

Lovebugs

by E. Kirsch

Black bugs are falling, fluttering down
like big, black snow flakes.
Two bugs, almost always,
sometimes only one.

I am returning home.
From your apartment with the red-checkered floors,
to mine own
with its stale white linoleum.

The bugs are returning, like always, to a humid Florida spring.
They fall, die, decompose.
Often in pairs with two black bodies looking conjoined.
Or sometimes rotting alone.

Acidic bodies burn paint and chrome.
Red, silver, blue. Sometimes green or black.
All colors turning to rust,
no longer new or pretty.

That's life I guess.
Theirs, ours.
Always with some things
fluttering to the ground.

