

# THE MAYFLY

by

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When I asked about her life, the Mayfly answered, "We fly so very high and we ride the sunbeams for one day... then we die."

When I asked if she had regrets about such a short life, the Mayfly answered: "When one has risen as high as we, there can be no regrets."

When I asked if she would miss this world when she died, the Mayfly smiled wistfully, and said, "I'll never leave this beautiful world... I'll be in the warmth of a summer breeze... I'll be in the sunbeams that dance with the gnats... I'll be in the cool ponds, playing with my children... I can never leave... for you see, I am summer's hope."

When I asked if she would come again, the Mayfly answered, "Yes... if you want me to."

"Yes," I said, "I do... promise you'll return."

"I promise," she whispered.

And, in a blur of gossamer wings... she rose up so very high... and the Mayfly was gone.

But each year she returns, and she gently kisses my lips with the warm breath of summer. And she reminds me that... yes... as I rise so very high... there are no regrets.

End

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