

# lepidoptera

*by Peter DeWolf*

The little butterfly struggled against the wind.

As little butterflies sometimes do.

Tossed and turned around by relentless, uncaring gusts.

The little butterfly would make progress, but then be pushed back.

Tantalizing close to where she was heading.

A feeling more than a destination.

Calm.

The little butterfly kept on.

She had been through a lot. More than the little butterfly would admit.

To most.

Still the scars on her wings did nothing but accentuate her beauty.

Golden.

Warm.

Catching the sometimes elusive sun.

The wind blew up again. Mercilessly.

She was whipped about.

Back to where she started.

The little butterfly kept on.

The little boy watched the butterfly struggle from his window and wished he could help.

As little boys sometimes do.

