

Not Quite so Insignificant

A sparrow hopped on my walk
and spied a chafer in a spider's web
outside my kitchen door.

She leaped in a clumsy hover
and knocked the beetle down;
then with her beak
flicked it over on the ground.
It lay still.

The straw colored corpse
was soon clipped in two,
nothing remained to be frightened.
Its left hind leg fell off
along with chips of chitin.

While the spider embalmer and I stood by,
two passive, indifferent mourners,
the bird became both casket and hearse,
took wing and bore off
the remains of the chafer.

Not much of a commemoration,
this simple poem for a bug that's gone.
Not much of a tombstone either;
all that remained
was a tibia and femur
and the oval form
of a right elytron.

Bruce Noll