Very Large Moth

By Craig Arnold

_After D.H.L._

Your first thought when the light snaps on and the black wings clatter 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)