

GEOFFREY BROCK

The Mayfly: May 12, 1864

after Miroslav Holub

Having risen from a branch of the Ni River
during a lull in the Battle of Spotsylvania,
she settled on the blue upper lip of a dead
Confederate corporal, weary. As Union troops

began their fifth assault on Laurel Hill
she began to molt, her cloudy wings
clearing with the weather, her spectral body
brightening and swelling, as if the life

spilling from the ephemeral creatures around her
were filling her. Soon, she rose again,
joining the sudden frenzied cloud of her kind
congregating then above the creek's

fizzing waters, their wings ten thousand leaded
windows pierced by an angling evening sun.