

## Henry Stimpson

### Losses

Silhouetted against deep twilight,  
bats used to zoom like fighter jets.  
Last year my heart soared to see  
just one darting, but none this summer,  
none of that sky scattering  
I've seen all my life.

Along the broad path  
clouds of fireflies used to glow  
like blinking constellations.  
Now I'm lucky to see one or two  
flash their lightning.

Why should it be distressing  
to lose things so small?  
I've had bigger losses,  
some healed, some raw.

**Henry Stimpson's** poems have appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Lighten Up Online*, *Rolling Stone*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Mad River Review*, *Aethlon*, *The MacGuffin*, *The Aureorean*, *Common Ground Review*, *Asses of Parnassus*, *Bluepepper*, *The Boston Phoenix*, *Boston University Today*, *Snakeskinpoetry*, *Atlanta Journal* (forthcoming) and *On the Seawall* (forthcoming). He lives in Massachusetts and hopes to see another Celtics championship sooner or later.