

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Butterfly

By: Rylee Davis

I

Among budding flowers, delicate and bright,

I dance endlessly

Around nature's light.

II

I was lost in its wings,

Like a canvas.

Painted with grace,

Each hue a story, glittering in flight.

III

Through fields of gold and forests green,

A silent sideways journey, the Butterfly seldom seen.

IV

Butterflies, frail and feeble they believe.

Are we?

Yes.

Nature knows our fragile beauty.

V

In the garden's heart, it flutters by,

A silent poet beneath the sky.

Each petal a verse,

The breeze a rhyme,

In nature's sonnet, frozen in time.

VI

Its delicate bestowed beauty,

A symbol of hope on a troubled day.

With weak wings,

It defies the sky.

From humble beginnings to flight,

My Butterfly, a testament to nature's might.

VII

Dear Lepidopterophobia,

While irrational and real,

Why do our fluttering wings inspire a chill?

VIII

In the soul's flight, it finds its home,

A spirit unbound, no longer alone.

Amongst the stars, it dances free,

A butterfly of eternity.

IX

A Butterfly gone in the blink of an eye.

It scared you, there and gone.

Its presence still tangible,

Singing a mocking song.

Is it ornithophobia?

Its flapping wings?

Or mere existence?

Nipping at your seams.

X

In twilight's glow, it bids adieu,

A fleeting moment, brief but true.

As dusk descends and stars ignite,

The butterfly fades into the night.

XI

Upon a flower, I gently land,

Sipping nectar with my delicate care.

In the garden's tapestry, I stand,
A tiny jewel.
In the depths of the forest's shade,
In nature's sanctuary, I am unafraid.
A creature of beauty, pure and bright.

XII

My Butterfly—my being—navigates with ease amidst the bustling day.
My wings, a beacon in the fray.
I try and try to fly to a land of otherworldly happiness;
Forever failing to reach my desired destination.

XIII

In metamorphosis, it sheds its past,
A transformation,
Egg, adult, larva, pupa.
Past, future and present,
The chrysalis' crevices cleave and crack.