In the Kingdom of Moths

John Sibley Williams
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Abstract
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by John Sibley Williams

Why are there no more birds, he asked me this morning from the center of our dead lawn, his eyes on the broken sky, stone and shards of stars in his hand / why can’t I hear their music anymore

I tell him nothing exists that is not for you / we must create the forest to burn the forest

as I watch his curious fingers widen the holes in his coat / as early winter enters / I don’t know if he’s already stopped

feeling the cold / if he sees the moths as they eat away the fabric