

SKY DANCERS

*There's something happy about butterflies.
They flit-flitter as they flutter by,
flying flowers against the azure sky.*

*They alight upon the milkweed, and then
they circle, soar and alight again,
toe-dancing on pink petals in the glen.*

*Ever dwelling in hue and sweet fragrance,
in garden splendor they flicker as they dance.
Pollination is purely happenstance.*

*I delight in their overflow of joy.
(They wouldn't even know how to be coy.)
A flame of mirth! A whirligig! A toy!*

*Do they recall they once were grubby worms,
remember well their dark and squiggly squirms?
Reborn, now grace and beauty each affirms!*

*This almost seems to be sheer fantasy,
sky dancers as enchanting as can be,
springing from blossoms right in front of me!*

*So, merrily a-nectaring they go,
reaping and sowing sweetness in day-glow...
Seems they have learned what all of us should know.*

*In contemplation of their simple ways,
I wish to add their ballet to my days,
to sky dance gracefully on wings of praise!*

Maude Carolan Pych

