

The Will to Live · *Mekeel McBride*

On the green lawn of a city park  
a sentence of dark insects completes itself:

Believe! Believe!  
Above, two Monarchs matter and flash

in this immense summer air.  
Small scraps of wing, good weather, a will

to live, they come  
from the tenuous country of now

whatever the heart is asking for. Even if I  
weren't here

they'd still congratulate the sky  
with a fragile disbelief in sorrow. Graceful

as the hands of the deaf  
they form a language in air that I understand

almost not at all. Being human  
I might say

they kiss and part and kiss again but  
know they're governed by desire

or law or lack to these  
beyond me. They fling themselves

against a sky so big  
they do not understand it's there. Clouds

fat and ample grow  
fatter still and if the old June maples

stand weighted and without words  
it is not from human grief, or any other.