

THE CHOICE

By Robert Fitt

The cocoon
Quivered. And,
Wriggling
Forth from silken strands
Until her sheath was shed,
A butterfly was born.
The sunlight
Shimmered upon her
Fragile beauty and
Showed-off the new
Creature like a proud
mother.
Passers-by marveled.
"How lovely," exclaimed a
Dark child.
"I'll catch her and put her in
A bottle."
But mother said:
"If she is enclosed, she will
Die."

But the dark child, net in
hand,
Ran cleverly to trap
The butterfly.
"He shall not catch me!"
The Butterfly exclaimed"—
Skittering forth from leaf
To limb.
"My freedom is too
New to me—too Precious!"
And dodging artfully,
Eluded capture.

The clouds descended...
Blocking out the sunlight's
Guiding hand...and, left
Alone in shadow,
The beauty brooded—
Turned inside
Herself,
Shunted off the joy of
her
Newfound life and
Friendships—and
Shriveled.

How sad." Said a light
child. "That poor
butterfly is
Sick. Can I
Catch her and
Help her?"
But mother said: "If she
is
Enclosed, she
Will die."

Wings flapped feebly as
The butterfly
Heard the light child
Speak;
She desired to
Escape
The shadows into
Her mother
Light and
Friendship's
Joy;

But it was too
Painful—too
Demanding.
And, seeking out
Her birth's
Cocoon—
Searching for
Escape—
She slipped Back
Deep
Within that
Womb
And enclosed
Herself.

Because she
Chose
To.