

Senior Division, Poetry  
Grant Loveys, Mount Pearl  
**The Moth and the Porchlight**

Long after you've gone,  
I ask the moth about the porchlight  
and he swears he has a choice.  
He admits being smitten,  
that he loves its glowing heart,  
loves locking into its orbit  
and watching his shadow's path trace  
the tattered edges of his dreams,  
where they bleed into the present  
and mingle into future.  
But he doesn't say the word need once.

He'll get there on his own soon enough,  
after he's seen circulatory systems  
in skeleton trees and the pollen in spring  
as the dust on his wings, or rested  
his head on the church of your chest  
and heard the beat of waves  
breaking on the altar.

That's when he'll discover  
the universe speaks in symmetry  
and that all things within it,  
the moth and the porchlight,  
you and I,  
are just halves searching for their whole.

For now though,  
the dawn rises fishbelly pink  
and when the porchlight goes out  
the moth drifts away, unmoored.  
I know we'll talk again,  
because the days always molt their gold  
and devolve into evening's stew  
only to live once more,  
reborn as an old bone moon,  
and the porchlight will blink back into being.

And again I'll wait for him  
to finally ask what happens  
when the light goes out for good,  
and I'm forced to confess  
I had always been counting on you  
to let me know.