In the Kingdom of Moths

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In the Kingdom of Moths

Abstract
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

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of our dead lawn, his eyes
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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