

BUTTERFLIES

These ugly worms weave
Their caskets from brown spit.
Threads of saliva
Are wrapped like watery vines
Around their tombs.

Butterflies are the best proof
For resurrection.
They are not nailed to the cross
By their own, and still.
They rise and fly to glory.

Unashamed of its desire for isolation,
The worm seeks out
A hidden limb
A crevice in the wall
A hole in a fence post.

Hidden throughout winter
Baptized by the rains of spring
They open soggy blood-drenched wings
All over the world.
I would kiss them if I could.

-- Julia Carlson