

## Dance of the Butterfly

Nature releases butterflies  
to wake us from sleep  
so that dreams may be born

Tiny emissaries,  
seemingly of little consequence,  
invite us to envision peaceful possibilities

With delicate thrusts, they  
propel motion--buoyantly,  
as though possessing heavenly spirits

They float and careen over rocks  
and ridges, grasses and flora, darting just as sprightly  
along dusty roads as green meadows

Soaring ever so lightly from the ordinary  
into the realm of the magical, their ethereal presence  
reveals the grace of a grander scheme

As a child,  
I tried to capture butterflies in a net, contain them  
in a jar; their frail wings did not give me pause

to imagine how fragile their flight—  
how wrong my attempts  
to snatch them from the landscape

Rising skyward above green trees  
or alighting on the dew-grass of summer  
the dance of the butterfly carries this message to earth:

*Living is a delicate freedom*

—Theresa Hickey

