

# *Phyllocnistis Populiella*

by Maité 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*