

Butterfly Wings

In the yard today walking through the bushes,
Out the corner of my eye something was there;
In an instant I caught a glimpse of the thing,
Was it a leaf or just some random dirt?

The color was white and quite small,
Never staying in one place for long;
I have seen this before each year,
When the grass and flowers begin to grow.

A tiny and delicate wisp of nature.
Surveying the landscape for a landing;
Once taking a moment to forage for food,
And finding a safe haven from enemies.

To some it is considered a tasty morsel.
Looking like barely more than a bite;
Other see the beauty in the appearance,
With colors as if painted with a rainbow.

This wonder of nature abides in the world,
Seeking only food and a place to perch,
Eating very little because of the size.
But bringing beauty to those around it.

From egg to caterpillar and then pupa.
The final stage is of a radiant adult;
To complete the cycle by laying eggs.
This is the simple life of a butterfly.