

Tisza Blooming

by Darrell Petska

Tisza River blooms
beneath June skies

mayfly larvae
three years waiting
in Tisza's mud

ascend,
wings diaphanous,

to greet the sun,
flit, quiver, dance, mate,
fulfill each other

and in three hours,
die

their progeny
descending to the mud
to wait three years

to know the sun
three hours

there is no tomorrow
no later
in which to bloom

Darrell Petska's poetry has appeared in journals such as *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Star 82 Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, and *Clementine Unbound*. In addition to writing poetry and fiction, he's tallied a third of a century on the academic staff at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, 40 years as a father (seven years a grandfather), and a half century as a husband. Find more of his work online at conservancies.wordpress.com