

## METAMORPHOSIS

We've plodded through a weird and weary time,  
Called Winter by the calendar alone;  
We have beheld an earth pool-deep in slime,  
Image a heaven of stone.

We've found life hid between the folds of mire,  
Sensed life in every place, heard life in tune.  
The earth-shell cracks with underneath desire;  
Spring crawls from the cocoon.

Her puny wings vibrant with will to grow,  
She clings, expanding like an opening eye;  
More large, more able, more developed, lo,  
The perfect butterfly.