

Entomological Research · *Pattiann Rogers*

Cecil thinks the desert blister beetle  
Is simply a single moment frozen in the hard-shelled  
Body of a bug, a moment grateful to be given  
A blue metallic head and six purple legs.  
He thinks by watching an entire nest of disturbed beetles  
One might see history rearranging itself.

Sonia thinks each purple blister beetle  
Is the six-legged proof of a running entomological discussion  
Between the desert floor and the sun.

Albert knows the desert blister beetle he studies  
Is nothing but the brain finally seeing itself  
As the possibility of insect it has always been.

The underside of any brain then  
Must be the blue luminescent belly  
Of the blister beetle flipped over on its back.

Occasionally Felicia wonders what Albert's brain is  
As it recognizes itself in the act of becoming  
The hunchbacked blister beetle it studies.

If the blister beetle could perceive itself  
As the subject of this research, then its brain might become  
The perfect physical image of the words,  
"Six purple legs and a blue metallic head."

The brain, surrounded by the sun, the desert floor  
And the blister beetle it becomes, definitely knows  
How to make itself the subject of any entomological discussion.

Someone, grateful for a change in this discussion,  
Could suggest that if each blister beetle represented  
A note of duration on the musical scale,  
Then a startling symphony of revelation  
Might exist unheard on the desert floor.

Gordon, with his ear to the sand,  
Has told everyone to be quiet twice.