

Butterflies In Space!

By Joseph Munisteri

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ButterfliesinSpaceJoe@Gmail.com

This book is dedicated to all of those who inspired me, never gave up on me, and encouraged me to keep going. You know who you are!

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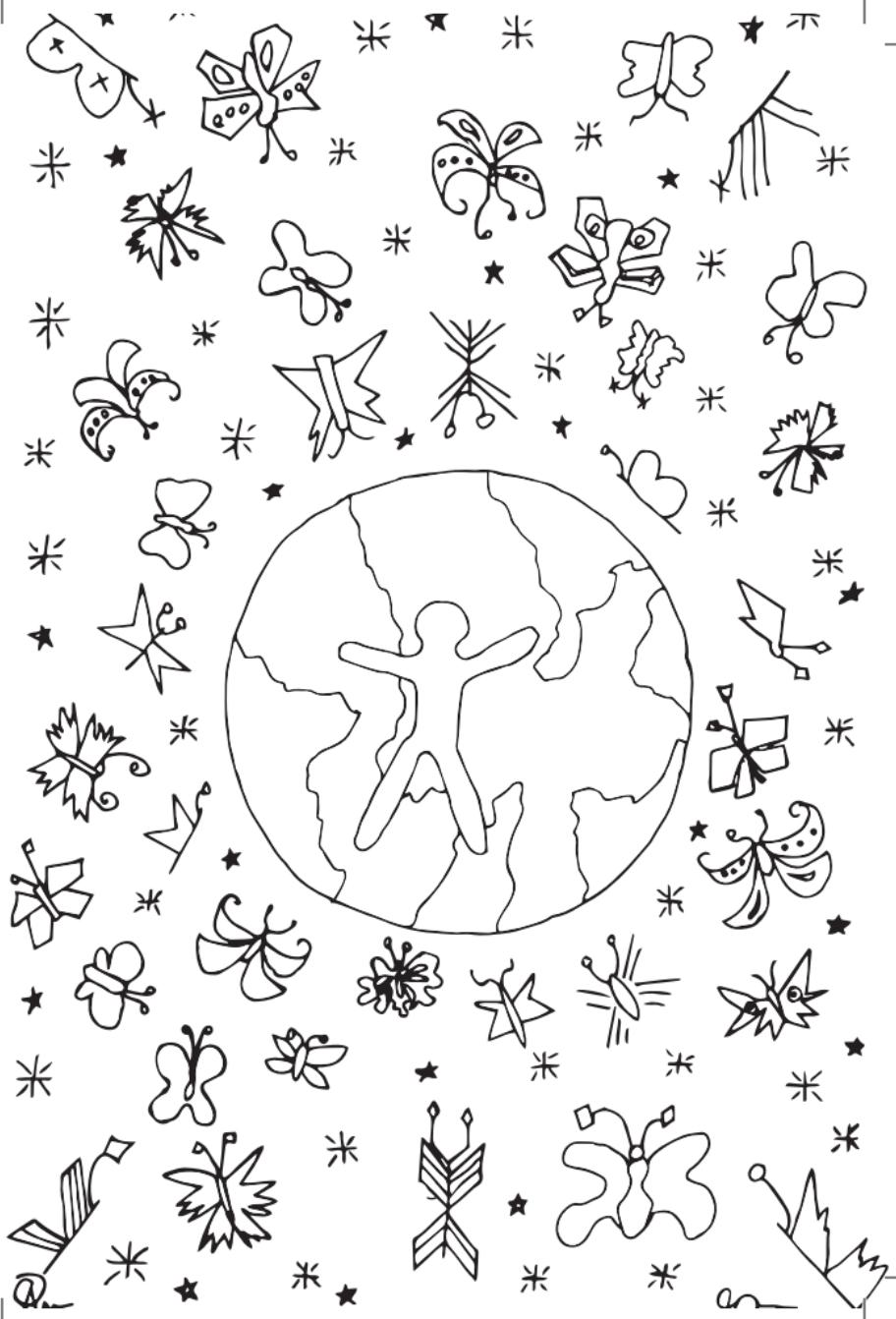
Butterflies In Space!

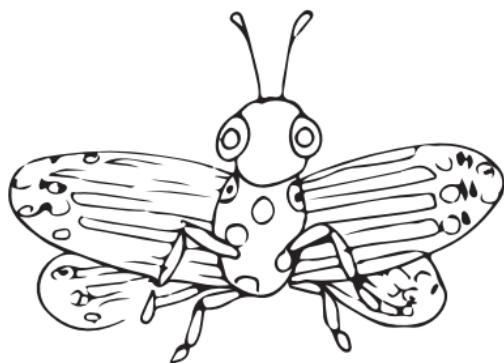
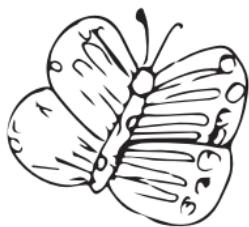
Year 69XX:

The Earth is gone; it disappeared a long time ago. With its loss, all human life disappeared as well. Perhaps it's out there somewhere. Who knows? Certainly not I. All that stuff may be gone, but the best stuff still lives on- all our hopes, dreams, visions, ideas. We always wondered what happened to lost ideas, lost souls, where a person goes when we think of them, whether they transcend our realm. The age-old question is out there, who created us? Are we alone? Is there an afterlife? Do we get a second chance? The answer lies within the souls of butterflies. They fly in space, flapping their colorful wings- with each flap leaving a rainbow amongst the stars! Each butterfly is unique in its own way, an infinite number of combinations, one for each idea ever thought, or will be thought; one for each soul; one for every couple that loves, or could have loved; one for every positive thought ever to pop into the mind; a flurry of positivity, colors galore! No wonder the Aliens, Martians, Venusians, even Plutonians come to visit where the earth once stood still; in its place a rainbow ball of beauty, constantly shifting, creating new ideas, transferring positivity into the universe. It makes one such as myself the last human, wonder why we started hating each other, having wars, preying on the weak, bullying each other, militarizing our youth, instead of embracing our inner selves, praising each other for

thinking outside the box. After all, our brain is shaped more like an orb anyway. Perhaps that's why I'm here; standing in the center of the butterfly sphere; standing at its core, under a crust of colors and emotions, to show the universe what peace looks like; to give those in need hope, a second chance at their dreams; to show others how to live life to its fullest degree, focusing on the moment at hand; understanding the universes sweet embrace. Showing others what a friend is. To lend that helping hand. These butterflies are a spiritual guide to the universe. Each having a story to be told behind it. They travel across life times to see the colors warm embrace. They leave happy and fulfilled- ready to live once more, as if given a second chance!

In loving memory to all those whom we have lost to suffering of any kind, be it mental or physical, and to all those who are still suffering. There is hope, people who care! Life's journey can be rough, but it gets better in time. Embrace yourself and follow your dreams. Let your heart show you the way. You are the butterflies' embrace!





Butterfly

I saw something beautiful,
flapping its wings.
At first, it was only a glimpse.
Swooping past me,
just out of sight.
But it was just enough,
to get my attention.
When I finally saw it,
it spread its wings.
Colors galore, like a rainbow on each wing.
As I investigated further,
it turned out to be,
A butterfly staring back at me.
I see its scared,
as beautiful as it may be.
As I get closer,
I stare back into its eyes,
as I am caught by surprise.
Through them, I am shocked,
by what I see,
I see me.



The butterfly on the window

The butterfly on the window,
sits there,
staring at its reflection,
Reflecting.



Butterflies in my stomach

Butterflies in my stomach,
as I sit here waiting,
to see a jeweler.

Butterflies in my stomach,
as I forge the ring,
from the molten metal,
that was once my cold steel heart.

Butterflies in my stomach,
as I mine for the stone,
that glistens like my feelings.

Butterflies in my stomach,
like when I feared talking to you,
for the first time.

Butterflies in my stomach,
as I decide
to spend my life with you.



Butterflies



Butterflies don't yell,



Butterflies don't judge,

Butterflies don't discriminate,



Butterflies are gentle,

Butterflies embrace uniqueness,



Butterflies embrace individuality,

Butterflies are silent,



Butterflies have overcome struggles,

Taking their time to grow their wings,



Once limited to the ground,

Now taking flight,



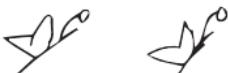
Flapping their gentle wings,

Embracing the sky,



Creatures so simple,

Yet so inspiring,

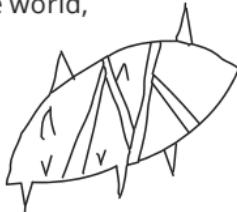


Let's be more like butterflies.



Rebirth

After getting hurt,
I became a cocoon,
Hiding from my problems,
Hiding in plain sight,
Just as a caterpillar eats away,
I indulged in what made me happy,
Slowly forming a chrysalis around myself.
Locking myself away from the world,
So I could heal,
Breaking out of the cocoon,
Sprouting newfound wings,
So I could soar,
Reach for the stars,
Without a care in the world.

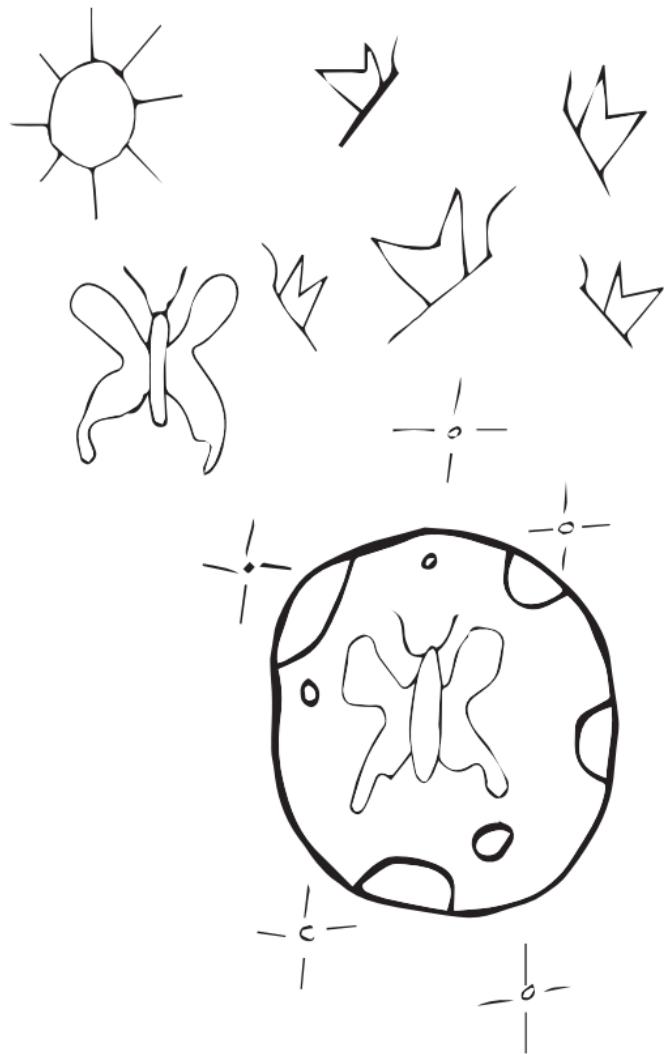




The Swarm(Bad Omens)

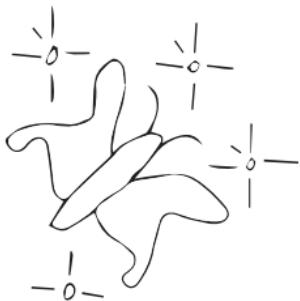
I dated a person,
Not very long ago,
I wish I knew,
What I know now,
An early date,
With signs from above,
A swarm of butterflies,
Creating a vortex of fear,
A Japanese bad omen,
I wish I knew some years ago,
What I know now,
They were warning me,
Of the struggles to come,
That I would get hurt,
But the shock of it all,
Left me with fear,
And in the end,
Heartbreak.

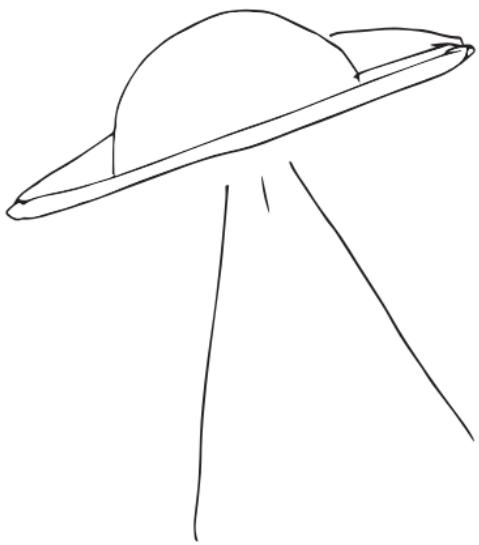




The Moth

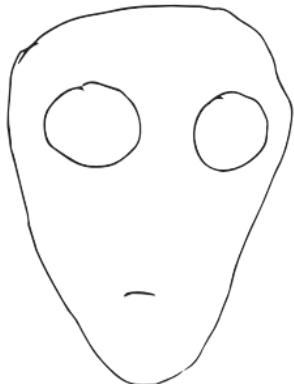
There was once an ugly butterfly,
Mocked by its peers,
Not accepted because it was different,
It never felt joy,
Until one day,
Or should I say night,
Every once in a blue moon,
We realize our true potential,
That's what this butterfly did,
When it saw that,
Bright full moon,
It spread its beautiful green and white wings,
That was the day it soared,
And realized it was never a butterfly,
Meant to look beautiful in the day,
But,
A gorgeous lunar moth,
Meant to glisten in the night.





Aliens

Those little gray men,
or perhaps they were green,
maybe they were lizards,
shining their bright lights,
flying their UFO's and space saucers,
creating crop circles in their free time,
probably probing the farmers along the way.
So much evidence leading to their existence,
yet they hide so well.
or.
perhaps it's just like everyone says,
I'm crazy.



Zzz

$\begin{array}{r} \cdot 1 \\ - 0 \\ \cdot 1 \end{array}$

Zzz



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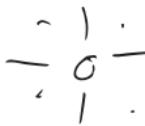
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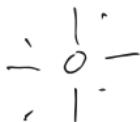
Zzz

Space age dreams

Space age dreams,
dreaming up a new future,
one not on earth.
A dream of exploration.
A dream of challenges.
A dream I hope to see.
A dream in the age of space.
One that constantly plays,
Over and
Over
in my head,
as I sleep in my space casket,
slowly drifting in a trance,
to my new home,
on a new planet.



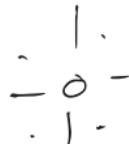
Z z z



Z z z



Z z z



Anxiety

Too much going on,
Clusters of fog,
Clouding my universe.



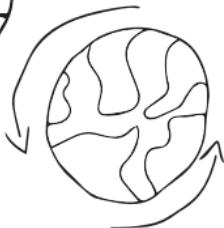
A well-oiled machine,
With a loose cog,
Starting its engine.



As the world turns,
Who knows what to expect,
I certainly don't.



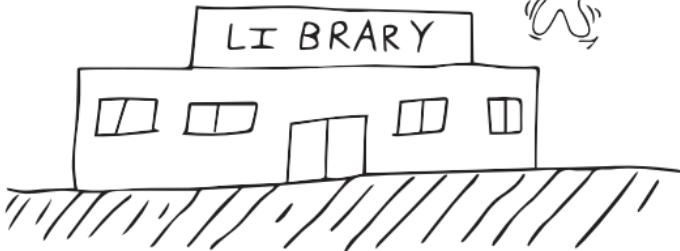
Judgments passed,
Decision made.



The world slowly turns,
And I will be left waiting.

CALMix

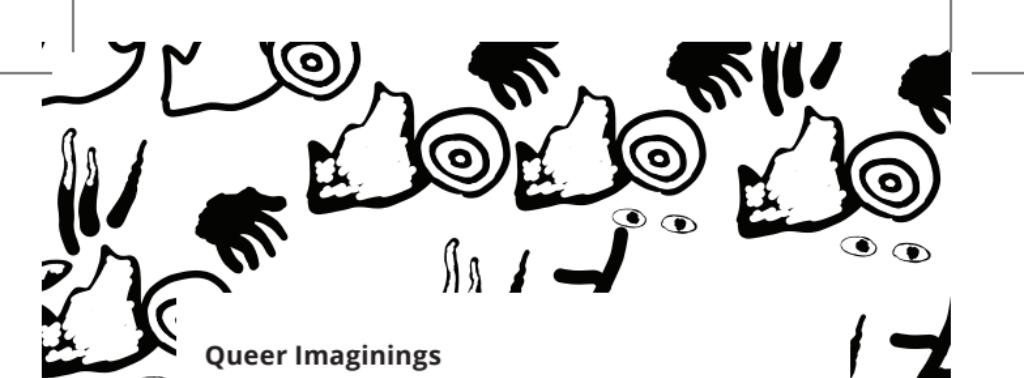
I'm stressed, I need an Escape!
I've heard books help.
I need to calm down.
Perhaps a book will help.
Let's go to the Library.



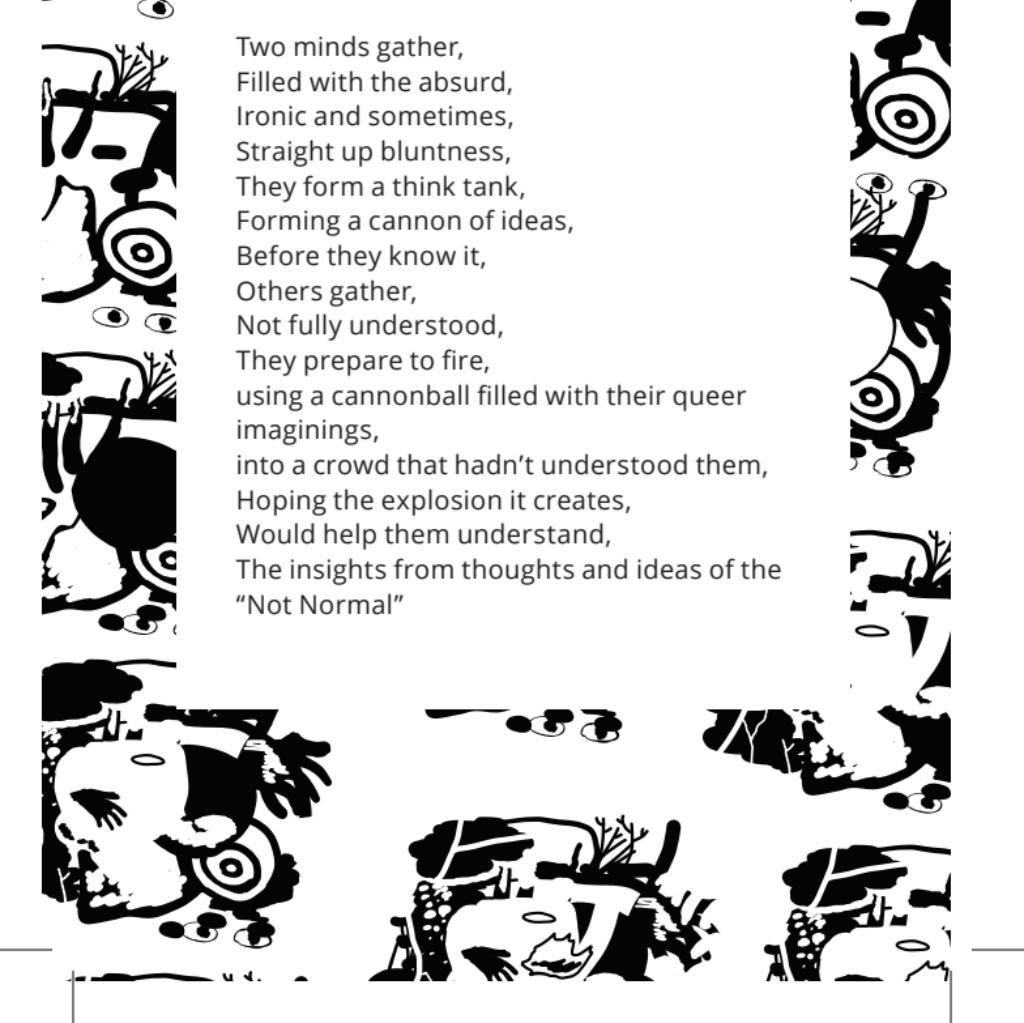
I don't like these books.
WAIT, I see Graphic Novels.
Someone says to me, "No those are Comics."



I reply, "No, these are CALMix!"



Queer Imaginings



Two minds gather,
Filled with the absurd,
Ironic and sometimes,
Straight up bluntness,
They form a think tank,
Forming a cannon of ideas,
Before they know it,
Others gather,
Not fully understood,
They prepare to fire,
using a cannonball filled with their queer
imaginings,
into a crowd that hadn't understood them,
Hoping the explosion it creates,
Would help them understand,
The insights from thoughts and ideas of the
"Not Normal"

Brainstorm

Here I am,
Stuck in a Brain Fog,
Electrical currents running through me,
As lightning strikes,
Firing my Neurons,
A Brainstorm is gathering,
My mind getting cloudy,
As my thoughts start to gather,
They get ready to flood my mind with ideas,
As it rains away,
My drought filled with bad ideas.
And then,
The lightning strikes,
And the crackle of the thunder speaks it mind.
I listen and develop a bright idea,
As the clouds dissipate,
And the sun shines through,
The brain storm of my mind!



Tree Hugger

That tree over there,

It's beautiful,

Yet everyone just passes it by,

Paying it no mind.

But wait,

Maybe if I wait a bit longer,

Still nope.

Perhaps I should take a picture,

as I go to snap the photo,

"She" shows up,

Walking over to the tree,

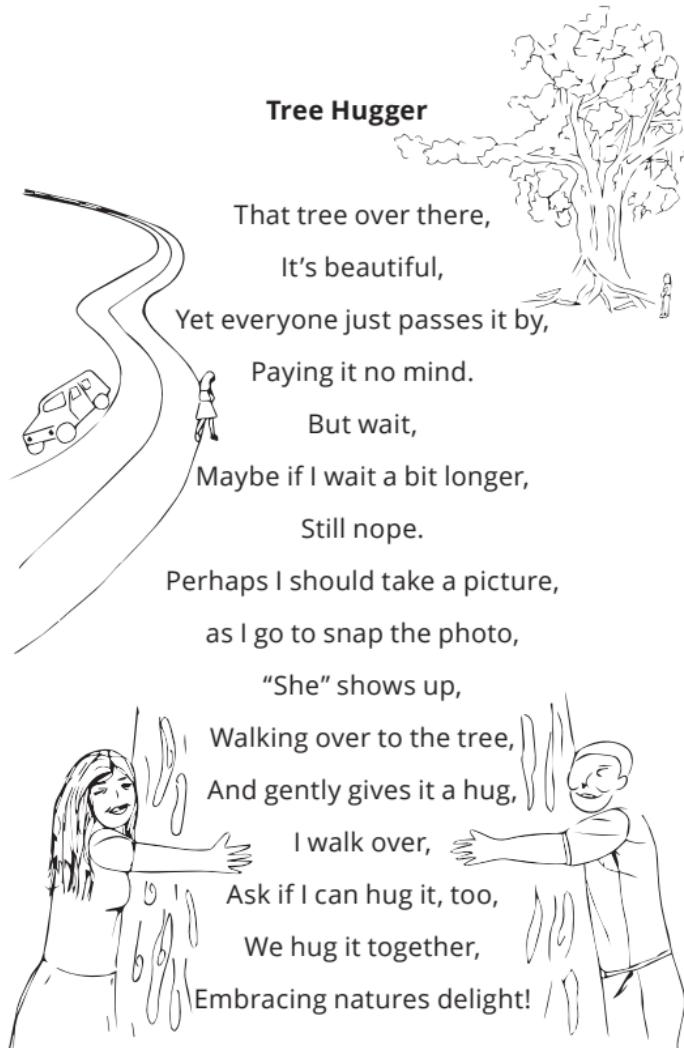
And gently gives it a hug,

I walk over,

Ask if I can hug it, too,

We hug it together,

Embracing natures delight!



The key to my brain

The key to my brain,
sits on my teacher's desk.
It was taken away from me,
taken away for questioning,
they told me I was too curious,
shamed me for my creativity,
encouraged me to act like my peers.

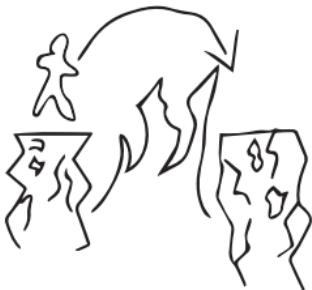
They took away the key to my brain,
they thought they could lock away my differences,
try to help me "Blend in"
but they hadn't anticipated me to research "Lock
Picking"
so I could unlock my brain,
and embrace who I am!

(social) work

Being social
is a lot of work,
having to get dressed,
at least halfway decent,
just to go be a part of society.
Meet at some locality,
whatever the hip place is this week.
Just to listen to drama,
you know,
the type that gives you that
cringing anxiety.
The type of drama you really don't need in your life.
Eventually,
someone decides to do or say something stupid,
drama ensues,
now its happening in face,
unfolding in front of your eyes,
now you try to avoid the situation,
and get out of there.
Enough socialization for the day,
perhaps the next few.
Too much work being social,
no wonder I'm a hermit.

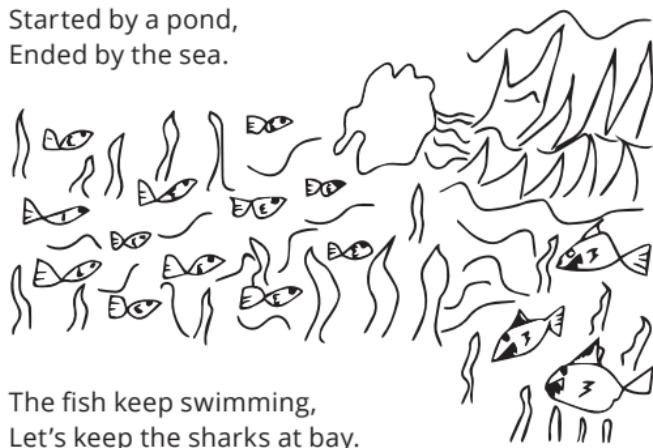
Believe in Yourself

A leap of Faith,
For a scary situation.



Led by a beacon,
Following thy heart.

Started by a pond,
Ended by the sea.



The fish keep swimming,
Let's keep the sharks at bay.

Caf(fiend)

She gave the kid a cup of coffee.
She hadn't considered the consequences.
Like perhaps the kid was sensitive to caffeine.
or perhaps they had an over active imagination.
And a lot of energy.
She soon knew though,
that she did regret it.
As the Caf(Fiend) started possessing the kid.
Bouncing all over the place.
Not shutting up.
Everything moving so fast.
No wait, that's just the kid.
Quickly giving her a migraine.
So she reacts by brewing herself a cup.
The kid notices and responds,
by asking for another cup.
As she slowly thinks to herself
"What have I done?"

His TIME is Important

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

The gears slowly turn as the hand continues to spin in circles.

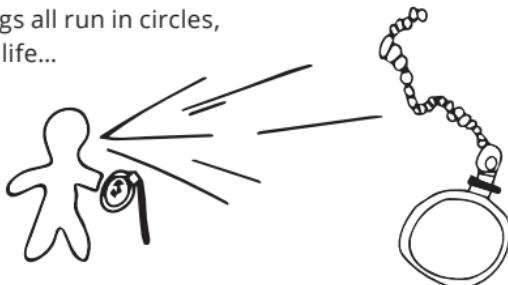
The cogs and gears ever rotating in never ending circles...



Until the battery runs out...

No battery here, just a (Mechanical)winder watch.

The man realizes that just as the clocks hands, gears and cogs all run in circles,
so can life...



he decides to reset the time on the watch.

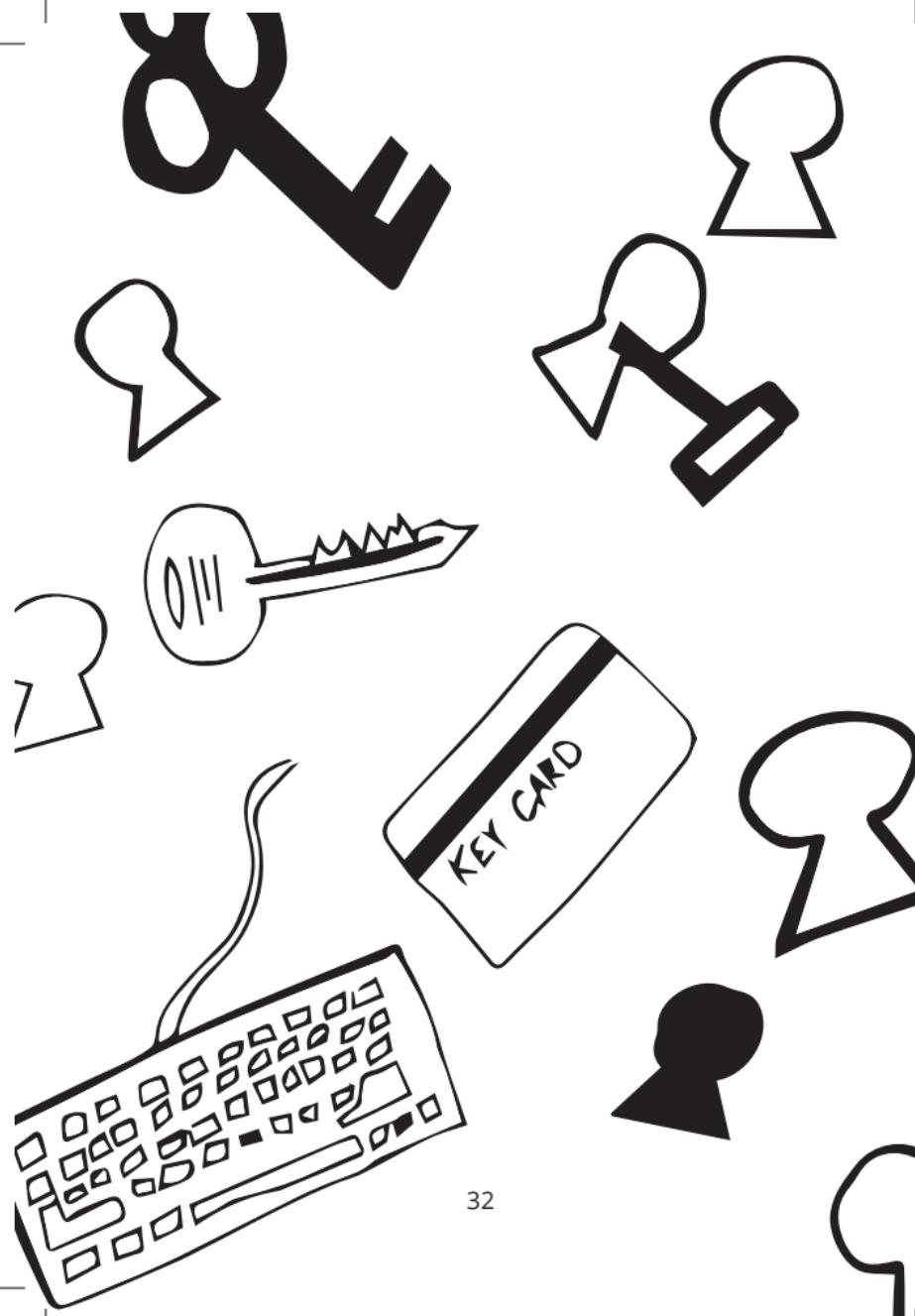
"No need to be late" he utters to himself,
as he chooses to overwind the watch.

Clang, clink, tick, tick--... stop!

All the movement stops,
as he shouts:

"Now I'll never be late; I've all the time in the world!"







Keys

Something so simple,
Yet so complex!

So many different types,
All with a similar purpose.

Some simple, some fancy,
Some literal, some metaphorical.

All unlock something,
Everyone has one!

I know what mine are,
What are yours?



Gifts



Not all gifts cost money,



The best are free,

To witness nature,

Or to see a friend,



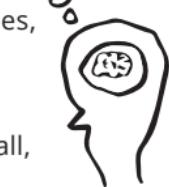
To feel loved,

Or better yet,

Accepted,



To meet new people,



To experience life,

To develop new memories,

And share old ones,

But the greatest gift of all,

Also happens to make me feel blessed,

To know that amongst these blissful moments,

I can experience them with you!

In The Footsteps of My Mentors



In the footsteps of my mentors I stand.

Their shadows now replaced by my own.

My shadow now towers over another,

Guiding them,

As my mentors guided me.



Yet my shadow is still guided by a light.

The light of my mentors,

Shining brightly through me.

I stand in the large footsteps I create,

Never forgetting the shoes my mentors gave me.

The path I run may be my own,

But the road I run on was paved with their help.

Now as I give shoes to another,

I remember how my mentors passed their torch to me,

Now, as I promise to guide others,

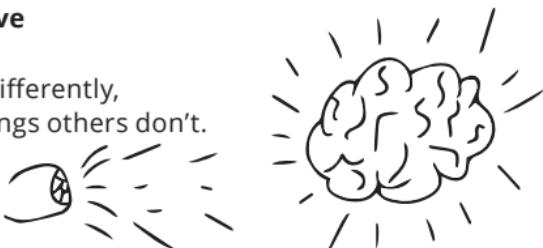


I will always remember how they once guided me.

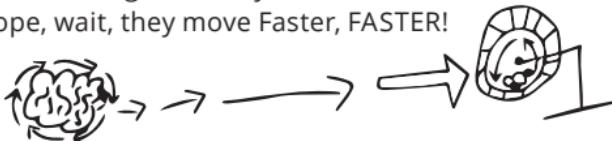


Perspective

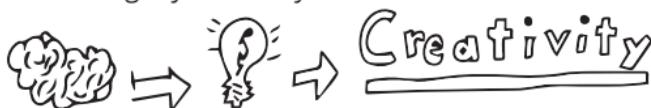
I think differently,
I see things others don't.



Ideas moving fast in my mind.
Nope, wait, they move Faster, FASTER!



I get ideas,
Embracing my creativity.



Others look at life through a keyhole,
But the forget Keys turn both ways.



Instead I search for new keys,
Unlocking my mind as I go!



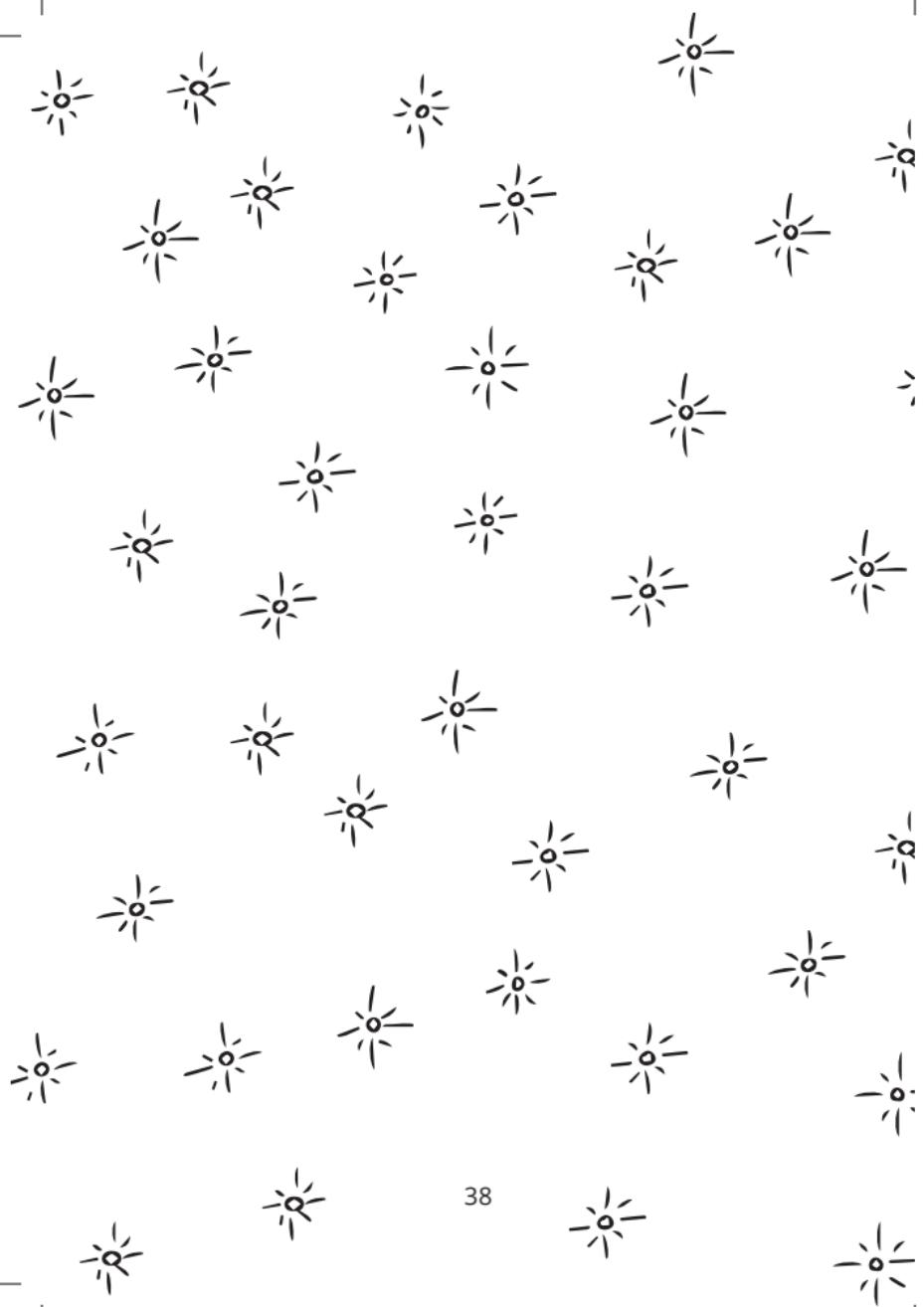
What I've been taught

I want to believe,
what I've been taught.
But what I've been taught,
Is to question what I've learned.

This gets me thinking,
Sitting in deep thought,
Questioning reality, the universe,
What I've been taught.

This stirs my perception,
like a chef cooking a stew,
made from the leftovers,
of a failed recipe.

Attempting to salvage some flavor,
or at least,
some form of sustenance,
creating a conflicting taste.



Sometimes

Sometimes I think,
Sometimes I question,
I question life,
our existence,
what's our purpose?

To each their own I guess,
our own individual views,
our own struggles,
our own reasons for carrying on,
never giving up.

But why?
Why? Why? Why??!!
everyone has their own reasons,
their muse, inspirations, role models, aspirations,
to keep pushing forward!

WHY? →

That purple car

That purple car,
with its giant wheels,
and its loud engine.
Only taken out in special occasions,
like racing day,
or those car shows I never go to.

That purple car,
with its pearl stripes,
and its one seat.
Making those who see it,
smile,
secretly wishing,
they could drive it.

That purple car,
you know,
the one that creates memories,
not just for you nor I,
but for all who see it!

Racing Day

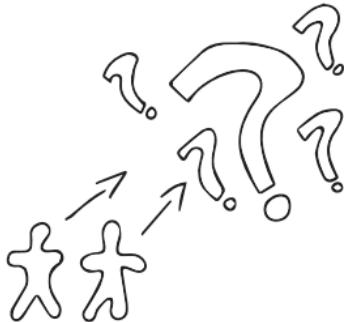
Today's the day,
we've been waiting all week for!
We get up extra early,
just to load up the trailer.
We gotta get on the road early,
time flies so fast,
throughout the week.
We move so fast throughout the week,
isn't it a bit ironic,
racing day is slow?
We get to the track,
now we wait,
wait, what's that?
Time trials,
now we're waiting again,
round 1, go!
That was quick,
now we wait some more,
a few hours later,
round 2 go!
over so quick,
now we wait for round 3,
now the fun begins,
what was once slow,
has built up momentum,
by the time we get off the track,
it's already round 4!
Round 4, go!
Over? No, wait, Round 5, go!
We keep it up till its over,
till we win the finals,
each round passing so fast,
while the time around us moves so slow.

I Must Confess

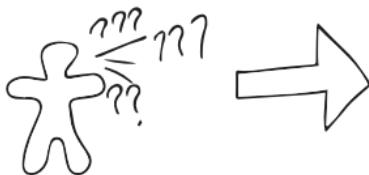
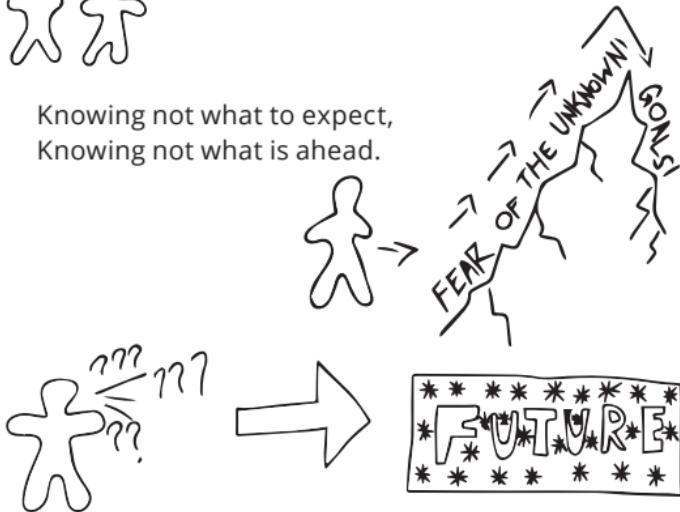
I must confess,
that sometimes I stress,
During those times,
mentally I feel like I am committing crimes,
Not actually breaking the law,
but instead a personal code,
One I chose to bear,
However, sometimes following it,
makes me want to swear!
But I must confess,
I always push through.

Keep Moving

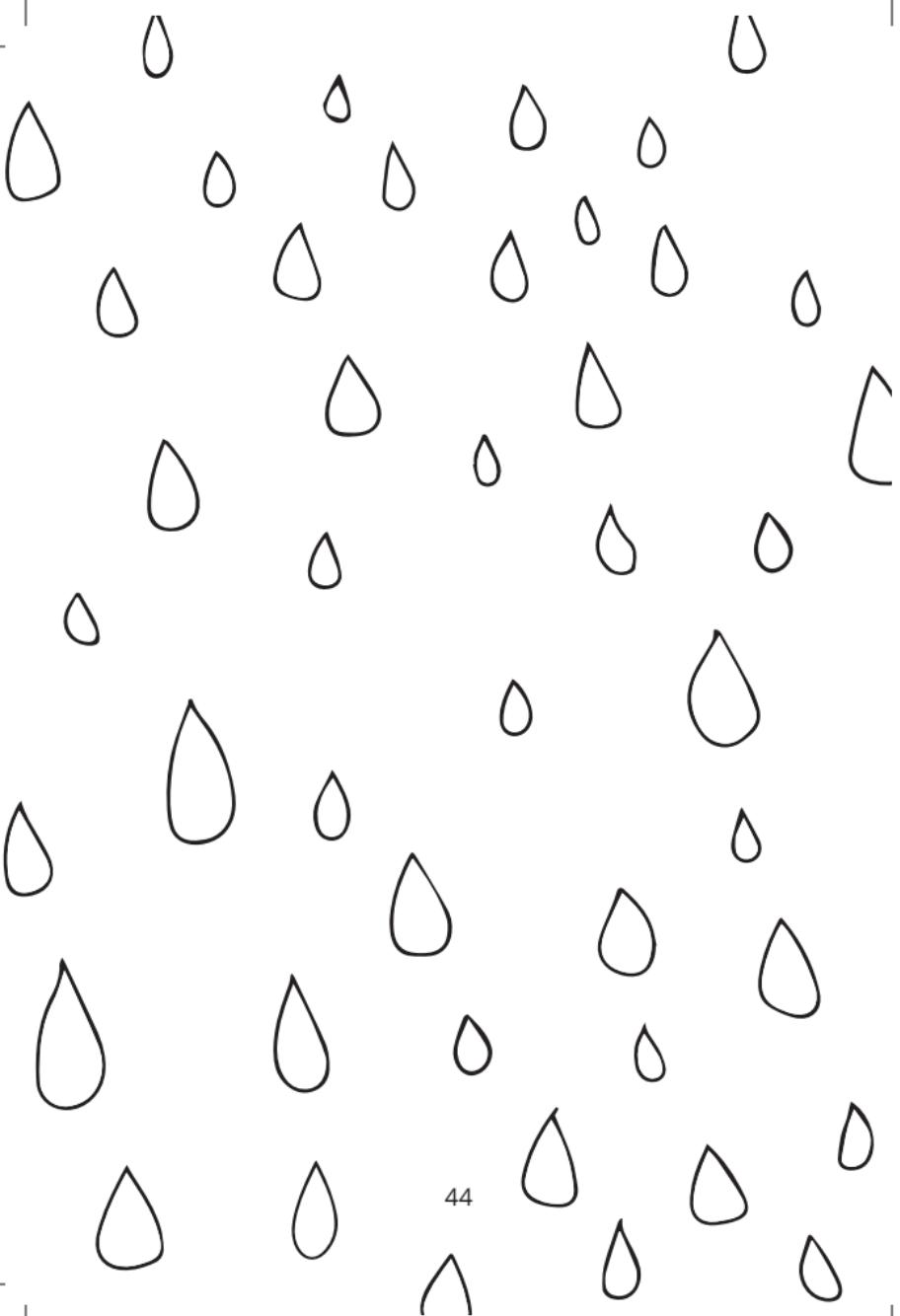
Mind made up,
I know what to do.



Knowing not what to expect,
Knowing not what is ahead.



Forward to the future,
Not sure what will be said.

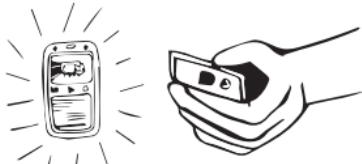


Crying

Hey, are you ok?
Leave me alone...
I can see you are upset..
leave me be...
well, if you need someone to talk to,
I am here.

The Black Mirror

Hey, let's hang out!
What should we do?



Let's find something on the internet,
I can use my phone!

10 minutes, 20 minutes,
2 hours later...



We still haven't found something to do,
We did find lots of cat videos, though.

I know, let's go for a walk.
Ok, but let me finish looking at this first.



No, let's put the phone down!
Experience life, stop staring at
THE BLACK MIRROR!





Enhancing the Truth

I won, now the post-war documentation,
The tales of my war story!

It needs some Humor!
Perhaps a bit of Tragedy,
Toss in some Exaggeration,
A tiny pinch of the Truth,
But not very much.

Now we mix it all together with my Ideals!
Now, That's what I call a history book!

Fidget Spinners



Fidget spinners...

I see them,

I don't get it,

Let me try one.

Hmm...



Whirrr, Whirr, Whir...

Ok, maybe,

Nah, I'm bored already.

I don't understand the craze.

Maybe its me,

Oh hey, this one plays music,



Meh, that's just dumb,

Or perhaps,

They're just not for me...



Dear Nessy

I've heard you've been spotted
once again,
Ironically in the Loch Ness,
What a Surprise.
I also read a story where
you were spotted over at
Lake Champlaine.
Oh, and Before you ask,
No I don't have Tree Fitty.
I have heard hypothesis
Though, That you are actually
a dinosaur; a Plesiosaurus To Be
Exact. You're a creature of
imagination; a wonder I'd love
to see;
But Alas,
Perhaps you don't Exist...

Sincerely,
A Believer

Not the Facts

We lost, some of us died even.
But we were never asked,
Our opinion,
Our side of the story.

Dead men tell no tales,
But they do when they are alive,
Sending a message home,
In case they don't survive.

The carrier pigeon,
Knowing more,
Than the history books will tell.

After all, the winner doesn't,
Get to hear,
The loser's tale.

And neither do you...

How to Claim the POAP NFT and Receive a copy of the NFT edition of the Book and Audiobook:

- You are going to want to create a Cryptocurrency wallet.
- There are different types of wallets; metamask as it is pretty universally used, to do that visit <https://metamask.io/download.html> If you are using a phone or tablet download the app and if using a computer download and install the chrome extension.
- Create an account. You will be given a set of “keys”. Usually there are 12 to 24 words. Write these down in order, DO NOT SHARE THEM. They are the back up for your account if you ever lose access to your account. No one should ever ask you for these keys.
- When creating a password, it is best practice to create something that is AlphaNumeric and also utilizes both uppercase and lowercase letters as well as special characters. Do your best to create something that you will remember that others won’t guess. You can also write this down with your notes on the keys you wrote down earlier. One way I like to think of this is instead of creating a “password” is to create a “PassPhrase”. An easy way to do this would be to think up a sentence like “Butterflies in Space! is the #1 book!” and remove the spaces

so you then have a strong password so it would be "ButterfliesinSpacelisthe#1book!" alternatively you could utilize a password generator/manager or password authenticator service.

- Once you have a metamask account created you now have a wallet you can use for Opensea, mintable, rarible, unifty, and many more. From this point forward, I will be referring to metamask as your wallet.
- Let's take a moment to explain how the wallet works. Your wallet can manage multiple different addresses and blockchains. There are various blockchains that can be used. Your wallet will be where your funds are held and where any NFTs you mint or receive are held. It will also be what you will need to sign any transactions for example when you mint an NFT or when you connect to an NFT market to list your NFT for sale.
- Now that you have your wallet, you can connect to the NFT markets like opensea. Opensea is one of many NFT markets, however I am going to use Opensea as the example as that is where the NFTs of the book will initially be released. In order to receive a NFT edition of the book, you will need to first claim one of the POAP NFTs which is an NFT that you may have received with this book.

- Choose your NFT market, so in the case of OpenSea, you would visit the site opensea.io
- To create an account on Opensea, you must first connect your wallet to Opensea. It will ask you to sign the transaction, select “confirm”
- Creating your account on Opensea will be like your basic account creation, name/username, photo, header photo, bio, etc.
- Next let's claim the POAP NFT(Proof of Attendance Protocol) that you may have received as a bonus with this book
- Please download the POAP app from the Google play or Apple app store if on mobile or visit the Poap. xyz website listed on the card included with the book.
- Next link your Ethereum public address found in your crypto wallet(metamask account you just created). It should start with 0x....
- Select Mint if using the app
- Enter the claim code if using the app it would be the last 6 digits of the URL you received
- If using Desktop visit the URL directly and enter your Ethereum Public address

- Your POAP NFT should then automatically mint on the “Xdai”(Ethereum Layer 2) blockchain
- After you claim your POAP NFT, the Book and Audiobook NFT will appear in your OpenSea account under Hidden Items on the Polygon(Matic) Blockchain. To view it, you will need to select Unhide and confirm the transaction with your wallet. The book will be distributed in waves, please be patient while it gets sent to you!
- To receive the NFT edition of the Book and the Audiobook, please be sure to mint your POAP NFT, then at a future date the Book NFT and Audiobook NFT will be airdropped* to you on Opensea.io and will be found under the “Hidden Items” tab on your profile next to your favorites.

*Unless otherwise noted, in the event of any change in plans, be sure to follow Butterflies in Space Joe on Twitter at @butterfliesinsp for updates on this, and any other potential changes that may occur.

**NFT editions of the Book and Audiobook will also be Available for sale.

Joe's NFTs on OpenSea(Polygon/Matic) can be found here:

<https://opensea.io/>

[ButterfliesInSpaceJoe?tab=created_collections](https://opensea.io/collections/ButterfliesInSpaceJoe?tab=created_collections)

or simply by visiting

www.butterfliesinspace.com

Joe's NFTs on Algogems(Algorand, Verified) can be found here:

<https://algogems.io/collection/3216>

Joe's NFTs on HashAxis(Hedera/HBAR)

<https://hashaxis.com/collection/62223cd3131cf10015c1b039>

Additional books and resources Joe has created are available on his Amazon Author Page:

<https://www.amazon.com/author/josephmunisteri>

Want to support or donate to the project directly?

You can send crypto donations directly to the crypto address:

butterfliesinspace.nft

Or via

Venmo: @butterfliesinspace

Cashapp: \$butterfliesinspace

Paypal: butterfliesinspacejoe@gmail.com

About the author

Joseph Munisteri aka Butterflies in Space Joe is an artist, light painter, photographer, poet, writer and disability rights advocate. He is expanding his Butterflies in Space! series via NFTs or Non Fungible Tokens which can be found by visiting www.Butterfliesin.space

You can follow him on Twitter at @butterfliesinsp and on Instagram at @butterfliesin.space_joe
Joe also does Amazon influencer product reviews which can be found at Www.JournalsByJoe.com and he has a podcast that can be heard by visiting www.literatureleap.com



