

Great Migration

Rolling fog of crimson,
Moving over the rows of lavender,
Our purple crop sways in the wind.
Had the ladybugs wrought that breeze?
Could their countless wings shift the atmosphere?
Or else they ride the current of air.
Buzzing up and down, side to side,
Catching the breeze on their membranous ailerons,
Millions of corvettes with their sails to the wind,
The red beetles float,
To warmer places.
Thousands or millions or billions,
The bugstorm rolls along,
With the force of an incoming squall,
With the tenderness of a parting kiss.
Reach out with your hand,
Feel the swarm of beauty.
You may catch one amongst the millions,
She may bless you by her landing,
But do not keep her,
She has somewhere to be.