

## December Moth outside a care home window

Thick furry balaclava'd neck.  
Shaggy charcoal pelt.  
A cream hairstreak, wings fringed  
with cork, and feathery  
snow-shoes on its head.

It came in a gale –  
fooled by a moony lamp –  
and stayed a week  
on the sill outside  
the chair you'd take.

With gale after gale  
more of the moth  
was lost, antennae first.  
Scales flaked like pixels,  
quilted your brain cells –  
a patchwork of negative space.

By the end of the week  
the moth wore its wings  
off the shoulder  
like the net of dropped stitches  
in an old punk mohair jumper.

You could see through  
to the parsnip curl of naked thorax;  
only knew it was alive  
because it hadn't moved at all,  
it had clung for so long  
at your glowing impassable threshold.