

M.P. Jones IV

UBI SUNT

The monarchs have not been seen
for years in the numbers
with which they burst
over the washout
where we built our garden
when we had all the strength of our youth
and worked the ruined earth
like blue music
drifting over the cold river water,
resting on the cucumber's soft leaves,
and there fluttered
like dawnlight over the high hill,
borrowing their heat
from our summer air,
rising up over the dark river
until they vanished behind the bridge,
and then where did they go?