

In a November Woods

DAVID JAMES

Along the ridges
A white moth
Flaps all the warmth
It has into its wings.
Around the oak trees
It circles,
Rising up to the highest branches,
A frail piece of gauze,
A lost patch of lint.
And then the snow comes,
First of the year,
Dissolving on the fallen leaves.
The moth keeps flying
Through it all,
Round and around,
But starts to tire,
Working itself into exhaustion:
Like all of us,
Refusing to just hit the ground
And melt.