

Entomology

Four weeks after sixteen, my sister begins
to pry through wintergrass in search of io moths,
capsizing under-bellies of fluted
hackberry leaves, reaching across the leeward
side of Augusta. I wonder who taught her
to sieve through their garlanded beads of ova,
avert her eyes when a female slips off
her softened pilose film, sultry maroon forewings
drubbing against lichen spine.
Maybe that's where she learned to twirl her hair,
mimicking their feathering plumose: the
sexy which now dapples her cheeks like a gadfly.
On her naked back, two bastard, mammal eyes
cling to movement, thrash in water.

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