

Tull Jethro

"Moths"

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The leaded window opened
to move the dancing candle flame
And the first Moths of summer
suicidal came
And a new breeze chattered
in its May-bud tenderness
Sending water-lillies sailing
as she turned to get undressed.
And the long night awakened
and we soared on powdered wings
Circling our tomorrows
in the wary mouth of Spring.
Chasing shadows slipping
in a magic lantern slide
Creatures of the candle
on a night-light-ride.
Dipping and weaving flutter
through the golden needle's eye
in our haystack madness. Butterfly-stroking
on a Spring-tide high.
Life's too long (as the Lemming said)

as the candle burned and the Moths were wed.
And we'll all burn together as the wick grows higher
before the candle's dead.
The leaded window opened
to move the dancing candle flame.
And the first moths of summer
suicidal came
to join in worship
of the light that never dies
in a moment's reflection
of two Moths spinning in her eyes

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