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Jon Remmerde

Butterflies in our Rudbeckia

Black butterflies and brown butterflies
white ones and orange ones and golden,
fly softly in soft breeze
and eat from our rudbeckia.
Tall flowers
of black and slow eyes turn,
look east, then west, then south
in afternoon breeze.
Humming bird zings across Kevin's lawn.
Blurred speed sings
wings from flower to flower.
Can you hold still a second
so I can see what you are?
And gone again, in a half a hum zip,
not stopping for me nor my request.
Slender-waisted and golden-circled wasps
fly more contemplatively from one brown
and golden flower
and yellow and black and green to another.
Dragonflies rattle down
transparent breezes
on transparent wings,
red dragonflies, brown ones,
damsel flies.
There is a small blue one,
and rest on flowers.
Oh Susan, brown-eyed Susie
and alfalfa and grass volunteer
to grow, to live
ant lions (Neuroptera: Myrmeleonidae)
damsel flies and flies, (Musca domestica),
ordinary flies,
ants, aphids and, subsurface,
earthworms and flatworms and bacteria.
I haven't paper enough, enough words
to list all the species that live
in our untended flower garden.
The earth, the earth.
Untend the earth
leave it to species
who express gratitude
let it live,
harvest the bounty
of life from it,
zip colorfully,
full of life into each day.

Sun sets
beneath the ridge.
Life lives,
prepares for night
on the earth, the earth
the living, spinning earth.