

MOTH

Emrys Westacott

A tap at the black glass,
discrete, but urgent.
A night moth, big as
a beech leaf, burnt,
brown, wind-ripped,
flaps in its frame,
peddling high-step,
then ascends the pane
as if winched, hovers
against the jamb,
plunges free fall, recovers,
begins again to climb,
starts to crab sideways
across the window,
drifts back, then heads upwards
again, this time slow,
as if searching the glass
for a seam to pick,
for some sort of purchase,
a fault line to attack,
to work on, to ply
its cotton-thin but
infinite industry
against and force apart
the bruisingly firm
petals of this strange
rectangular bloom,
first seen as a wink of orange
inviting it down
from the dark pasture
and across the lawn
to the one-eyed house where
it now, with more hope
than method, more drive
than design, gropes
at the glass and strives
to escape the night,
to penetrate the bewildering
barrier and taste the bright
sweet life of the world within.

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