

**Moths**  
Paul Piper

Evening moves hard to dark  
and air fills with tiny white moths.

Our eyes candle them  
but like they to fire, we

dare not range too close.  
Weightless on furred gossamer

wings, they make love in air,  
chaotic and dizzy

they flitter, soar and swoop  
silently in this night until

the wind erupts and they are gone,  
leaving us alone

with our human weight.