

The Moth

The orbs of my wings are suns
lined in white like the eyes of lions.
A star on a hemlock needle,
trembling in night air
listening for the skeletons of flowers.
I find rest in the bonfires of the world,
the living room reading lamps
and the garden lanterns.
My world is made of wool,
of cornmeal, of chocolate,
parchment, canvas,
the warm darkness of an attic.
Where are your love letters
kept in boxes you thought were sealed?
Wrapped in all your basement dust,
a fine brown sugar to feast upon.
And what will you do if you catch me?
I may be just a shadow,
a soft touch to your cheek
as I fly to the rafters.
Escape to the forest
to find a delicate leaf or branch
a roost to gaze, as you would,
at the moon.
This patron saint of light and shadow.

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