

DANEEN WARDROP

IRIDESCENT PANEL WITH
GREEN CRENELLATIONS

The ant doesn't
detour this clump, goes
right over, muscularity,
waterbag blood

of it, shiny lobes,
six hooves
of it, chomping—
I could list

to this task,
tie a look
to the dogged
scrambling, but

a pin-star starts
to push the sun aside
and how to count
that rhythm?

I suppose you could say
fireflies—dab
dab—flame-
whip across

a spangled grass.
But ant,
gone now,
but fireflies,

doused.
But
I am
afraid