

MOTH

—*in memoriam LMS (1916–2007)*

Feet in the empty barn slip, and a sparrow
flies out of the darkening leaves. You can hear
distant voices and the noise from a stream that builds
its own structure decaying at a constant rate.

Night's shadows grow, cast by a full moon.
As I walk up the hill through air stippled
by fireflies I can see it over my shoulder
lifting in the southeast above the mountain.

When I turn and go back down it too
sinks until it disappears back where
it came from, drawing its shadows in after.
A small white moth floats by my face

and into the blank woods. How can it see
where it's going? How does it know where it is?

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