

## *Being*

I'm to be a butterfly

- a thing of beauty,
  - a creature of freedom
    - just now crawling in great weakness
  - from my chrysalis
- freeing myself from a past container,

becoming a new creature,

- quite different from both the previous caterpillar
  - and the chrysalis so seemingly dead,
  - the passive link between them,
- a dead self no longer essential for life.

This new weak being that I am, is struggling to reach the light,

- to be free from the previous existence's limitations
- but able now to enjoy the same air,
  - surroundings and circumstances with new vision.

Don't take my struggle from me

Or my wings would be withered

- and I'd be a cripple who would never fly
  - and to fly is my longing,
  - to be free and exhilarated, vibrant with energy
  - to fly and be joyous,
- and to dance with many others of rainbow hued gossamer
- bodies of light.

But be with me that I may not be alone in my struggle

- but may know that there is something
    - beyond the agony of the moment,
      - something that gives the struggle hope and value
        - a living proof to me that I too may indeed be whole and free
- and strong and loving and alive,
- able to dance in the light and shade,
- wafted by the breezes and yet in control,
  - by a slight easy movement of the wings,
  - or a shift of the thistledown body
- of the direction of life.

I watch those already free,  
finding the changing thermal conditions  
- not to fight against but to use,  
- for speed,  
- for movement,  
- for freedom,  
- for exhilaration,  
for life in the splendour of just being.  
My shell has cracked from both pressure within  
- and pressure without  
- and the outside world both beckons and frightens.  
I am so small and vulnerable.

I creep to my head into the light  
- pushed by pain  
- and coaxed by warmth  
- I watch from the doorway of my prison  
and try to imagine these damp  
and flaccid rags that drag at my sides  
- spread wide  
- to become glistening wings of power  
- to lift me to freedom.

I struggle against the brown and shrivelled bonds of death  
- that hold me so fast and, with each agonized 'snap'  
- there comes a surge of new life  
- through the veins that strengthen my wings  
a tingling of anticipation of the joy of the freedom to come.

Despite my present being's helplessness and ugliness,  
- one day I shall be free  
- to BE as LOVE and LIFE intended.