

Slipping into the Light

COLE EUBANKS

In the window...behind the screen,
a moth beats furious wings
bleeding out powder.
I free it releasing something
in myself as well.

Soon the first dawn
without me will arrive,
and the only air
that crosses these lips
will be a breeze.

Hearing ticks
of the second hand
for the first time,
I startle my face with splashes.
Watching liquid slipping
through cupped hands.
I am at peace for I have lived
a life of humble wildness.