Where She Always Was

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LADYBUG

During the night she had clenched between a field green and a crouton. I brought her out of the fridge stuck by a dot of parmesan dressing upside down in limp salad; her tiny legs, except the one flicking, lashed damp against her ebony belly; her red saran wings smeared shut. So when you came into the kitchen thuddingly happy, wanting to make our sandwiches, I had already grazed her off of a corner of dry paper towel onto the brick we used to wedge the window ajar the day, despite wrenching storms, that our love began to glide in by itself. And I lay her there on the gritty clay amazed by the science of tenderness, and how, without harm, the sun stilled her.