

Larvae Unfolding

Your moth is gone, your moth that
All night I felt turning, with its pulse,
The pages of my dreams. Did you send it
As guardian, some symbolic chimera?
That's the breathing I've been moving with
While you are away.

The moth's softness was a fond thing &
Against it I nestled, petted, for luck,
Nearly expecting larvae, bright as mist,
To unfold, twirl through the air...

I was some silkworm collector
Housing a chrysalis myself. That's what you
Planted & do not know how a thousand balloons
Might have happened, small launches
For the morning.

Today I pass windows & think they'll fly out,
Mirror sky, a sort of heat lending wings to stars...

If, where you are, you can see what's in my mind,
Then follow follow the firmament contained
In my face.

It is also moth white & o-mouthed
'til your homecoming.