

# **Moth**

**by Meridith Byrne**

**My rebirth was a crack  
in the chrysalis,  
a ragged tear  
fibers splitting  
and breaking  
like old threads.**

**No garden welcomes moths.**

**I emerged with fuzz,  
off kilter eyes,  
dusty wings,  
and a consuming thirst  
for light --**

**chewing holes in your curtain,  
your closets,  
your certainty,  
your convictions**

**I leer towards your porch light  
like a vampire,  
blood drunk,  
unwelcome.**

**My shape is for light  
and flight,  
not ornamentation --  
but relentless devotion  
to the shine.**

