

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.