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INSECTS

I lived with them all Summer
without learning their names
or where they came from.
Of the ones that survived and left,
I did not ask "What destination?"

The insects. All Summer, the moths flew through my opened
bedroom windows, the spiders clung to the woodwork,
to the drawings on the walls, to the corners of the room.

Spiders spun webs in corners, spun webs between the leaves
of plants. Patiently they spun.
I dusted. Destroyed. They spun again.

Occasionally I would encounter a spider's victim.
Bundled into translucent dusty gray against a windowpane,
caught between the upper pane and the raised lower pane,
A still but not empty place of double reflections.
Spiders drain their victims and leave the husks to crumble.

The spiders spun around my books,
the pencil sharpener was draped.
The quickness. Over night there was suspension,
a breathless balance,
a still life: silk, light, and the absence of the artist.

At night, when I sat reading, moths would fly to the light.
I heard the death of each insect that dies in that small heat,
smashed against that light. I was surprised,
the first few times, by the violence of their rushing,
the frantic crash against the inside of the lampshade.
The whole lamp trembled.
The nights were too still and warm to close the windows,
but I could have sat in darkness.
Instead, I listened and watched.

A gentle glass sound, and then another.
Musical. A crystal bell.
Then a tap, as the moth fell to the table surface.
Each morning I found husks.
Fragile and weightless, I could not feel their weight
against the hugeness of my palm.
When I breathed too near, their random pattern scattered.
Victims of light.

Sometimes, I felt guilty awe.
I could try to stop this nightly suicide or slaughter.
I thought about the tropism of insects for light,
of the compound eyes that shattered light into fragments.

I felt uneasy, sure that there were things I should know,
analogies that should be drawn.

NIGHTMARES: PART THREE

There is some great sensitivity I want to rip
from within me. "Here, Love it."
Some great flopping thing of a consciousness,
a morbid curiosity shaped like
an atavistic fish-monster:
half gills, half water-clogged lungs,
webbed, confused, half blind.

This of me is hidden:
Dark growlings. An urge to rape
many arrogant men. Secret
orgasmic sessions with myself: liquid release
of the slithery she-male.

I need some lightning, thunder, rain,
This rapt dreamer covets nature's storms and
sweats in frightened endurance of her own sudden emotions.