

Because of the Butterfly by Sarah MacNeil

The butterfly rests  
For the span of a breath  
Its movements soft  
Before flying aloft  
Flutters, flits  
Then it takes off  
Away on the breeze  
With an ease that belies  
The storms on the rise  
That stem from its wings  
Being raised and lowered  
Over and over and  
Over they shower the world  
With trickles of wind  
That grow to gusts  
That give way to gales  
Whirls and whorls  
Like bellows in sails  
Buffeting each ship  
Through the craters and crests  
Of each wave in the ocean  
Each wave of emotion  
Crashing and flowing  
With no way of knowing  
Just how it will  
Stop.