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The Will to Live

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On the green lawn of a city park
a sentence of dark insects completes itself:

Believe! Believe!
Above, two Monarchs matter and flash

in this immense summer air.
Small scraps of wing, good weather, a will
to live, they come
from the tenuous country of now

whatever the heart is asking for. Even if I
weren’t here

they’d still congratulate the sky
with a fragile disbelief in sorrow. Graceful

as the hands of the deaf
they form a language in air that I understand

almost not at all. Being human
I might say

they kiss and part and kiss again but
know they’re governed by desire

or law or lack to these
beyond me. They fling themselves

against a sky so big
they do not understand it’s there. Clouds

fat and ample grow
fatter still and if the old June maples

stand weighted and without words
it is not from human grief, or any other.