

# Lifenotes: *Silkworm*

## Peter Shepherd

They had nothing to look forward to  
As far as I could tell, folded inside a white cardboard box  
Lifted by my daughter's hand from  
A schoolyard bin

But there they were,  
Munching with gusto.

They had not known what lay beyond the stem  
Like typewriters in reverse they  
Ate the pages they were written on.

There were two tribes:  
One, white, the other  
With black stripes  
One spun gold, the other  
White taffeta

Just this morning  
They had lain their armoured heads back  
Like laughter, or a shout, and  
Devoured those leaves in precise, wild, savage, delicate curves

Now I lower a drying leaf over  
The mystery

They had nothing to look forward to, as far as I could tell  
Down the long dark corridor of resurrection

Except more squealing children  
More green hunger  
The ancient myth of flight  
And moon

But there they were,  
Spinning with gusto.