

# Flight

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The monarch flew parallel when you  
rode your bike to the cove. Remember  
you thought she would flit and disappear, but  
she kept up—you pedaling at butterfly speed  
and she, catching currents beside you.  
A car came and you said look out and  
she veered upward, not because of your  
warning but because she knew what to do.  
And you were still together, beside  
each other until she disappeared,  
as you knew she would, into the forest  
or the dunes, you couldn't tell, and you  
continued, holding to this story.