

Summer End

*A tarnished white butterfly
zig-zagging across the singed grass
of Summer End.*

*Looking for something it remembered
a dewy blossom
a flash of color
a fragrance*

something of summer still.

*With no other winged thing
for confidence or collaboration
it balances its timorous innocence
against the dark Immense
the metamorphosis of Autumn.*

Already it is gone...

*A tiny wistful Odysseus
breasting its seas sirens
clasping rocks monsters...*

*What harbour what homeland what Ithaca
now?*

Louise Dauner