

THE CADDISFLY

Passions being the sequels of our natures,
the caddisfly is and dwells in its own labor,
its homestead an evolution of the hunt,
dries da drab tent of its wings in the sun
with a man's fur arms, grows neither new
nor old but morphic in green current, the lost camp
of itself. Freshwater spumes with its tramp.
To please themselves and not displease
the fish, compleat anglers mimic its form
with their lures, casting faux pupae on high
Icarian arcs. I say there is no cure for this. Ideal
childhood pierces its living alter like a father's bark.
Fat as thumb, yr true pupa builds a lil
labyrinth to encase its youth in the dumbfound
dream of permanence. Brittle as nest
in your hand, its maze covers soft abdomen
in snarls of twig & cockle & gold leaf
mortared by protein. When the caddis leaves,
it pushes into atmosphere & breathes
fearless for a month. Its grownup face is chrome.

TRICHOPTERA