

Monarch

In the photo, she lies peacefully
in the palm of my hand.
Her dark, curious eyes—
with a million lenses—
cannot focus on everything at once.

A delicate, winged creature
of autumnal orange and ink black;
with bent and spindly legs,
she clings to my fingers
and spreads her wings wide.

Exposed to the sun's warmth,
her wings continue to rest flat
around her slender, spotted body.
Do not fear, my little friend;
you are safe with me.