

A Butterfly Away

Before I knew the butterfly's name, I
knew of it's wings, I knew of it's dark
shadows and ability to transform
things. My Grandma said, "Better days
will come." A young caterpillar enjoys
the Rising of the Sun. As I look into all
that I hope to achieve, I realize I'm no
longer stationary; I shall soon have to
leave. For many moons have called
upon my name.... I've heard the cries
of many skies and still I came....
To spend my transformation where
I'm appreciated the most, One butterfly
away from peace. "A Butterfly Away"
from my post.