

ABOUT US

Aftermath

A moth pattered against the window until I snatched it
in my childish fist, like a jewel in a paperweight.
If I scrunched up my hand, the moth
would implode to weeping sequins, all because I mapped
my certain worries onto its wings and found something
so arrogant in its symmetry. After all, it was only an insect,
not a mammal at all, only worth its negligible weight in gold,
only the aftermath of a moth.

Instead, it rustled under my collapsed steeple
like unfolding origami, arranging itself
for the final defeat, the triumph I reaped.
So, I released it outside, even though I knew
it was hibernating and I spent that hour pottering, accompanied
by a ghostly rustling, then the silence
of the slaughter I almost accomplished.

Please don't read into this insect interaction;
I just didn't want the cat to get it.

Florence Hall, Highly Commended in the About Us poetry competition