

Loralee Moon

She *For Sandra*

She who opens doors
within doors within body
within muscles within mind within minds
eye envisions butterflies envisions metamorphosis
is tickled laughs at the thought of caterpillars wrapped
in silken cocoons she who opens doors within doors within body
within muscles within mind within minds eye envisions butterflies emerging
from chrysalis envisions butterflies emerging from leafy cover her heart flutters
she is tickled she laughs at the thought of butterflies at the thought of flesh
separating from tired bone and becoming wings at the thought of pain
becoming colors at the thought of loss becoming colors at the
thought of letting going becoming yellow wings and
orange wings and blue wings she laughs at the
thought of sky at the thought of
bright flowered fields at the thought of having
mouthparts that can suck nectar from flowers she flirts
with the thought of a massive migration she has diurnal musings
of us all unfolding and flying to Mexican mountaintops she has thoughts
of establishing a butterflydom her mind is flitting around a butterfly language
and butterflyisms but we are creatures of a cold climate and we fear this journey
we are afraid of butterfly-hunters and butterfly-catchers and butterfly-nets and we
have butterflies in our stomachs at the thought of this whole business of releasing
and moving them to and fro and back and forth we know she has the right posture and
a strong back to hold her wings erect we are afraid she will detach from her socks
lose her flesh unfold toes unfold legs unfold arms unfold fingers unfold hands
unfold tight muscles unfold body into bright blue wings
we are afraid we won't make the flight
we are afraid we have no wings
we are afraid we will fold in
we are afraid we will have to
go back.