

G.F. Boyer

Monarch

In a jelly jar
behind cans of primer,

he resides in a murky cellar window
biding his time,

a dutiful chewer of milkweed leaves
to power his silk factory.

Absorbed in his summer project,
he packs his scrub-brush body

into a green cabinet suspended
from a stalk.

. . .

Late summer
he shoulders free—wet, frail,

the orange and black wings
pleated, momentarily

halted, to stiffen and pulse,
then capture a current and lift

matter-of-factly
into the afterlife.

Cornfield Math

Reminded of ourselves,
mirrors of each other,
we multiply and divide.

We stand tall above soybeans
near the neighbor's field.
The clouds bring down our snow.

Through the stripped trees,
the wind grows colder.
Now we are seeds,

waiting, half alive.

Now we are seeds.
The wind grows warmer
through the budding trees.

The clouds bring down our rain.
Near the neighbor's field,
we stand tall above soybeans.

We multiply and divide—
mirrors of each other,
reminded of ourselves.