**Moths** *by Sheila Aldous*

She was painted black in that dark root.

The needlewoman in her spun a coat of silk

and while hidden away she thought

of the catwalk,

the sashaying.

In her closed world she busied herself

until she was ready to lift the corner

of the skin, its skirt fanning

outwards over the horizon

of a cloth seam.

She would never shine like her showy sister

but she had starved herself

until streamlined, to swallow instead

the caliginous clouds

in a dead night.

Then in the tree house she saw him:

his hands fidgeting moths as he sewed

stars into the hem of his wings,

preparing for his orientation,

drawing his map

of straight lines, fixing his latitude,

navigating the angle of his path

against the moon.

Then he saw her reach for the lamp

and he plummeted

spiralling out of course

into her circle of flame.

And for a moment

they danced together

into that strange encounter,

into the closet of light.