

Tiny Moth

Can you see in the shade of the window that tiny moth?
When I flick the screen beneath her, she flutters off.
Alighting below, she finds another perch to keep.

And there she'll sit, resting, almost perhaps, asleep.
Tonight she'll likely fly toward some light,
and if she doesn't strike it in her spiraling flight

or get swallowed up by a swooping bat,
she'll be here tomorrow, resting,
or somewhere else, perhaps nesting,
carefully attaching precious eggs.

What a simple life she leads!

*But could it be
that someone thinks the same of me?*

* * *

So someone said I'm cousin to an ape?
Me, a human, who thinks and talks and all of that?
Cousin to a sober, staring, virtually non-linguistic beast?

Surely the link between us must be a long one.

*But could it ever, ever be
that someone thinks the same of me?*