

## 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?