

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/1

Rose Bagby
"The Moth"

Like a moth, I flutter,
quivering so discordantly,
deeply besotted with your floral lampade.
I hide in the dark corners of your wardrobe,
nibbling away at your cashmere linen.
I fold into myself, ashamed of loving you.
Like a bruised rose, a bitter wine.
You are the missing piece of me.
The rumble of my wings warms
your bed while you're sleeping.
Dawn is slow-coming,
I tremble when the light ripens
the irises of my eyes,
like bleeding peaches,
I'm ripe for you.