

Butterflied

There's dread it's here, not what's expected
That body all bones is not the frightening
The car no brakes, rolling down a steep grade
None of these leave me afraid

Butterflies in Chinese martial arts films
Bamboo Ties building fences
Man up on the roof top flies
Down and saves us from cruelty

It's all dread what's out of control
Forces us to know what we don't know
We don't know if they are evil
Maybe the rich are pulling strings

Butterflies flutter sip at my fuchsias
Sipping nectar I'll never taste
Parachuting above, soldier or savior
How to tell he's too far away

And we'll dread when he comes to ground
Shall we fire what is the sound
He makes, it sound like a curse
Or maybe something even worse

Butterflies are not the solution
But more of them is better than none
The man coming in for a landing
We fire, he's holding a gun