Like moths

at night—pine trees become outlines,

steam rises from the ground like ghosts—

deer appear on the edge of the highway.

Can we drive our life away?

We pass lonely houses with porch lights,

we never see anyone sitting in their rocking chairs.

Have you ever gotten the feeling you are

the only one left alive on this earth?

We drive by a light post — I see the moths clamoring for the light

craving to taste its brilliance,

darkness surrounds us——

all I can see is the moonlight.