

To the Butterfly

Sunlight glowed through the orange translucence
Of her delicate wings patterned with black;
Vibrance bursted in green luminescence
Through the leaves above waving forth and back.

In delighted frenzy she fluttered on
Through a forest of light, beauty untold;
The beads of dew lit by the rays of dawn
Flew past beneath her in flashes of gold.

Her life's a dream but a single day long
From dawn to dusk lasts her transient flight
'Tis a life too short to understand wrong
For a soul too pure to ever see night.

In blissful ignorance her day flies past
With rapturous delight at every sight;
Every flower a beauty unsurpassed
Each moment closer to eternal night.

March, butterflies, to the grand drum of Time —
Flutter and dance while your hearts still thunder;
Plunge in that intoxication divine
Let euphoria rend you asunder.

Pause not for a moment in your pursuit
Waste not an instant of your life in thought!
Life's a withering tree so reap its fruit
Snatch the sweetest clusters before they rot.

Flutter and dance into the jaws of death
Yes, dance as a symbol of defiance;
In beauty's madness breathe your final breath
Embrace death in defiant compliance.

For in the futility of it all
Resides a great, unbearable beauty;

Keep your eyes fixed on the light as you fall —
Dance, oh butterfly, as is your duty!