March 1st. The weather’s been so warm,
leaf buds are forming on alder and rose.
Nights, the moths come out, jazz-dancing
around our overhang of rafters, or traveling
without direction across the pane, wing-
jumping, holding
their little cuneiform bodies still
hardly long enough for me to note them.

In February, one inhabited our home.
I can’t say exactly when it appeared
or when it died. We’d find it on counter tops,
walls and sills, seeking—who knows?—
something akin to the hiding place
inside the bark of a paper birch
or the undersurface
of a spruce bough’s shingle.

In bed, as I lay, bound to my midnight reading,
the moth came often for my light.
It occasioned the page,
eclipsing the words of Karl Marx;

between “material” and “production,”
a wedge of silver dust.