

I want to light a candle beneath your chin.

You begin a collection of moths organized by wingspan in the room adjacent to your daughter's. You cross pin their abdomens to get them in position.

You locate a vein on the forewing.

You pin the mounting paper eight times until you associate a vertical body with a gentle touch, which builds

a shame small inside you, somewhere in the stomach you should edge apart.

Outside amaryllis brindle with aphids and a girl
brings her head to a buffeting tree. She is a stranger

when you catch her looking at you 40 feet from the double-glazed window where the glass remains shut

windless. The structure steadies the interior. The dominion of moths outspreads
to a straight line, a horizon of desiccating chitin
as their little hairs offer a sideways touch on the smallest knuckle,

a sensation of thread and comfort, like lutestring.