

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.