

in the night was the beetle

by beth mushumanski

in the night was the beetle
and she gave me her eyes.
i watched my life: a fracture,
 circles that circled me.

 when the day came,
my reflection no longer fit.
 the larvae unhooked her
and carried her away from me.
 so she became,
an absence in passing
 windows.

 if i had given chase,
i might have found myself, a child
 playing dead,
 longing for a witness:
 a self who would shake the dirt loose
 from their hair.

yet in the night was the beetle.
she left me shadeless.
 she plucked her eggsack
from beneath my tongue.