

## Change of Heart

*By Polly Gates*

I flushed a moth down the john today.  
Absentmindedly, I did not think  
of his convenience, just of mine.  
It seemed the simplest thing to do, but  
he was alive when I had hoped him dead.



The toilet waters roiled  
As the current swept him  
down a vortex without escape.  
I watched in horror as he panicked,  
fluttered desperately,  
bobbing lightly on the swirling waters,  
trying to fly up, but  
inexorably sucked down instead.  
The toilet belched as if content,  
and he was gone,  
carried down to drown in sewers  
far beneath the city.



A moth is meant for light and air  
not such a fate.

Later when I went to feed the dog a little  
caterpillar waited in his dish.

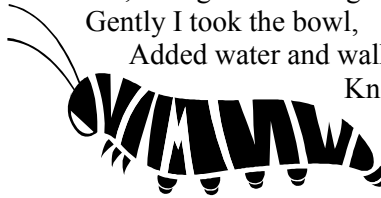
“Oh no, not again!” I thought

Gently I took the bowl,

Added water and walked to the back yard.

Kneeling down I slowly poured it out.

Soft grass and damp earth received  
my caterpillar. He was back again on  
firm ground and safe terrain.



So too, my goodness.

We all are on firm ground when we are kind  
to helpless things.