

METAMORPHOSIS

I.

cycled
life existence
in circular winds
unborn karma present-
tense history whose
expectant of potential defies
the odds of description cater-
pillar lowly positioned human being
sentenced like worms this mud-journey
receiving the coldness of concrete after
the rain limited by fencing with breath we
crawl traversing predacious terrain in fear of
beaks defenseless womb within prison weaken placenta
a pupa presented latent ability to compose an abode but
hindered "cut-off-ness" no family no friends just
broken feelings Doomed not knowing it's healing
in the minds who heal themselves inside these
temporary cocoons.

III.

II.

III.

wish my past (INSIDE THESE ROOMS was here
to see but THOSE HANDS THAT deep inside
a Monarch knew HEAL THINGS one day
i'd be GIVES BUTTERFLIES thanking
THOSE WINGS)

IV.

Disasters that helped
her caterpillar
turn into
the

Butterfly birth
intended for
me to be.