The Butterfly

Was about to end the carnival of autumn

Was a tiny caterpillar born awesome

For he thought to rest on the ground

And to swallow the leaf around

Till his life was all bound

Paused all the time

In his cocoon till the nine

Bloomed then the wings of disguise

For all of it was a pretty surprise

Turned thy crawl place to place

To a butter fly without a trace

Days past eighty four

Found no peace flying soo low

Aimed to dive deep in the sky

For his peeps said thou shall die

Stubborn he was to never settle

Faced thy wind like a rebel

Power of will on his mind

To the wind was he never kind

Believed in wings that they were the best

All he wanted was his faith to manifest

Painful were the wings flying so high

A thrill for which he never did cry

Far down below were the eagles sailing

The mountains floating

The rivers driving

And thy colorful nature soo amazing

From the flower to the sky

Were all the struggles glancing inside his eye

Happily with a smile

returned his place so fine

Waiting were new journeys on his list

Ready he was with a raised fist

Gathered his peeps

And he scratched the leaf

“ If it’s an obsession

Thou shall have no limitation”.

~AlieN