My Butterfly

Shakhan

Those words like worms, they have crawled into my head.
I want to kill them; they trouble me on my bed.
Surgically remove them and cast them into the sea.
Separate myself from them and then be free.The words are settled and now completely still.
Of time they have eaten they're full. The girl is now a young woman so much taller. The sun is now a bit smaller, a little bit smaller.
Woman butterflyThose words came alive a butterfly does stand before me.
Her wings the beautiful color of skin has she.
Feeling so overcome. I stand in ore.
My spirit is starting to soar starting to soar.

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