

## Sharp sparks

*(Could be real sparks, or truly frogs' eyes at night, or just insomnia: you choose!)*



They do shine in the dark,  
These frogs' eyes in the grass,  
And each one is a spark  
That sets fire to my heart!

Much often in the night  
Wide awake I do stare  
And I feel their sharp light  
Burning deep in my heart!

If you knew how far  
These love beams do fly from  
You would think that they are  
Quite harmless to the heart!

But they are the arrows  
Of a love swift and sharp  
And each one surely knows  
How soft is my heart!

So I bleed motionless  
Counting them in the dark  
And I remain sleepless  
With frogs' eyes in my heart!