

THE CHOICE - Emancipation

By Robert Fitt

I saw a
Butterfly today,
Whose struggle
For rebirth -
Pain-shot by the
Rigors of her womb's
Entombment - showed
Bright hope.

I stopped...
Entranced by this
Holy emancipation...and
For a brief moment -
Like a speck of time
In the vastness of Eternity -
I seemed to see and hear
The sights and sounds of
Angels...
(Almost as though they
Lined the playing field of life),
Cheering for the
Butterfly - cheering
Her on!)

The vaults of heaven seemed
To reverberate with
Angelic sound,
Chanting:
"Come, Butterfly,
Cast finally aside all
Fear fetters
That hold you now but
Tentatively bound.

Reach, Butterfly.
Stretch forth your
Glorious wings. The
Limitless eternities
Beckon to you...
Reach!"

And it was gone,
The brief mind-vision
Was gone;
Leaving only light-filled
Thought
Echoing and re-echoing
Within me.

"Reach, Butterfly,
Fly Butterfly!
Even now only shreds
And vestiges
Of your pain's Cocoon
Clings to you...
Look to God,
Cast them off,
And live!"