



Not really about a butterfly

Look at you now.

You put on your show.

Your butterfly colours are warmly aglow.

It's hard to imagine

That not long ago

You were a mere silent pupa

With nowhere to go.

You flit and you flutter

Cry, "Hey, look at me!"

And all turn their heads

- wondrous beauty to see.

But where have you come from?

And how can this be?

Before . . .

Not one head would have turned.

There was nothing to see,

- just a little green ball,

curled up on a tree.

Is it dishonest

to change rapidly?

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