

Chasing Butterflies

I'm greeted by a clock.
Towering above me,
I feel weight,
trickling down my forehead

My pen, a butterfly net
Handle clutched tight
Waving with the palms
Cast high and wide

"We are adventurers!"
A little girl proclaims,
Peeking under a large yellow leaf
Toppling over her head
Eye's wide in awe,
She dashes through giant rhubarb,
Marveling under vast, canopying leaves

A water droplet slides,
reflecting vibrant shades of green
Catching at the tip,
swelling,
morphing,
growing
Unhinged at last,
Welcomed by the soil

I haven't found my butterfly

The clock's gaze fills my mind
Clouds pace across the sky
I follow a small songbird in haste
She leads to the Southern Hemisphere
A dozen more, just like her, darting back and forth
They fly to the cedar of Lebanon
Singing with glee, perched on outstretched arms
A play-ground for the birds,
A choir for the tree

Nature's applause gives way
wild,
loud,
sincere
A fountain's splash of joy
I bob to the beat of the dock
blanketed by lily pads,
The pond gives thanks by flower
Emerging gentle pink folds
Sweet perfume delights

I haven't found my butterfly

I cross to open plane,
hills of shimmering green
Darley heath circle my feet
Purple buds spring from twig
I stand and listen
Squirrels chitter chatter,
Distant tires splash
The wind hugs my ears
Leaves sway and rustle

The clock ticks
The sky shades grey
My pace quickens
Desperate to fill my net
I hold it high
and run

I haven't found my butterfly

Like popcorn,
leaves golden
bursting each in time
They fill
and fill
and fill
my net
I empty them,
And then again
Overwhelming,
never-ending,
they keep coming

My arms give to heaviness
No monarchs,
swallowtails,
cabbage whites
No, not even a moth

I dance in tornados of gold
beyond control
Spinning through the field
Trees ache
Flowers bend
But the leaves know
together we settle,
still,
Earth clutched tight
golden

I have found my butterfly