

A Reflection of Speech

I
I once had a talk with a butterfly
That is,
She talked...
And I wondered why
My words weren't working
After lurking
Over my head
She
Turned off her wings
And sped ahead of me
She then said,

*Like beat poetry back in the day
Your mind..
It don't wanna play
With something it can't understand
So ...I demand
That you let go of what you know of
Only then can you let in
Something new that you don't know about*

I started to shout
And she whispered over me

*You're so silly...
Believe, I have better things to do with my day
Than to stay and parade around you
While you spew out sounds that hit the ground
And aren't getting you anywhere*

So, with a glare she led me to follow her
And there began...a brand new day.

I
I, once had a walk with this butterfly
I then wondered why
She'd fly and I'd float
Why
I'd cry and she won't
And this was because
She knew something
That I could never comprehend
That our joints bend in different spots

Like the ones on her back
I lack
The skill and grace
To avoid a fall on my face
And in my mind, then erase
This very insightful experience

She
She then, decided
And I complied that
It'd be a fancy idea to step into her place
So I crept to the left
And let her borrow my Face
Just to see how far she could travel
Before her pride would unravel
Into the threads
From which she was made of
I laughed
You're not a dove
White and pure
Rather...
A dark entity from above
With a love
Of the tight and obscure ways of our society

She then twisted and turned
She looked at me
The words whispered were burned with clarity
Into my head as she said
Why did you think you couldn't fly?
I said I hadn't thought
But knew
And as I talked
I flew
Just as she had before
This made me think of more feats I could accomplish
Had I only a wish
To do so myself
Instead of for everyone else

So I asked her...
Have you ever
Wanted to be a bird or a plane?
A word or a name?
Anything else
But your present form today?

*What for?
What more could I have ever asked for
That I don't possess now*

Said she...

*Honey,
I never have to figure out how
To do what you
And the rest of mankind
Have been dying to document
How to soar...
How to vent your anger through pores
My translucent presence
Never conforms
To your society
Though...
You've always tried to copy me
It's a tragedy
That they all could have known
So much more
Had they asked
Sat down
And grasped a very simple concept
To accept the fact that
Imagination
Promotes creation
And idea supports a nation
Of people that are too proud
To step outside the crowd
And into something supernatural*

And just as subtle...
The mouth loaned to her
Opened
And spoke a blur of words
Explaining what I never knew
She flew
Because she had to
God
Shook and threw the wings onto her back
While inch by meter grew the crack in her spine
Developing
Into a perfect line
One that would exude

And absolute
Symmetric quality...
Balanced, for all to see
One now that I now wore with
A confidence I never had before
With a smile
That lasted all the while
We conversed and in a wink
We immersed
Ourselves into the sea
With my body she swam
And with her eyes I agreed
That my life should be lived
Until I die

This
This butterfly,
Gave the credit to her Creator
To the one that made her
Into such a beautiful being
An all seeing creature
With a rather unique feature
Her speech

And with this knowledge
I reached for my face
And held it with the grace
That it deserved
A bit unnerved
I asked if we would ever meet again
She said

Only
If we greet as men should civilly
Without rivalry and converse
Without time to be
Self conscious

I said yes
I can do that
And with a snap
I slid back into my frame
I informed her of my name
Strangely enough
Her title was
The same.

Special Delivery

How many have lived to tell
Of an experience
Wrestling with an angel?
Many times I've prayed
That my eyes could see
That which to some extent
Might frighten me
However, never would I imagine
A being so strong
With glorious splendor
Who has travelled so far from home

I glanced up at him and
He knew I perceived
That he held a blessing
For me to receive
I asked him quite nicely
And to my dismay
He replied,
No
I'll return some other day
Well this would not do
So low and behold
There arose a spirit in me
That was Holy Ghost bold
In one steady stride
I grabbed hold of his arm
And he tossed me aside
Shockingly, without harm

How foolish of you
To try to test me
I did come down here
But not you to see
This blessing's for one
Who really does need it
Now, that is my word
And you'd do good to heed it!

With this I had had it
And as quick as a blink
I threw down my purse
Right into the sink
We dashed around madly

All over the room
Until all of my fight
Was completely consumed
We were evenly matched
Him strong and I quick
'Till I fell to the ground
Exhausted and sick

*Why won't you give up
And let me alone
I dropped in by mistake
I thought no one was home?*

Even if that's the case
You're here just the same
And on the blessing you're holding
Is still written my name
So just hand it over
And I won't tell God then
How stubborn and awful
You truly have been

*Are you threatening me?
I'm His favorite in flight
I
Will tell him
Of this little fight
Then what will you do?
He'll be so upset
That in the Book of Life
Your name, He'll forget...*

Well now this, had done it
He'd torn up my house
Denied me my blessing
And wouldn't get out!
As if this weren't enough
He'd put me to shame
Then threatened that God
Would forget my name
So I went to my shelf
Flipped open my Bible
And turned to the pages
That stated my title

Fear not little flock

For it's God's good pleasure
To give me the kingdom
And all of its treasure
There's no respect of persons
With God reigning above
And yea He has loved me
With an everlasting love!

The angel stood shocked
And shed one small tear
For those were the words
He'd been waiting to hear
He looked up and said
With the kindest of eyes

*Here is your blessing
You are noble and wise
You have trust in the Lord
And leaned not on your mind
Always declare what you know
Leave the fighting behind
I was not sent here to
Provoke you to hate
Only to encourage you
To just use your faith
You have wrestled with me
'Till a quarter to three
And it took you this long
To sing the right song
For by grace are you saved
Through faith
And not works
As he adjusted his halo
And flashed a quick smirk*

*Well off am I now
To return to the King
He'll be pleased to know
The blessing's been received*

Well gee, thanks a lot
And what of this fight?
He looked back and said
Don't worry. Goodnight.

I jumped on the phone

To tell of the visitor
That had just left my home
I opened my package
And inside was great wealth
For in this small bundle
Was my family and health
I looked up and smiled
Excited to see
The angel I wrestled
Smiling back at me

Wisdom of the Heart

I once soared,
Roared like waves on the shores
Then was marketed in stores , they
Used me, beat me, cheat me,
leave me
Alive, then let me lie
Drumming, humming, strumming
My own strings and things
Clipped my wings--I no longer sing
I prance and glance around at others' defensive stance
Give me a chance to sing my song
Long and strong for the throngs of
Feeble people, peeping at me through the peephole
Spying, lying, crying, sighing, dying
Minding everyone else's business
But their own
They call themselves "grown"
But they've never known
What it's like to be me
Then they'll see that unlike me
They are all free
And I bound by bones
Alone
It's not easy being smart
I am wiser than the brain
And I am just
A broken heart

