Waiting for Butterflies

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Waiting for Butterflies
Emily McNeal

I do not stay for the daisies
that nod their heads gently to the side.
I do not stay for the sunlight
that warms every inch of my insides.
Not even evading thorny vines,
that snag and rip uneven skin,
hold me to this glen I find myself in.

The encroaching dark woods spew lies,
woody words whispered by leaves too soon.
The trees laugh from their lofty heights,
rushing the end when it's barely noon.
We have yet to hear the clock proclaim
whether the time is wrong or right.
But the time will come when I meet the night.

While I still bask under the golden sun
I will watch the viceroy lay eager eggs
upon the knife sharp edge of leaves.
Where they'll awake, with wandering legs,
wandering mouths and wandering minds.
Knowing the time to drop their heads,
waiting to unroll wings like silken thread.