

TOTEMS

by Katharine Zaun

I crossed paths with a beetle this morning.
Inky shell, squat and bulbous,
this polished, ugsome little lady staring
and vacillating her spurs.

Unmoving, I contemplated the crunch
she'd make stepping on her,
then I remembered my own life
and let her be.

Later, in a daydream, I picked her up
and she bit me, and woke me up
to my work. She rustled,
You reap what you sow, times three.