

Blue moon butterfly

by [Laura Reece Hogan](#) in the [November 17, 2021](#) issue

Let me see the wick of wing, white moons
surrounded

by blue-violet halos, etching
the black. Let me remember

it is also not that. Let me be
the compound eye
which slivers

 the ultraviolet spectrum,
populates the invisible

we call hope, which is also
not that. When will you come, Lord?
We have asked over the ages, over

the surfaces that trick light, over structures
which overlay all. Iridescent eyespots
blue the moon, shiver the signal—
your touch tender, silver-bloomed,
lapis ripe—when

you come, Lord, there is no when,
only a different light.
Let me not forget.