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Exorcism of a Moth

Silly pea-brained bugs. Always running into windows,
always running into spiders' webs, always running. Watch

them stumble and buzz, flicker and fly and fall to the
bottom of the lamp, dead. Always dead. Always running.

Humans know better than to run, but maybe they just have
nowhere to go. Where bugs are always running to, towards

the light or away from the dark or to nothing, to something
better than what nothing used to be. That moth, just there,

it's been fluttering near the overhead for a long while.
Thirty minutes, or all night. Kill it or it keeps going.

Kill it or it keeps going. One wing down, what, no blood?
Do moths bleed? No blood, then. It should still feel like

loss, but there's nothing to spill. *Kill it. Keep going.* It
twitches a little, on the ground now but it makes no noise,

do moths make noise? This is the kind of thing that's
known, typically. Keep up. *Kill it or keep going.* Which

one, then, what next. Where to run to. Two paths diverged
in a yellow wood and one said *kill it* and one said *keep*

going and the leaves were too thick on the ground to
measure the choice of any prior traveler and poor Mr. Frost

must have been in another wood, not this one. He found his
way home. Did he kill it or keep going? Silly bug, silly

moth, always running, you know what he chose. There may have been some wood, sometime, but the moth was too

busy running and flew right past it. Right past *kill it* and *keep going* and into the open arms of what should be an

exorcism. Tear a moth apart and it doesn't bleed, it runs. Kill it and keep going. Let a moth go free and all of a

sudden it's not quite like it was before. It's very hard to catch a moth that's already been released. You write *kill it*

and you write *keep going* and the moth looks happy on paper. Tell me, once you get back, if you enjoyed the

warmth of the sun. Tell me if it might have been worth running for.