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moths

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moths
Tristen Nichols

you give me
and it feels as if
fluttering little
dancing and twirling,
there are no monarchs or
no delicate displays of
instead, you give to me
they tickle at first, and you
their constant tender nibbles,
begins to take chunks from out my tender, silken heart
as if it were grandma's favorite scarf.
and I've tried to
evict them,
fill my gut
with mothballs
until it's all I can smell,
and no matter how many times I exterminate them,
the little bastards peruse my soul for leftovers.
but one day, when the insatiable have had
their fill, I will fly, too toward the North where
the frigid air is all that will devour me whole,
your little peckish minions will shrivel,
they'll wither, they'll starve — and still I will
miss them all the same.