

Ladybugs

Rebecca Denton

Outside, late winter endures,
But slowly is dying and
Spring is stretching her
Tentative, fragile, infant-
Like limbs as I observe you
Inside, all crawling
Chaotically, stark upon the
White clapboard walls

You are specks, really
Of no use to anyone, here
But gardeners and God
And I smile and think
About my best friend;
She came for a time
Here too

Icons of your speckled, dot-
Black and red bodies
Bedeck and fill her house in
Pillows, pictures, chimes
And even curio clocks

But time moves on
And she no long
Comes here to see you
And God
And fellowship
With me