Remembering an English
Teacher’s Entomology Lesson

The poetry is here, she’d say
bidding us drop to all fours
in the dirt with her to see
connotative subtleties in greens
among caterpillar, mantis, and dragonfly wing;
she would show how to deftly dissect
subtexted hums known to sting
and allusions in what June bugs sing,
then tell us to take off shoes and socks
and give barefoot chase
to Mason jar capture a collection
of iridescent curiosities
and buzzing minor lovely things
to forever have and someday open
that nailed punched lid
to know the secret joy
in letting that firefly
piece of wonder
fly out into the world.

for Diana Maylett

—Rich Glowacki
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