

Autumn Butterflies

With each breeze, a few blew down

Fall falling leaves painted the ground.

An autumn dance was underway-

I watched two butterflies dive and play.

After dips and flips, the dance was done.

I saw two butterflies become as one.

A Day Unlike Any Other

I don't remember being a worm

or a cat- nothing about that.

And that ten days as a chrysalis, nothing at all.

Can you suspend belief in my first person story?

It's just a device, like some of your own.

My small brain has more important things to remember

like finding milkweed, a mate,

or flying 2500 miles to Mexico.

I was born in Maine where milkweed is abundant

and spent an uneventful week as an egg.

I never met my parents, but I had many siblings.

We ate the milkweed down to its stalk

And became very plump before something

very strange and marvelous happened-

That week of slumber and transformation-

and that morning I woke up and spread wings!

One week I was crawling on a half-eaten leaf.

Two weeks later I was sailing over New England

hills and mountains- to where?

There was no where, only the daily flight.

I often stopped to nectar at all those wildflowers

and in your wonderful gardens. Thank you!

Some days I flew over schools, churches, cities,

But there were better days, too.

Some nights I was joined by others. We huddled together
like that night in the pines on a Long Island beach.

I remember what you call Cape May, New Jersey,
and that long flight above the lapping waves
with no land in sight. Was I scared? No.

Mostly I flew alone, following the updraft of ridgelines.

Then one day, the mountains disappeared
And my journey was hard, often into the wind.

When flowers and nectar were hard to find- I flew on.

When thunderstorms and rain knocked me off course
and out of the sky, I hid, just like my siblings,
some who had been blown into the vast ocean
or were struck by lightning or shredded by squalls.

I never thought about those things,
never imagined or feared. Every day
had its challenges. Every day was the same.

None of your state borders were noticed, not even

That wall by the river. Nor did I notice

Some of you trying to cross that river and the wall.

Soon there were mountains again, and I flew on worn,
torn wings, flew fewer hours. The days were shorter.

I followed those mountains for hundreds of miles
and one day I saw many of my kind flying in the distance.

Where were they going?

And the next day was unlike any other! I flew along a ridge
at 10,000 feet and below me was a blanket of orange!

I dropped down to see- thousands, no millions like me
clinging to oyamel fir trees on the mountain sides

in the cool mountain air. I nestled in with so many others
of my family and became part of that orange blanket.

The late autumn sun set. My journey was over.

Fable of Beginnings

Fable of Beginnings

Once, from primal, timeless sea
A fish broke through, emerged, flew free-
A flying fish morphed into fable,
And from creation's black hole cradle
Became a singularity.

Timed yawned; space rubbed it's eyes
Witness to cosmic surprise.
As fish ascended, developed flight
Soon eagle wings burst void of night
With speed of wings an eagle soared.

And not just one but many, cascading-
A storm of eagles masquerading-
Quirky quarks and burst of joules-
Space warped to time and time to laws-
Billions of eagles. Effect was cause.

Eternity mated starry wing climb.
Space wedded time, the ringing of heavens.
And far flocks of eagles kindled the edges.
Some flew for light years as fable of feather
As time-space elopement expanded together.

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Then one by one they fell from black yonder
And each eagle fall created birth wonder-
Feathers were land, eyes- oceans and seas,
The beak and talons- the mountains and trees
And soon creatures crawled, and one stood upright.

But time fragments followed. Eternity dragged.
The fable unfolded, and all boundaries sagged.
Time ran out of space. Space ran out of time.
They returned whence they came to eternity's slumber.
No memory remained of the eagles' great number.

Darkness, denseness, timeless cradle
Until a fish broke through, flew free,
And flying fish morphed into fable.
And eagles soared for eternity-
The dance of time and space embraced.

Then boundaries sagged and space fell through,
Time yawned, eternity withdrew-
Till eons later a fish flew free-
And from creation's black hole cradle
A fish once more- morphed into fable.

Moral High Ground

This is no moral high ground I've learned.

My moral mountain is your worm.

What I do for conscience sake

You abhor as slug or snake.

So when we maim, defame each other,

We've got our righteous reasons, brother.