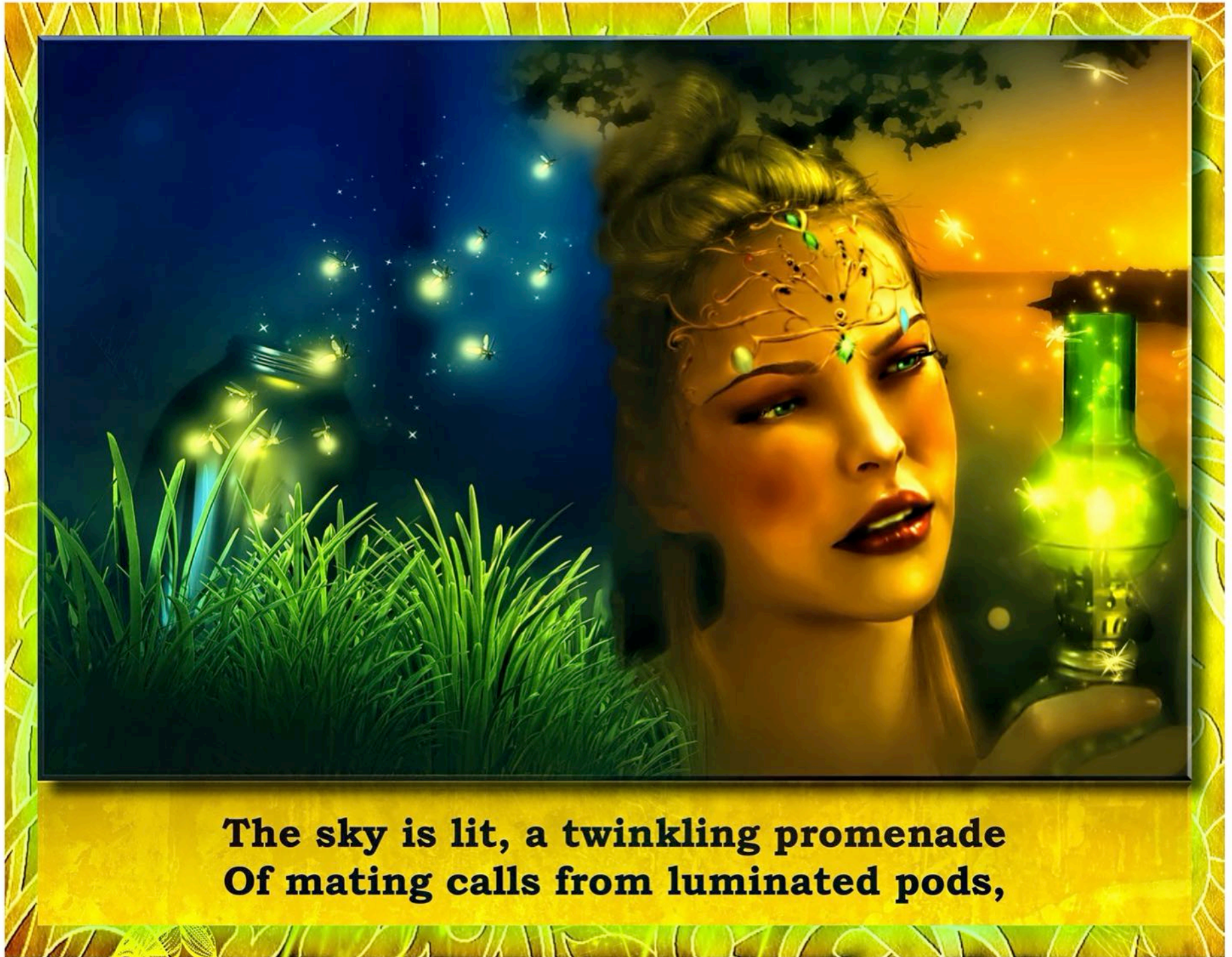




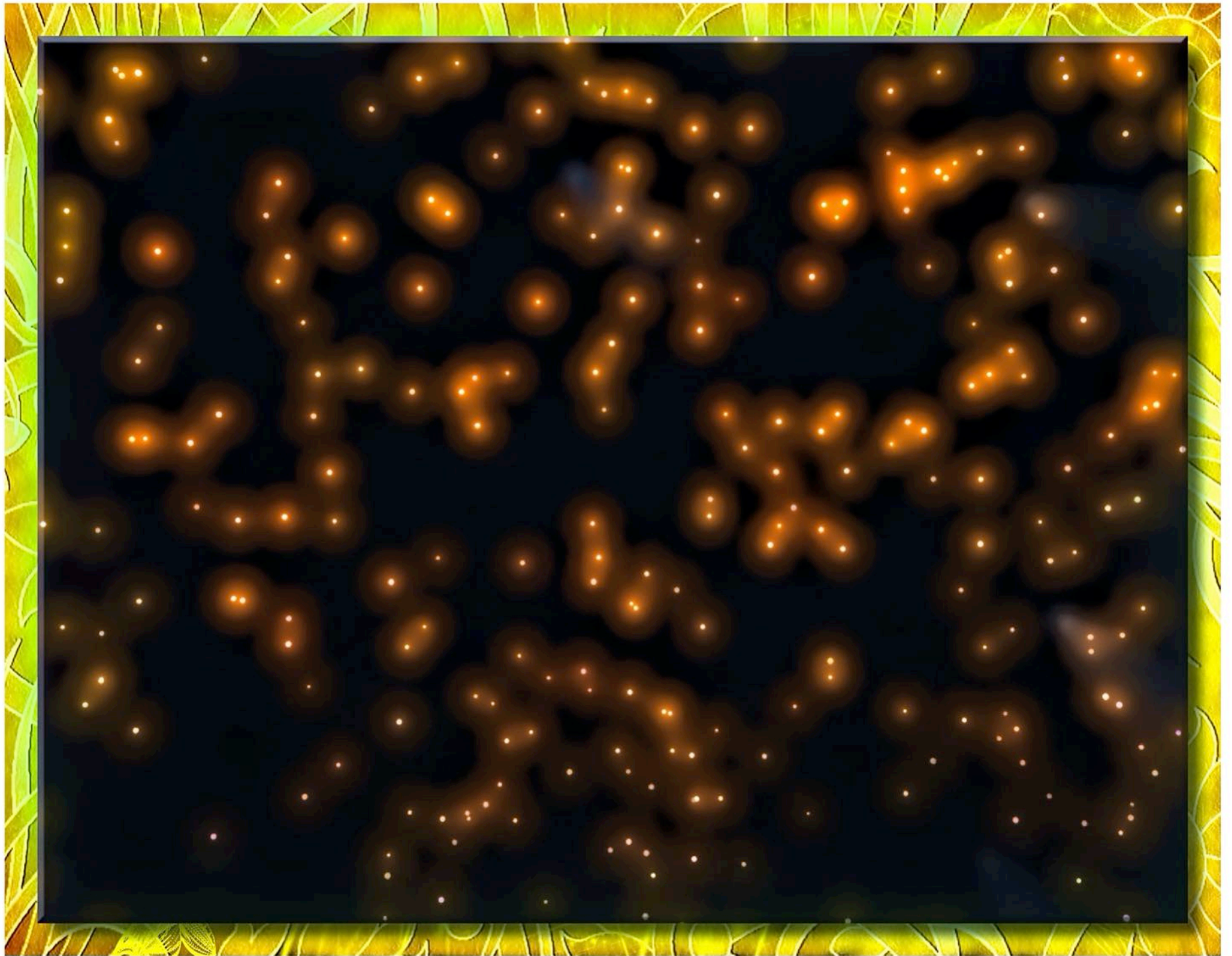


**Eventide rises. On high, Scorpius camps;  
The eyes catch stars like fireflies in lamps.**



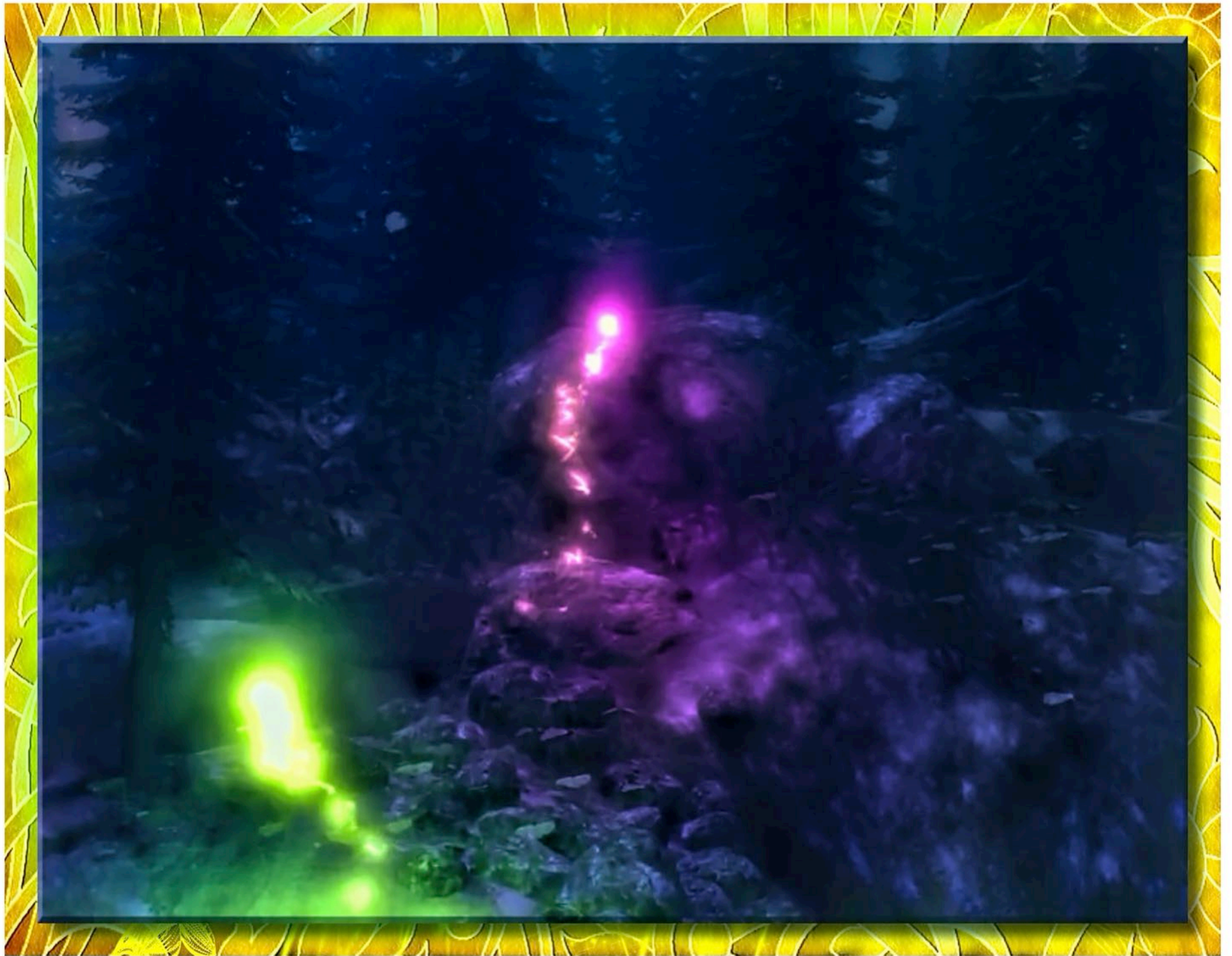


**The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade  
Of mating calls from luminated pods,**





**Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile—  
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.**





**Flashing desire, the glow-fly twinkles across  
The starry summer sky, love's energy unspent,**



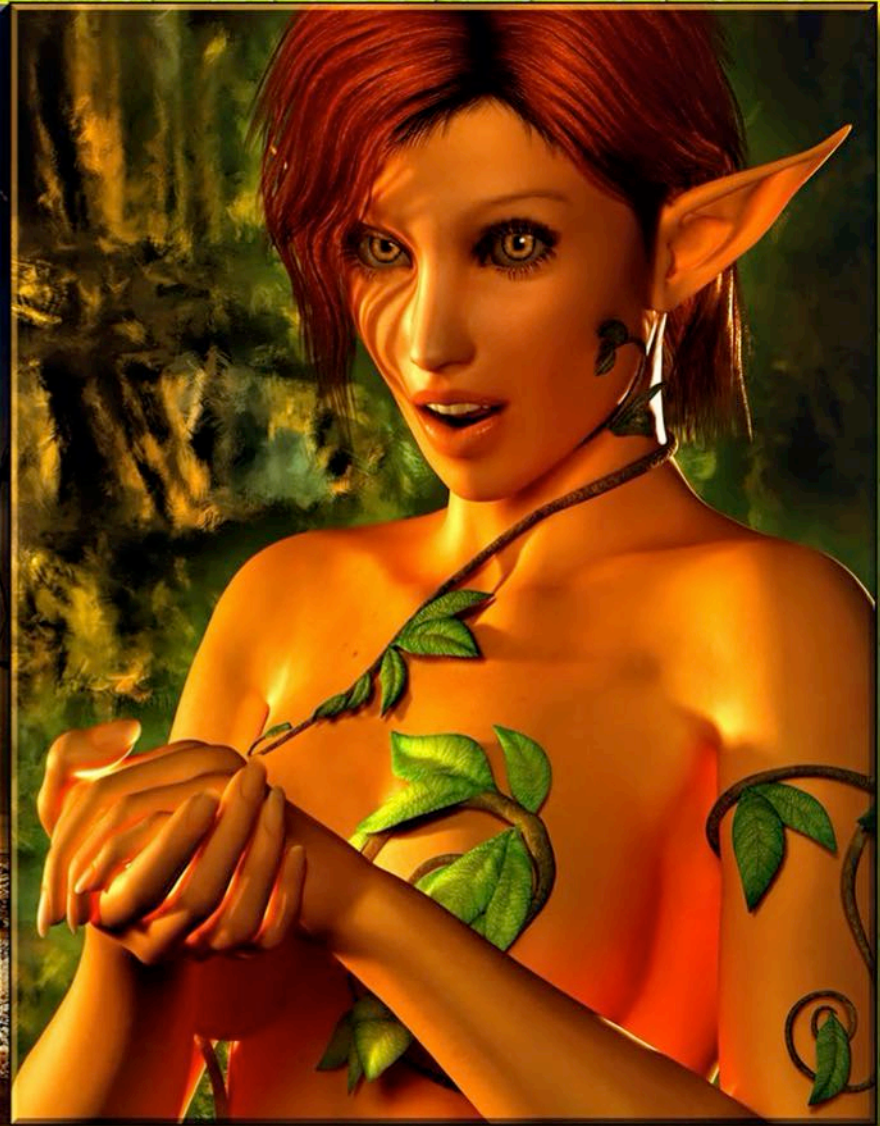


**Searching through the darkness with passion's might**



**For the beacon of her consent—the surging sight  
Of love’s pulsing, green and yellow light.**





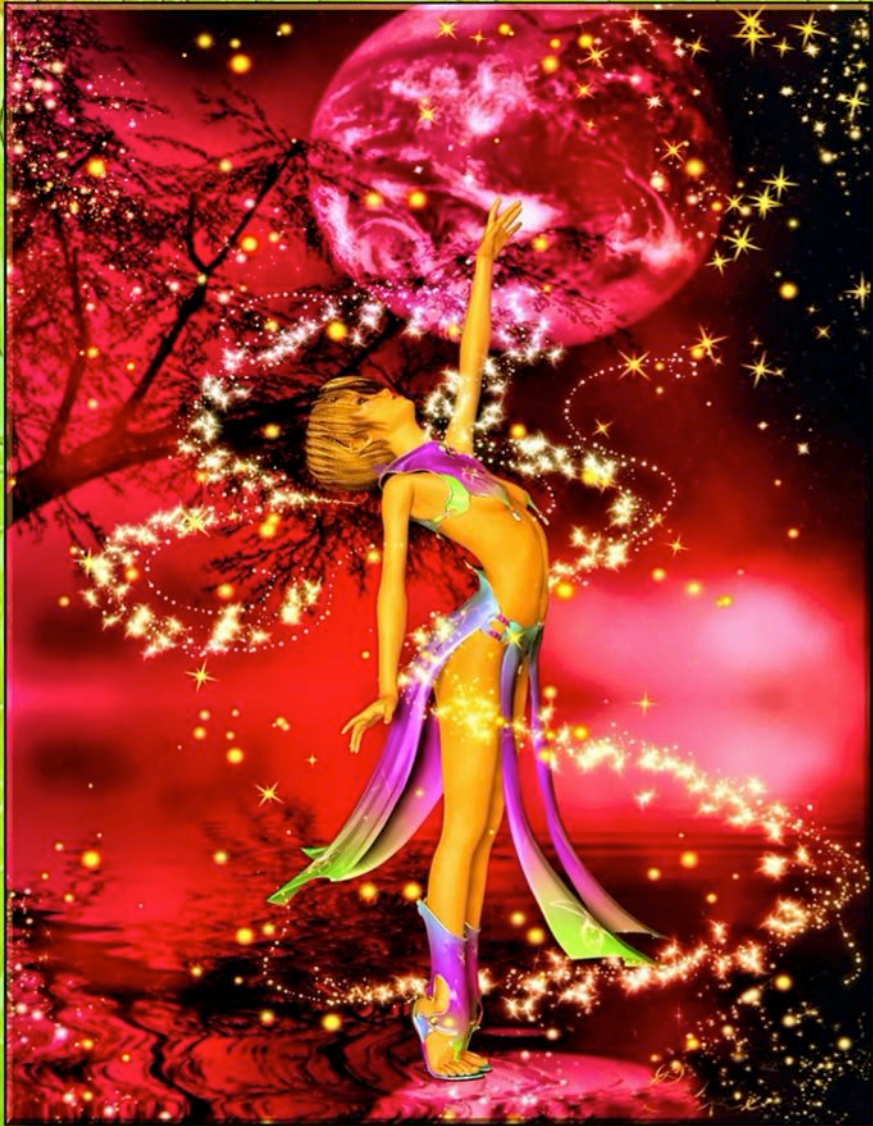
**The reply: “Yes, oh yes”, alright, she winks to woo.  
Now he becomes a firefly as at once she does too.**





**Come light your lantern and mine with good cheer;  
We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.**





**Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,  
So let's radiate, since for now we're here!**







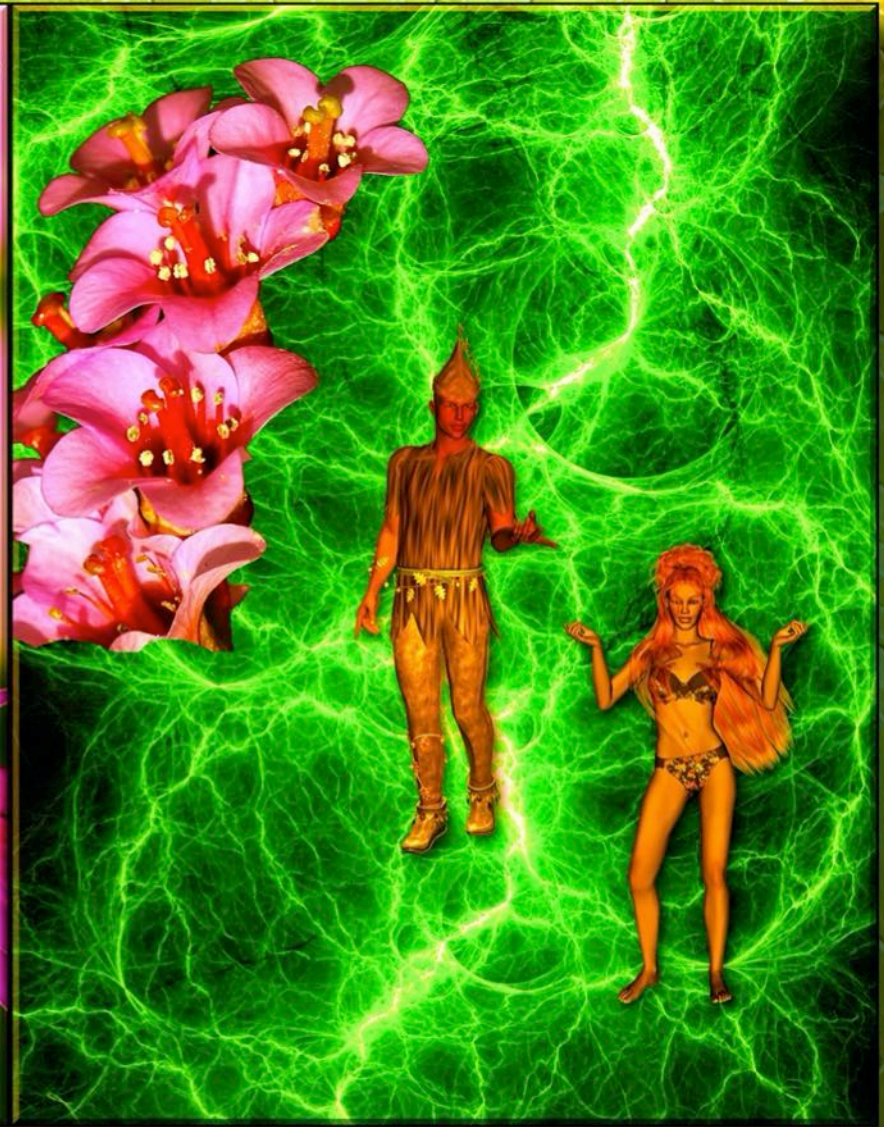
**In a closing flower they together make their stead,  
Blinking, winking in the seclusion of its petal bed.**





**This dance of light and love—their honeymoon,  
Brightens the night—till it looks much like noon.**





**Their jolts and bolts, surging, merge in currents,  
Sweeping back and forth, as they signal delight—**





**Fires luming and oft reluming  
The flames of love, in electric hugs—**





**For they have by now become lightning bugs.**



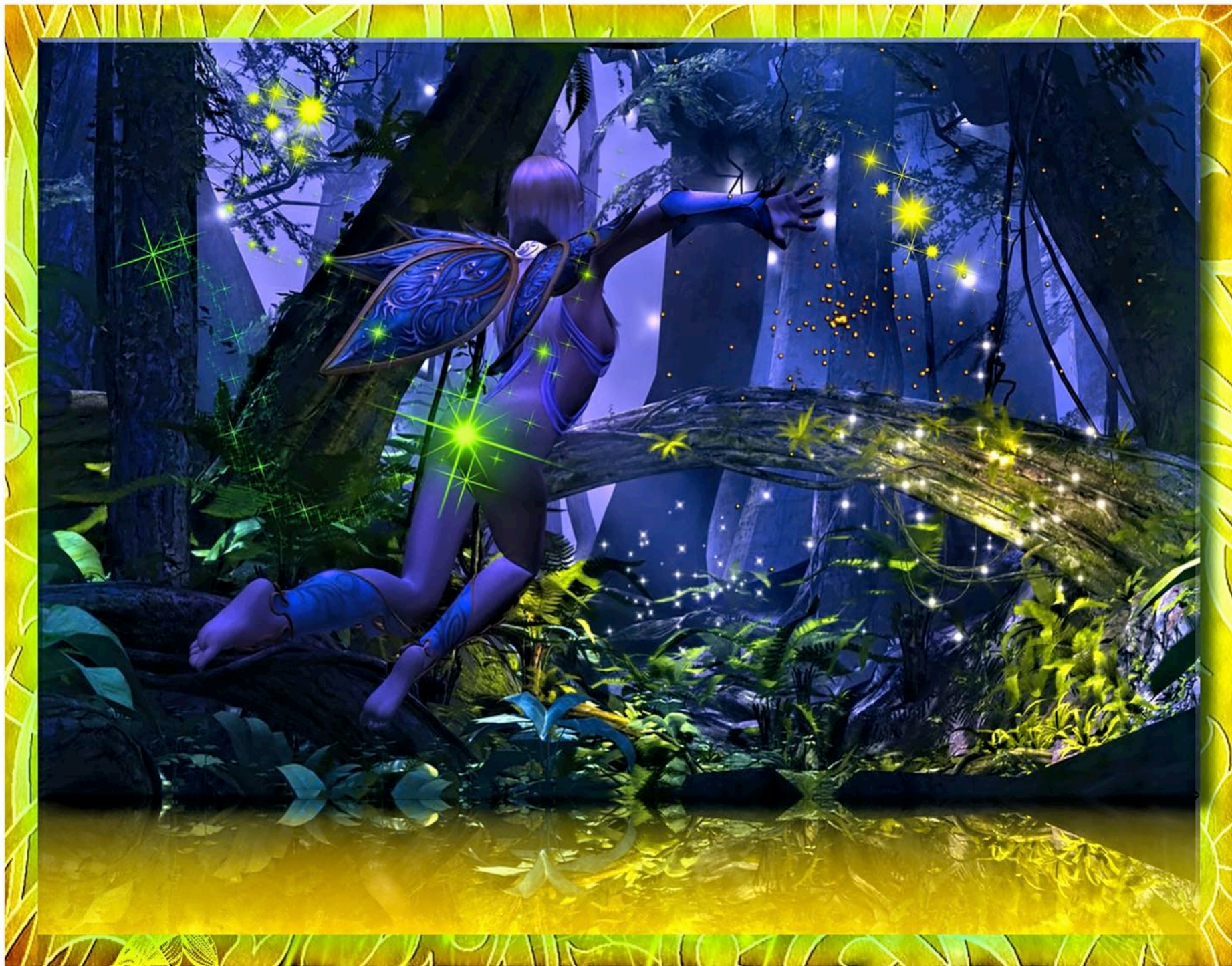






The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,  
Twinkling, love's light unspent, now a firefly  
Sighting the beacon of her reply—they then,  
With electric hugs, become lightning bugs.

With electric hugs, become lightning bugs.  
Sighting the beacon of her reply—they then,  
Twinkling, love's light unspent, now a firefly





# SEARCHLIGHTS

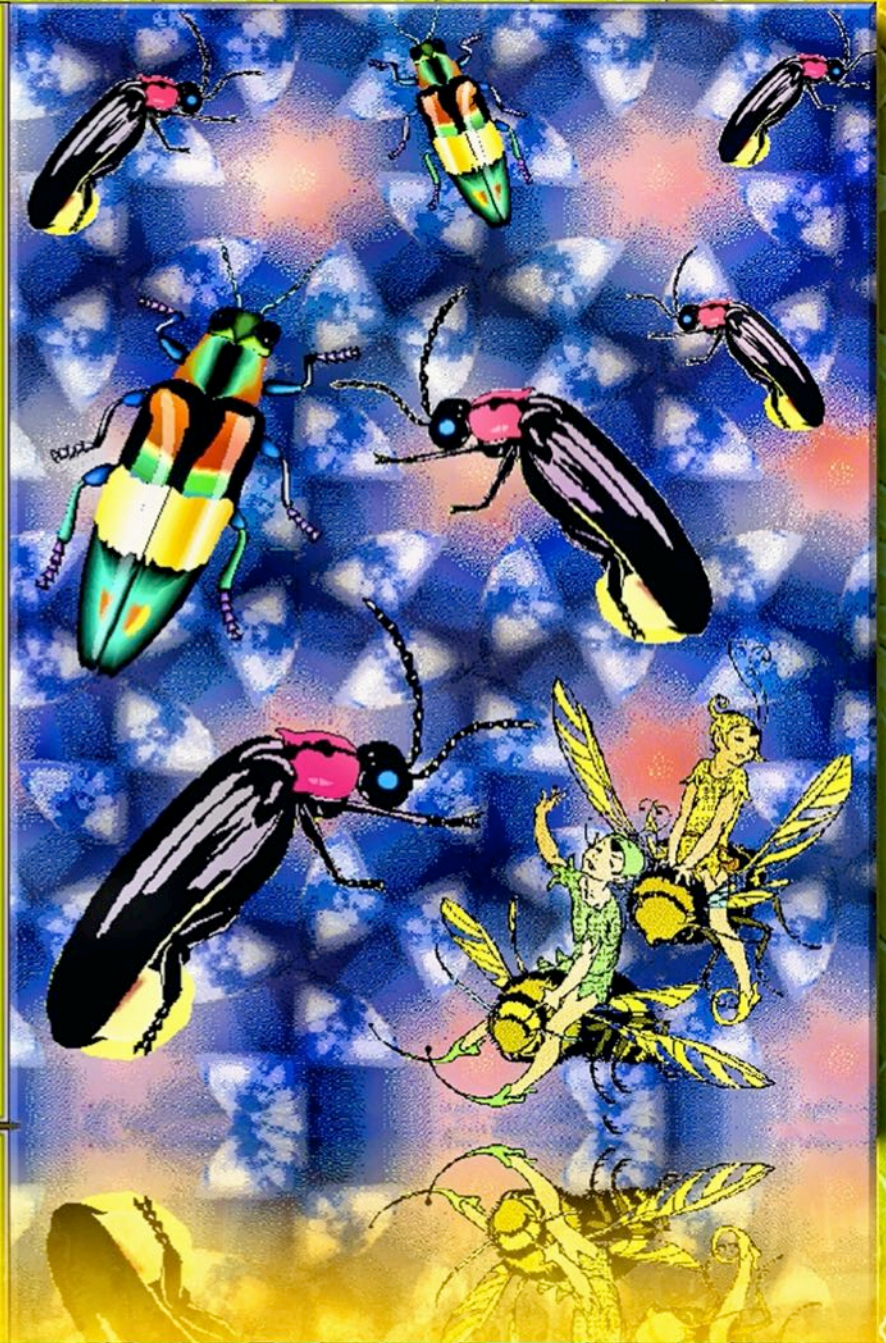
\*\*\* THE SKY IS LIT, A \*\*\*

TWINKLING PROMENADE  
OF MATING CALLS FROM

♂ LUMINATED PODS— ♀

TRACERS PULSING  
WILD, SEARCHING  
THOUGHTS THAT SMILE,

FROM FIREFLIES  
NAMED WINKIN',  
BLINKIN', AND NOD.





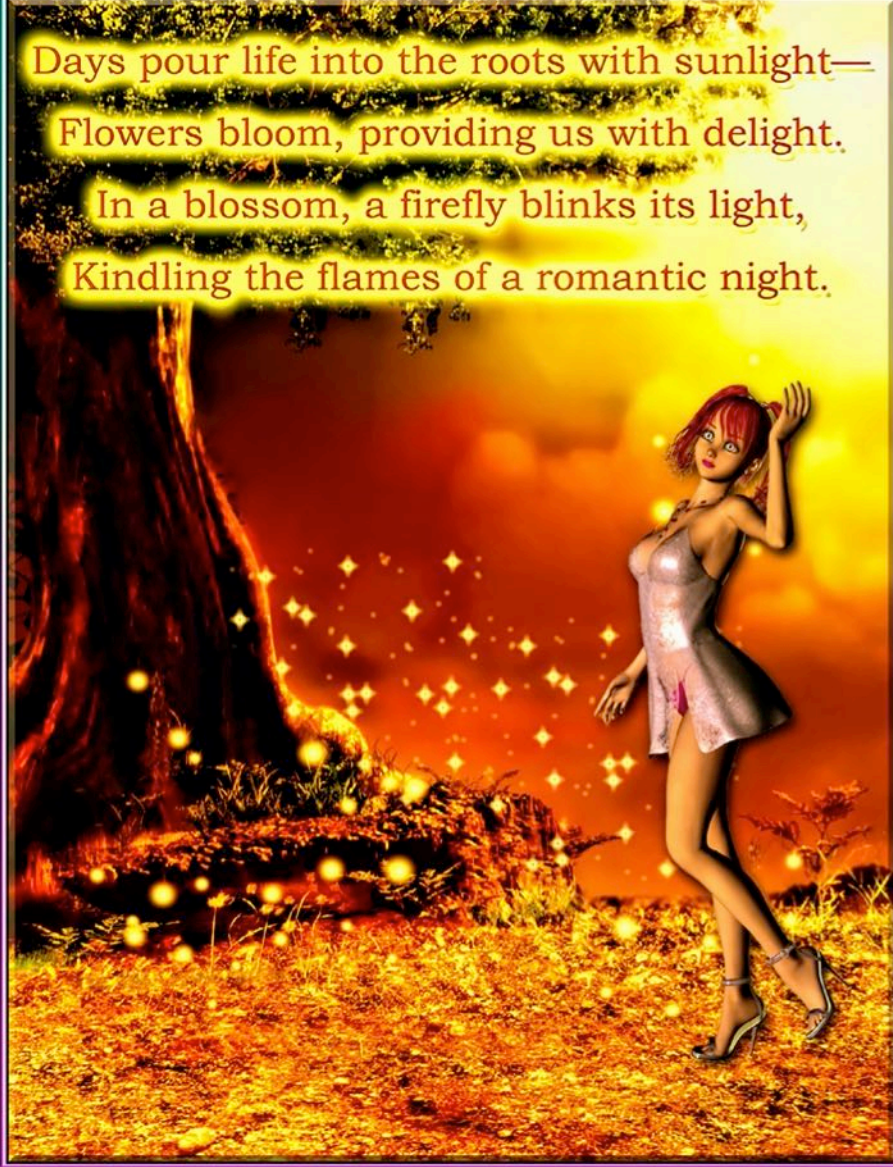


The Firefly Tales:  
The Love Life  
Of the Glowworm

Austin P. Torney



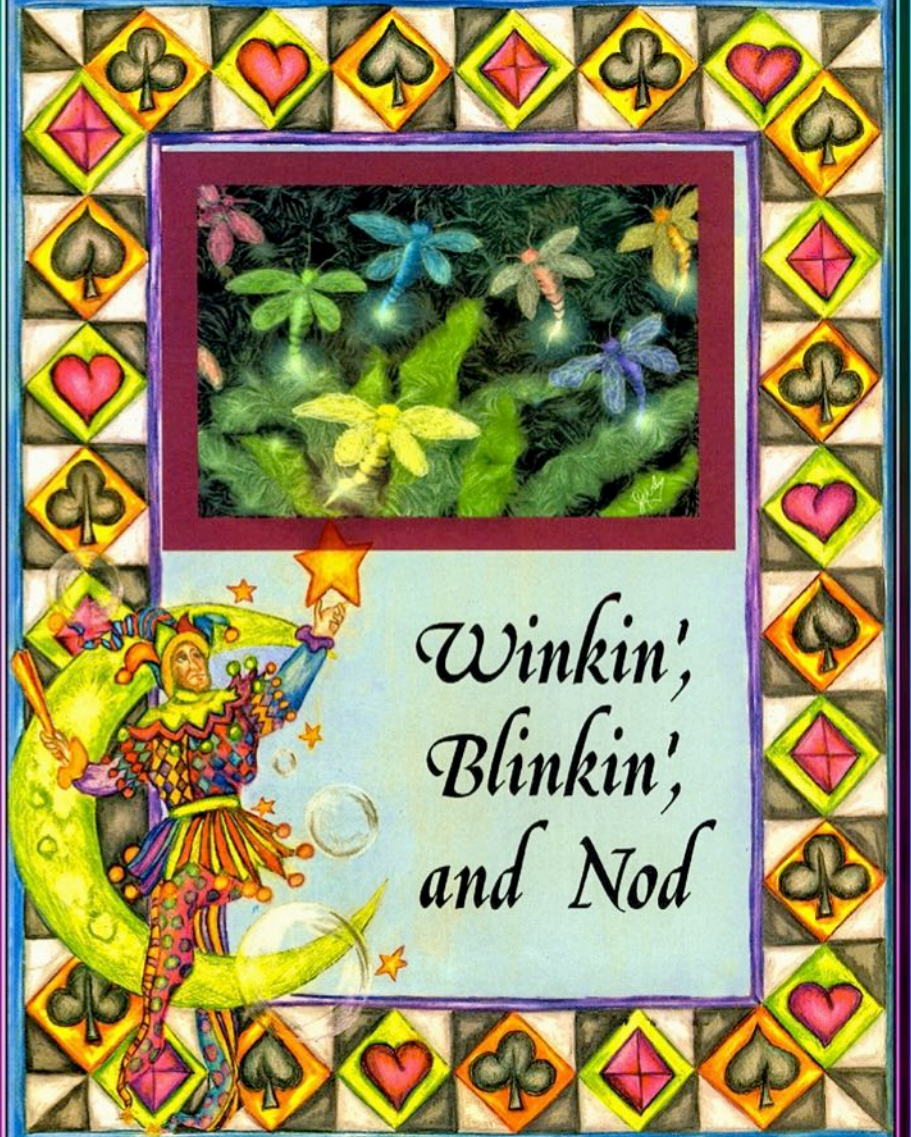
Days pour life into the roots with sunlight—  
Flowers bloom, providing us with delight.  
In a blossom, a firefly blinks its light,  
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.



The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade  
Of mating calls from luminated pods—



Tracers pulse wild, searching thoughts smile,  
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.



# SEARCHLIGHTS

\*\*\* THE SKY IS LIT, A \*\*\*

TWINKLING PROMENADE  
OF MATING CALLS FROM

♂ LUMINATED PODS— ♀

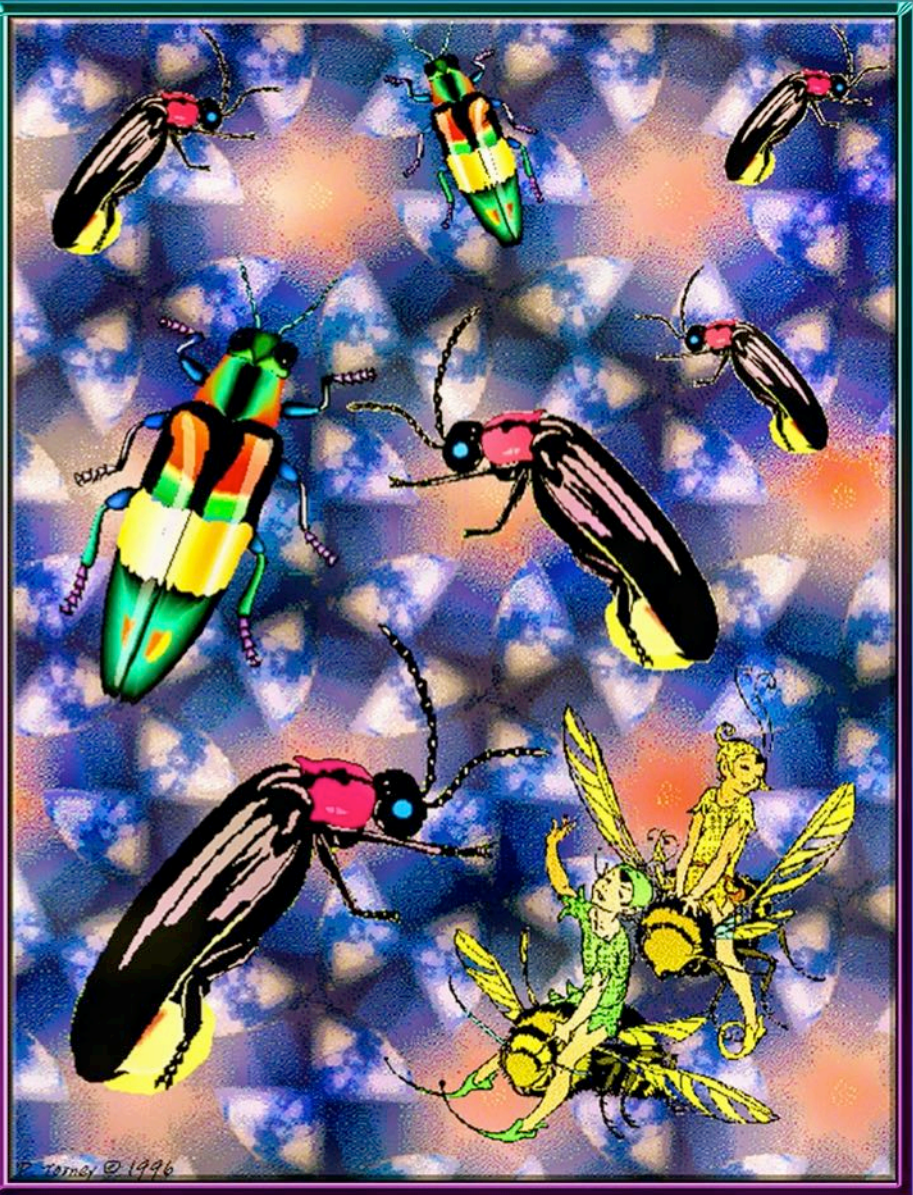
TRACERS PULSING

WILD, SEARCHING  
THOUGHTS THAT SMILE,


FROM FIREFLIES  
NAMED WINKIN',  
BLINKIN', AND NOD.



P. Torney © 1998



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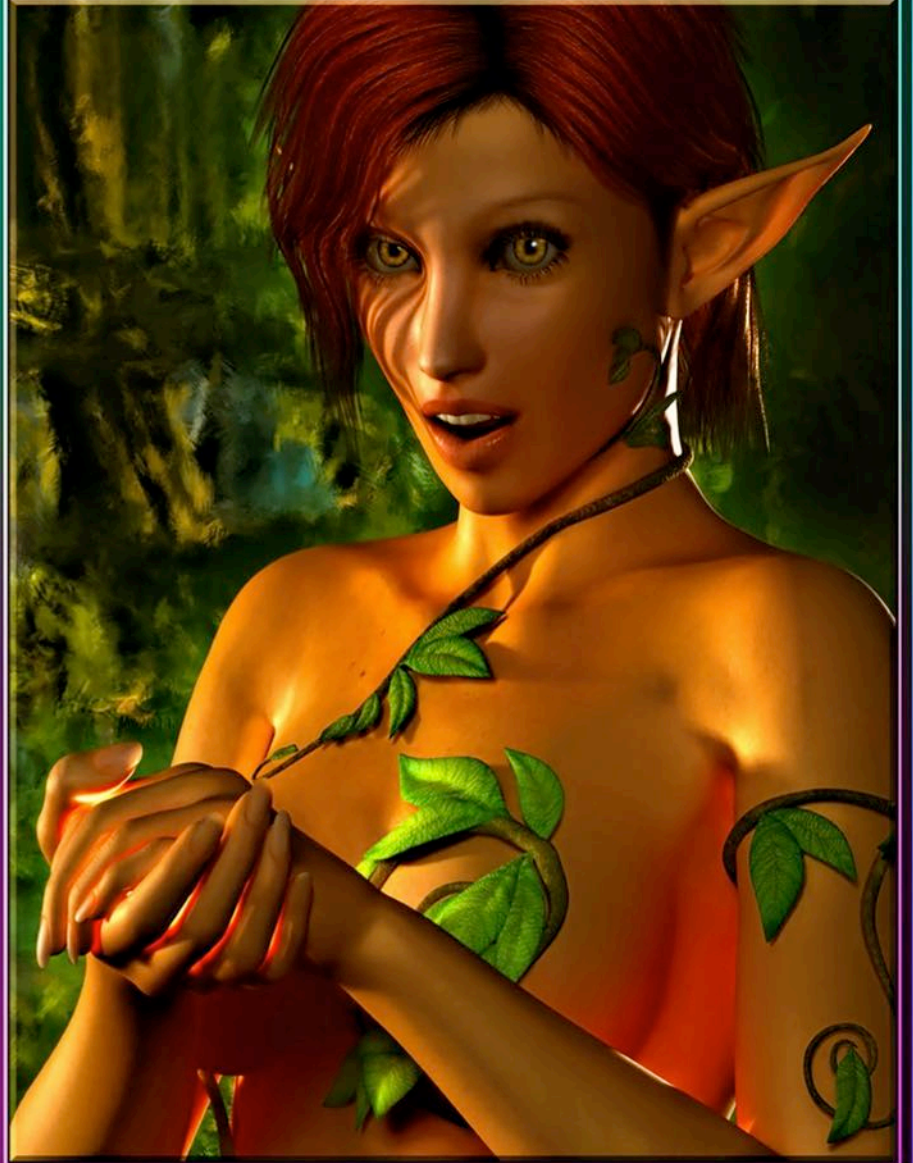
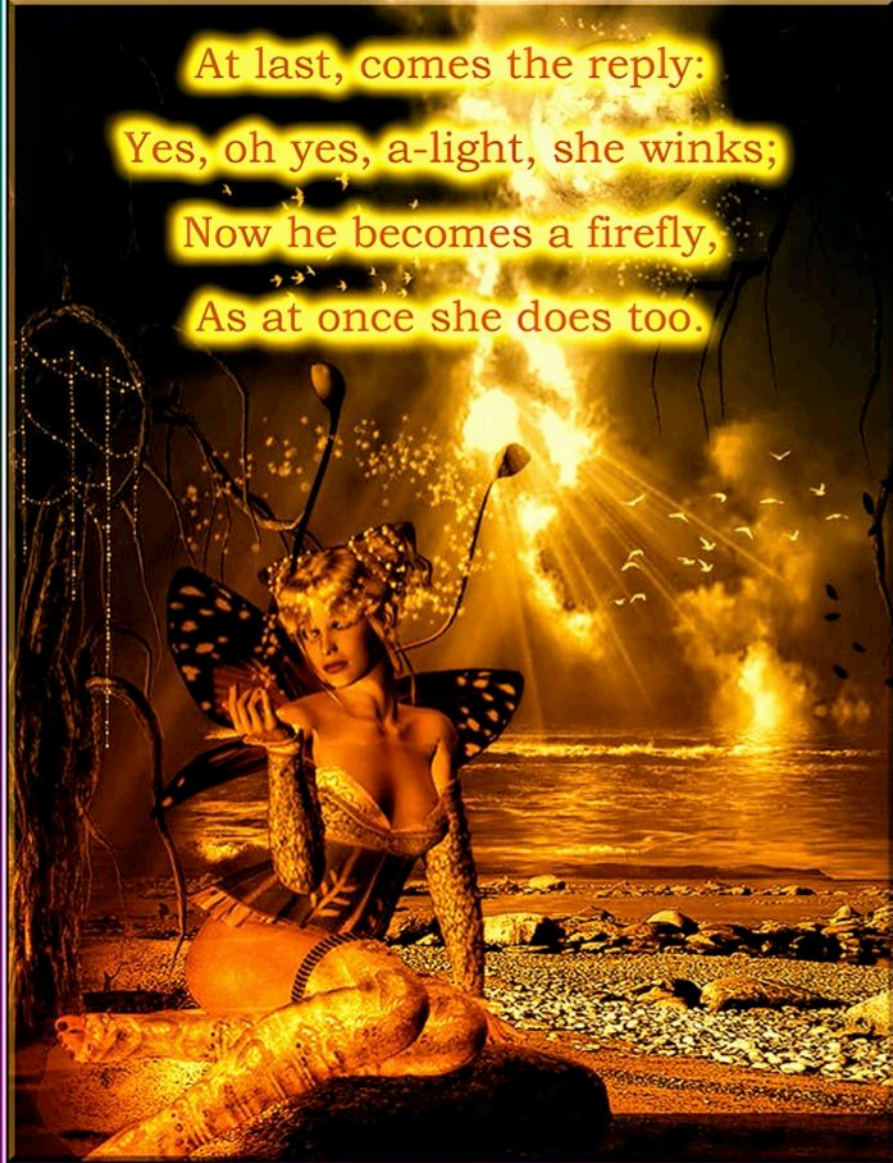
A vibrant, magical forest scene. A stone path leads through a lush green landscape filled with various flowers and glowing butterflies. A large, ancient tree stands in the background, and the sky is filled with a soft, ethereal light. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

Flashing desire, the glowfly twinkles across  
The starry summer sky, love's energy unspent,  
Searching through the darkness,  
With passion's might,

For the beacon of her consent—the mating call  
Of pulsing, green and yellow light.



At last, comes the reply:  
Yes, oh yes, a-light, she winks;  
Now he becomes a firefly,  
As at once she does too.







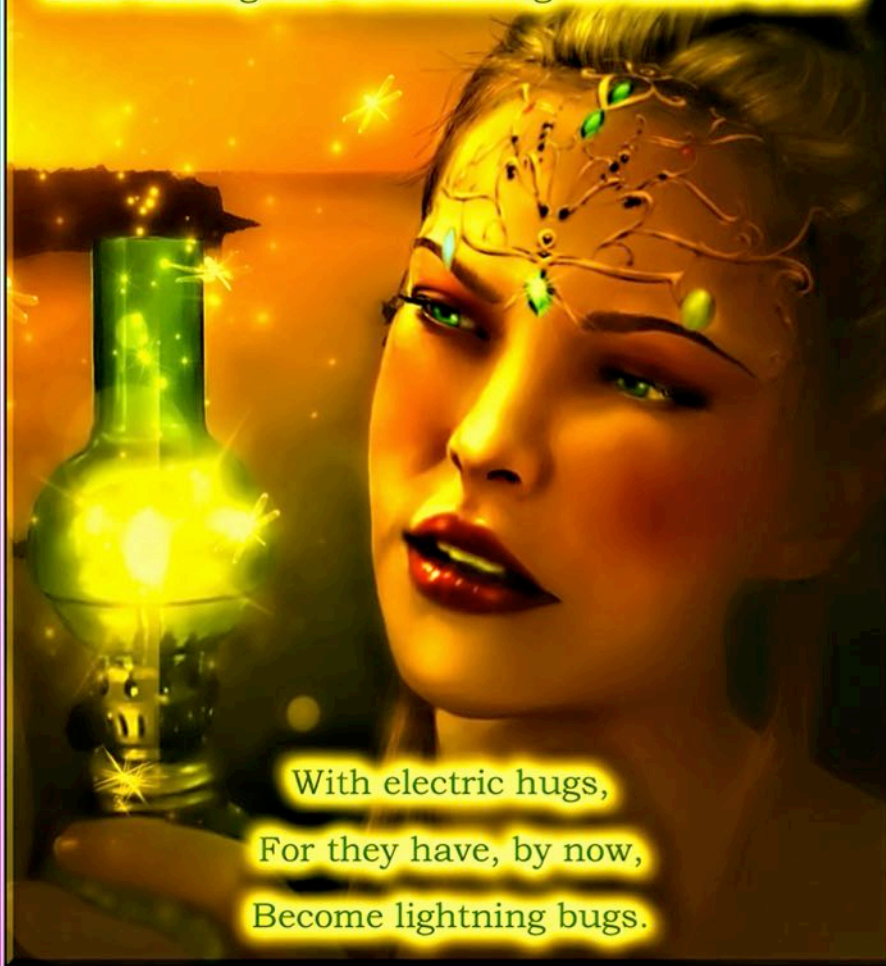
To a closing flower they together therein fly,  
Blinking, winking in the seclusion of its petal bed.



This dance of light and love—their honeymoon  
Brightens the night, till it looks much like noon.

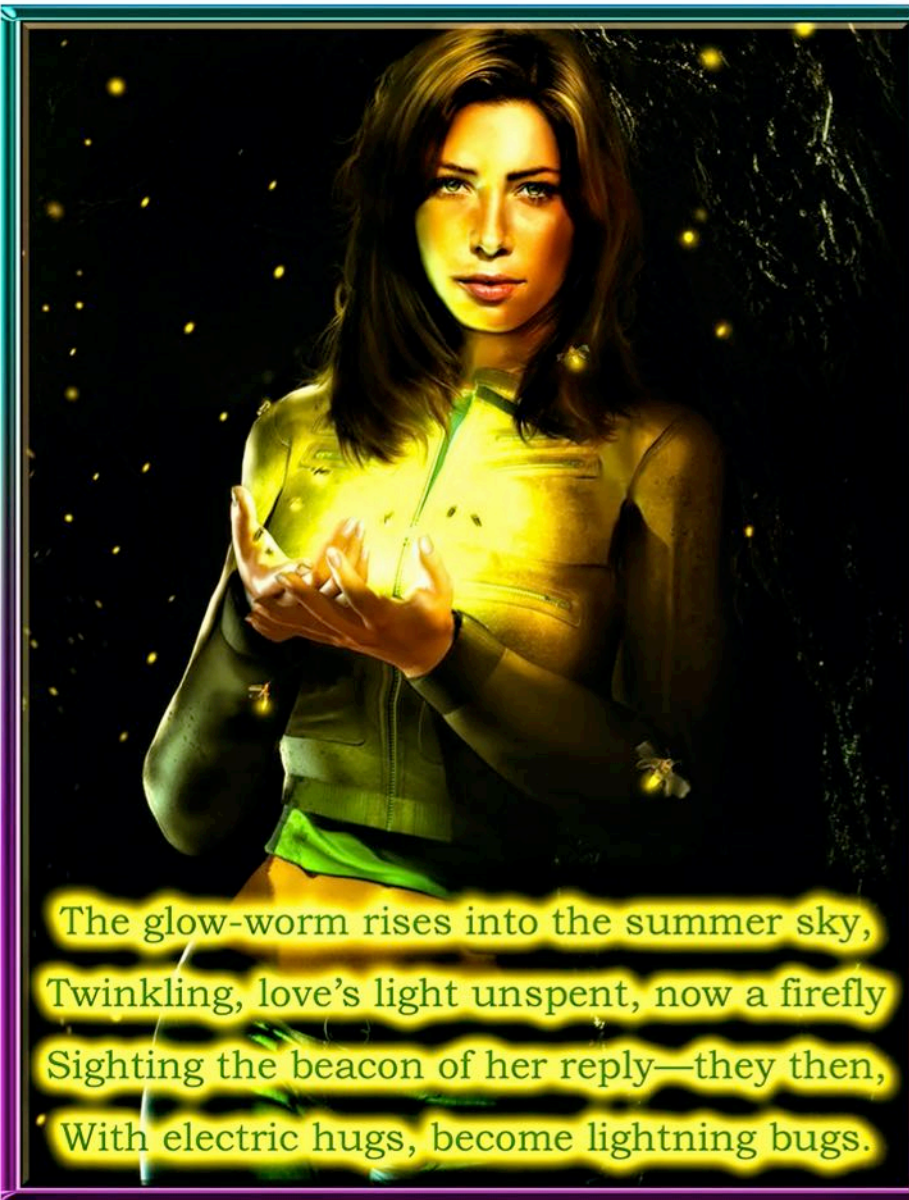


Those jolts and bolts, surging, merge in currents,  
And sweep back and forth as they signal delight—  
Fires luming and oft reluming the flames of love



With electric hugs,  
For they have, by now,  
Become lightning bugs.





The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,  
Twinkling, love's light unspent, now a firefly  
Sighting the beacon of her reply—they then,  
With electric hugs, become lightning bugs.



