

## **The Flightless Moth**

At the Pyre of Life we exist  
As moths to the flames.  
Forever gracing one another's path  
Performing joyous acrobatic loops  
listening to the serenity  
Of wooden log's crackling symphony  
Unaware of when Loneliness will strike  
Like dull blades amputating wings  
We crash down upon the scorched earth  
While others continue to dance around the blaze  
Soaring high where cool air and peaceful views meet  
Enjoying their purposeful existence,

But here we are at our lowest tasting dirt  
Trying to cry but the tears are dry  
Even they had left us behind  
Upon this immolation of isolation.  
Strained to make a decision  
to submit here into ash  
or walk away to the outskirts  
embracing the cold forgotten darkness.

Yet it only takes a spark within  
to strike the fuel of courage  
breaking barriers with words of hope  
Where others can hear reachful cries  
Soon helping hands extend  
becoming the surrogate wings  
Colliding orbiting worlds  
Clawing out from the suffocating abyss  
Where all become twinkling stars  
In the Constellation of connection.

By  
Rowley