

Butterfly Morning

by Jane Flett

We woke up, pawed the dozy covers from our eyes
and discovered somewhere in slump of sleep
we had transformed ourselves into butterflies.

You didn't believe it was possible.
You were caterpillar-brained from the start and our
gaudiness made you blush and stutter.

We had seven days for flapping, seven days
to jitterbug and somersault and ricochet,
and challenge the Azaleas to leapfrog.

We woke up and we were whirlpools of spilt turquoise oil
with wings for flying, and

you pressed your eyes shut and rolled over
without so much as a flap.

