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An online journal for small literature

“To the Poet, Reading” by Hugh Findlay

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You speak as if you aspire
to something holy and perfect.
White light attracts moths.
They are blinded by mystery.
Like the light, your words
are no greater than you.
Like the moth, you are
scalded by hubris.

Hugh Findlay lives in Durham, NC, and would rather be caught fishing. He drives a little red MG, throws darts on Thursdays, reads and writes a lot, dabbles in photography and makes a pretty good gumbo. His work has most recently been published in The Dominion Review, Literary Accents, Tiny Seed Literary Journal, Bangalore Review, Burningword Literary Journal, Wanderlust, Montana Mouthful, Souvenirs, Dream Noir, Proem, San Pedro River Review, New Southern Fugitives and Arachne Press. @hughmanfindlay

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