

Even In Death...
The Tale of a Dead Butterfly

Floating, drifting, flying
On opaque, fiery, wings,
So light and silky
They seem translucent and ethereal
As they untraceably pass through
The cerulean, endless expanse of the sky.

But not to last,
You, nor the serene, silent world
In which the soundless rustle of the leaves
Is the loudest sound.

Silence, and then the infinity of nothing,
Life broken and gone like the wind,
As if it were never there.

Taken, removed from this world forever,
Or perhaps, to be reborn once more in beauty.
But still taken.
How?

The darkness of roiling clouds,
Before one final flash of light
Sent you spiraling down to earth
On broken, charred, and burning wings?

Or the roar of something unnatural,
Something of manmade, strengthened steel,
Which uncaringly, unknowingly,
Snuffed out the flame,
And called back the tide
Of your already ebbing life.

Or was your time simply up,
Your hand played out,
Aged too swiftly
In a world moving too quickly,
Towards an unseen, unknowable future.

Somehow,
Some force of nature,
Some machine,
You still fall,

Shattered and defeated,
The life stolen from your pristine wings.

And you land,
One
Last
Time,
In a
Final,
Uncontrolled,
Glorious descent.

Spirit gone.
Soul,
Stolen by the eternal darkness
Of the yawning abyss which waits,
Shrouded in innumerable shadows:
The creature of our darkest dreams.

Now, your tiny, insignificant body
Is splayed out upon the pavement,
The dancing flame of your life taken.

A reminder of what waits.
Why we are scared to leave.
What comes next?
We will never know,
And yet, even with the knowledge
Of the futility of our search,
You still bring us something...

Even in death you bring us beauty.