

Anne Coray

## Night Light

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.