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Moth

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Domestic Theology

Emilia Dickerson

A slight brown-coated bug has strayed inside my house, not an uncommon event on a summer's day, a nuisance, surely; a transient squatter at best, a thing that is handily cast out without much thought.

On this day, to my surprise, fury floods my heart at the liberty taken with my dream home. The thing moves, proprietary and bold, on the fresh-laid carpet, as if to proclaim its easy acculturation.

No more an erratic line, nor an erasable shadow on the wall, the creature takes on that mystic air of the intruder for whom Eden was at stake. The crisis demands instant solution; it darts about at will as if to mock me, watching with spite.

I raise the executioner's hand like a connoisseur of blood, I stand there in silence - sure of my aim - until it forgets I am there, until - at some cost - I will reclaim my home.

The crisis demands instant solution; it darts about at will as if to mock me, watching with spite.

The mind leaps at this point to uncertain equations; the creature saw the same green light just outside the Arcadia, like me, like the rest of our own kind.

Jibbing at murder comforts me, takes the edge off loneliness at the top.



Moth

Constance Vogel

Light as a leaf
 she flutters
 on gray waves
 at dusk,
 her brown song
 lost
 in the paislied poetry
 of butterflies,
 drowned
 in the ever-rising
 locust pool.