

Butterfly

A butterfly with broken wings
Paints the blue sky as she sings
A tune in tones of loneliness,
Serene and serendipitous.

I see an ocean in her eyes,
The stars before a clear sunrise;
I feel the scent of a summer breeze,
On a sandy shore of reveries.

Would she fly into my arms,
Held captive by a stranger's charm?
Could she flutter with a smile,
To come and play with me awhile?

Love leaves footprints on a trail
Of tears that cry to no avail;
A stream of petals, floating thoughts:
She loves me, she loves me not ...