

## **Lament for a Caterpillar**

**Lit by the sun  
the caterpillar  
holds tight amid the swaying leaves;  
its brown and reddish fur  
a simple robe.**

**Oblivious and meek,  
the chubby face hooded like a monk's,  
head rotating as in a silent chant,  
clipping the coarse  
edges of the leaf.**

**Plump, torpid dreamer!  
Patron saint of nurselings and late sleepers!  
Content with your myopic heaven  
of gluttony and slow pace -----  
yet naked and wet one morning trembling in air**

**you will not know yourself,  
poised for flight and ravaged with new hungers.  
This hermit's life, this cozy robe,  
these miraculous, steady feet  
will have abandoned you, there in the wind**

**with your heart pounding,  
your terrifying wings unfolding into uncontrollable kites  
above your head.**

**It will be too late,  
there will be no choice as you feel yourself  
lose touch,  
and carried off  
a smudge of powdery dust, rise  
dazed into the strenuous  
continent of sky.**