Phyllocnistis Populiella
by Maïté Agopian

White, tiny, hidden moth
All winter long
Resisting, waiting
Under the fallen needles
Of a white spruce tree

White is fading
Green is sprouting
In a hurry to extend my wings
In a hurry to spread my eggs
Powerful, Leading the play

Quick: look at me dance, mate, lay
Tiny dots
Hundreds of eggs

Watch my babies
Eating, growing
Carving, Mining
Turning, Designing

Slowly meandering
Left and right
Never down, never up
Clear pathway left behind

And yet…

Siblings meeting,
Fighting to survive
One winner
Cannibalism on the same floor
Dramaturgy on a single leaf

Siblings, cousins,
Sharing a leaf,
Each trapped on one side
So close, yet in opposite world
Never crossing path
A comedy in miniature

Thousands of leaves
None untouched
Some years less,
But often more

Muted aspen
Dull forest - yet not harmed-
Transforming the green
You like so much
In silvery hue…

…My color scheme!

Watch me
Protagonist of a never ending story
As after me, others, many
Your tragedy is my production
A seasonal show
You will not miss

Time to bow

Applause and remember…

Aspen Serpentine Leaf Miner
(Phyllocnistis Populiella) is my name