

Kevin Grauke

Ant

I hope to capture this moment exactly, how
the late afternoon sun on this sixth day of May
is shining now on this journal page so perfectly,
casting a shadow of my pen that looks like nothing
if not a hummingbird darting its bill into and out of
the flower of yet another attempt at something good.
Soon, the sun's gold will sink below the trees,
but for now it holds steady, content to give me
a little more time to try to capture its likeness.

Onto the glare of this still empty page an ant wanders.
Nothing more than a dark speck, it meanders about,
a mobile period in search of a true sentence to end.
I watch it move from here to there and there to there
until it finally disappears over the edge, headed elsewhere,
but not before leaving me a path to follow with the words
of this very poem, now finished and named in its honor.