

REBECCA LEHMANN

Salt Marsh Moth

I was held in place, a swamp moth,
shaggy faced, spotted and ugly,
a hot show, hot mess. Never very clever
I contra-stepped, contradicted, countered
with stoic wing-flap, leg twitch. I flexed
my thorax. Flexed? Is that right? Correct?
Accurately, I was not without abdomen,
a place to pierce, a proboscis to don
a flower's flirty skirts, to phalange out,
long as a swan's muscled neck, mysterious.
I beat the chapped dawn back until
I couldn't. My multi-plated eyes,
they locked. The dim-lit, dimwit
tableau many tiles compounding,
forever stuck, a layering, a stacking,
a slough, all slag, a sloppy sludge.
And sorry I couldn't drop hindwing
and flee the gloved hand, take flight,
all fury and night bright. I couldn't budge.
I became a sculpture, static cast,
un objet d'art. With darting speed,
a quickness, in went the paralyzing pin.
It punctured. In and in and in, in, in.