

“Nature”

The days the beetle molts,
Can be heard from down the hill.
Until the puddles shake,
And the waters will stay still.

The trees extend a leaf,
and life begins to curve around—
This beetle that has changed,
Every wistful musical sound

Of the air, and of the wind,
as they sing a simple chorus.
And below the water, that will stain,
the pail as it brings rust.

Of the sidewalks,
filled with chalk.
And the insects,
on the rock.

And the light
the sun will lend
When the beetle
molts again.