

The Flight Of The Butterfly
Diana Coale July 23, 2007

Apparitions glow beneath a moon,
forthly, iridescent wings expand
flutter softly to destinations
of unearthly dimentions.

Fly, little ones, fly
is a wish sent from children's lips
to angelic butterflies
gently dancing through the sky.

A mystical child's tale comes to life
eyes shining, head tilted to the sky
lips part in glee at the sight
of imaginitive fairy tales flickering by.

Towards promises of tomorrow and furthur
each and every single one follows the leader
and children's eyes slowly close to slumber
on thoughts of lullabies and flights of butterflies.