REBECCA LEHMANN

Salt Marsh Moth

I was held in place, a swamp moth, shaggy faced, spotted and ugly; a hot show, hot mess. Never very clever I contra-stepped, contradicted, countered with stoic wing-flap, leg twitch. I flexed my thorax. Flexed? Is that right? Correct? Accurately, I was not without abdomen, a place to pierce, a proboscis to don a flower’s flirty skirts, to phalange out, long as a swan’s muscled neck, mysterious. I beat the chapped dawn back until I couldn’t. My multi-plated eyes, they locked. The dim-lit, dimwit tableau many tiles compounding, forever stuck, a layering, a stacking, a slough, all slag, a sloppy sludge. And sorry I couldn’t drop hindwing and flee the gloved hand, take flight, all fury and night bright. I couldn’t budge. I became a sculpture, static cast, un objet d’art. With darting speed, a quickness, in went the paralyzing pin. It punctured. In and in and in, in, in.