

I Will Be a Butterfly Again

I am a caterpillar again,

Crawling over the slippery leaves of life with my many little feet.

My glorious indigo wings have fallen off and I can no longer fly or float along in
the currents of wind.

But I am lucky because I can still spin a fine cocoon---a chrysalis---and I will.

I will cover myself from beginning to end in my finest silk, and when light is
finally shut out I will sleep deeply,

I will dream.

My spirit will soar through the heavens and I will find a new consciousness.

My wings will sprout anew, but this time they will be bigger, stronger, and they
will look like the deepness of midnight---a brand new indigo.

I will fan my new wings slowly,

And while I rise on new wind currents I will look back on the kaleidoscope of
colors, shapes and forms which are earth, which are life.

I will fly to a new earth and new life---A new beginning.

The new butterfly will be me.