

*Mothman: Describes the Process of Metamorphosis  
in an Interview with The New York Times*

Longer than winter but less mechanical than sex.

A river slowly ripping a hole in its own shirt of ice.  
Something that keeps breathing  
until it outgrows its own cage of bones.

Imagine the sound of wind around a single wire.

Imagine the sound snow would make falling  
inside an amphitheater with no audience,  
followed by a sudden fear of heights.

Flight is for actual heroes.  
Truthfully, most of us can't tolerate that kind of loneliness,  
and most of what comes after is just an endless huffing  
about in the stadium lights.

I came into this world like every normal apple  
with an untreatable longing.

Did I always know what I was?  
I'll tell you what, I knew what I wasn't.