

**Em dash**

She filed her dashes into sharp points.

Ground them into daggers,

skewered words – one – after – another– onto these steel rods.

No sharp objects for girls  
this swordswoman pierces with a single thrust –

Says she can't draw a straight line  
except for the ones that draw blood.

See her blade –  
afraid?

She'll run you through  
yes you'll bleed – –  
like her.

## **Moth**

Death, these white wings worship you.  
I dance your flame – its only supplicant  
the fire pulls – teases.

Moths know their masters.

Took my father took my mother.  
O, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.

Thrown into the light  
these wings burn black  
mastered by its claim.

I fluttered for no man,  
but I flutter for you  
held and bound.

Dancing for you –  
our devotion to oblivion.

## **I Flutter**

I flutter white  
over scraps of paper  
lighting on envelopes, leaving traces  
of my pen here and there.  
Legible to those with eyes.

Scraps are enough light to see by.  
Delicate legs such as mine must walk softly.

Not for me the rigid pace of pages  
bound and captured between boards –

Fluttering suits those whose silence  
capture the ear.

## **Death Subtracts**

Death subtracts –  
so I take away.

Dressing in white I am my own  
flag of surrender.

Dusk shows a flutter of white –  
hand signals from its daily moth  
marooned on a pane of glass.

Eventide deepens –  
my capture complete.  
No breeze blows this bright moth.

See how I diminish –  
it is what I do best.

## **Calligraphy**

Claimed she couldn't draw a straight line  
except for these sharp pokers –  
kept close to the fire.

Burning red-hot –now – furious white –

No blacksmith worked harder  
pounding iron into shape.

This calligraphy is simple –  
dashes and dots

messages for those who can read in corners.