

Butterflight

A new monarch
just out of its cocoon
flits over the yard
over the city park
over sweet marigolds
over two boys playing catch
over a white-haired man
working on his 1966 Chevy
over an Amway salesman
with his bulging briefcase

back and fitfully forth
dodging into a rose bush
sipping necessary nectar
flying quickly up again
over lawns and fences

never to be seen twice
by surprised admirers
along its jerky flight
to a final destination
farther away than
anyone can imagine