

“Moth in April”

Can I concentrate, can I
Let my eyes and mind settle
On the papery bug

That has settled on the wood
Knob of the canvas
Garden chair

In my friend's backyard, that is
So early humming with bees, and is
Supposed to be relaxing—

The moth has to be thinking.
Its moth-face frowns.
The hair feelers, black-tipped, stand level.

It jumps and flies and I have
No words to describe its pin-jag track.
It flies away from the knob and back,

My fuzzy likeness,
My brother, seizing me with melancholy—
I'm on edge, it could be the coffee

And not enough sleep,
Could be the sense of all I cannot see
And cannot feel, and will die without learning.