

A. Rawlings / from *WIDE SLUMBER FOR LEPIDOPTERISTS*

The slow light touch of hand on wing, scales brush off like butterfly kisses, hand on brow, eyelash dew and fog, breath and fur our entrance and we caress the dulled wet passage, the flicker of soft quiet like sound or sand, when larva eats its eggshell and becomes pupa a hoosh

we tongue our shell, our conch, we smell the honeysuckle sweat heavily in the night air. Heave. a hoosh The fragrance a push of belly against abdomen, tongue buried deep in the suckle the honey and the brush-foots wake and crowd, thrust or pulse, spastic praxis, massive pulse out of sync. This is not what this is no, we intended it, we thought sleep and none came we come. ha a a ha Horned caterpillars epilepsy, wood nymphs spin and hang crude cocoons

we hold our slow high flight

		is exposure a posture?
	chrysalistalization	
	marsh bog, chariswamp	
remove beauty from body		
	hallucidity	dream or else
	overwinter	monotony
underwater	slow wave	bodydobody
		sleep woven
		silk wrapped
in silk nests caterpillars in silk		
	communes pulse in push in	
	bodieseidobodies	
		is removal political?

c	la
comma, common swallowtail, southern swallowtail, scarce swallowtail, wood white,	
hry	ugh
salis	of bre
brimstone, black-veined white, small white, bath white, white admiral, southern white	
slick,	th of win
flick of	gs warmed
admiral, red admiral, small tortoiseshell, cardinal, marbled white, western marbled white,	
scale, high	then beaten,
er, voice soft	scales high
hermit, meadow brown, small heath, wall brown, woodland brown, lattice brown, brown	
whoosh a push	finger push
on mound a fin	on scale flat
hairstreak, black hairstreak, ilex hairstreak, white-letter hairstreak, short-tailed blue, small	
ger on crimped	tense, rest th
folds inside,	fritillary pulp
blue, silver-studded blue, mazarine blue, damon blue, chalkhill blue, adonis blue butterfly	
bottom	breathe

It's a story it's not a story it has elements of the story. 'Y' is a letter. 'Rots' are four letters. The caged body deteriorates, rails against.

Why.

Pre-end. Exhale three dead white moths- cream moths. Moths with thick, furry antenna. Tickle the epiglottis and struggle to exit. The story is stuck in details. Images bedrail themselves, quilt and sheet themselves, thick no entrance. Exit.

There is no argument, then, let the body do the body does.