Your first thought when the light snaps on and the black wings 
catter about the kitchen       is a bat

the clear part of your mind considers rabies       the other part 
does not consider      knows only to startle

and cower away from the slap of its wings       though it is soon 
clearly not a bat but a moth       and harmless

still you are shy of it       it clings to the hood of the stove 
not black but brown       its orange eyes sparkle

like televisions       its leg joints are large enough to count 
how could you kill it       where would you hide the body

a creature so solid must have room for a soul 
and if this is so      why not in a creature

half its size       or half its size again      and so on 
down to the ants      clearly it must be saved

captured in a shopping bag and rushed to the front door 
afraid to crush it      feeling the plastic rattle

loosened into the night air       it batters the porch light 
throwing fitful shadows around the landing

That was a really big moth       is all you can say to the doorman 
who has watched your whole performance with a smile

the half-compassion and half-horror we feel for the creatures 
we want not to hurt      and prefer not to touch

Source: Poetry (October 2013)