BUTTERFLIES AND OTHER GOOD INTENTIONS

Some are born too early, most too late: too fragile for the life process, too wispy to withstand seasonal treachery—expending their juices, their flight cells, wet and wingless on the torn flap of the chrysalis.

Time swifter than embryonic wishing pulls uncounted noble designs beyond the source of nurture, anointed only by the Virgin's tears.

Do their glistening granules return to incubate again in more fertile capsules or must they wander wasted-forever looking for their lost momentum, missing moments and a womb?

--Glenna Holloway