

Faint Olympian

Poem by Bruce McRae

The moth rattles like dinnerware.
A little book, she sputters awkwardly.
Dressed in night and powder
she turns to a mirror of flame,
seeing herself to be more beautiful
than ever we could imagine.

It's from a town of broken promises
that the moth begins her long journey.
In the chill dark the coy old girl
overcomes her flittering solitude.
A lamp coins its spell.
A struck match is a cosmos
being born out of nothing.
Unliving. Undying. Undead.



Artwork by Diana Y. Paul