Flight

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The monarch flew parallel when you rode your bike to the cove. Remember you thought she would flit and disappear, but she kept up—you pedaling at butterfly speed and she, catching currents beside you. A car came and you said look out and she veered upward, not because of your warning but because she knew what to do. And you were still together, beside each other until she disappeared, as you knew she would, into the forest or the dunes, you couldn’t tell, and you continued, holding to this story.