

See The Butterfly

*See the butterfly, how harmoniously she flies
Sits on the cactus flower, exploring the light
One wonders if she is aware
Of the weeping famished boy, sitting near
Watching her joyous dance, flower to flower
A thought traverses the hungry boy's trembling mind
If he could fly freely just like the butterfly
With no longings in his heart to be fed, with no inkling
to cry
Going places without concerns of food or water to
survive
Just living off of sunshine, enough energy it provides
A cold weakened hand emerges, clouding the boy's clear
sight
To clean hardened drops of tears, stuck in the corner of
his eye
Not large enough to fall, not moist enough to cry
Using the final strength within him,
the boy sways his heavy head
Away from his hopeless mother's hand
Holding onto his ill child
desperately prays for food to arrive
Through the window of her loving palms,
he watches the dance of the butterfly
The butterfly sits still right in front of his eyes
Listening to his tired mother, whispering to the light*

*Crying for a loaf of bread to save her boy's young life
Wondering, doubting, hoping there is a God that hears
her cry*

*Her wishes echo through the wind, travels across
Her prayers radiate through the silence unforgotten
land of dry*

*To reach a bleeding bare foot man
quickly running through, debris and jagged rocks
In hopes of peeling a coconut for his dying hungry boy
Forgetting his pain, full of hope in his heart
He begs God to give him time, to reach his hungry dying
child*

With enough time, to feed him to save his life

*The boy's barely opened eyes, pass his father's shadow
rushing from afar*

*Poking a hole in the coconut with a small rock
The sounds of poking, roar loudly through the wind
echoing through the desolate drying silence air
Feverishly it travels across the land, reaches his dying
son*

*Sadly the deadly hunger takes his boy's last breath
Unable to hear his father's song*

*Enamored by the dancing cadence of the beautiful
butterfly
landing on his palm, singing to the boy, to join her to fly
Forgetting his painful hunger, the boy whispers to her
in silence*

*I have no strength to move, or cry
Father reaches and sits by, places the coconut down
Seeks a larger rock, grabs it, begins to pound on the
smaller rock
Ferociously holding the coconut, begging to coconut to
open
to save his son's life
His prayer is heard, a small hole appears
through the coconut's eye
Hope fuels his heart with life
He holds the coconut over his trembling son's mouth
Drops of grayish crystal diamonds essence
pour through the tiny hole of coconut's eye
Only to land on the boy's closed mouth
running over his lifeless cheeks, falling down
Holding the coconut his sadden father weeps
Refusing to believe he was too late in saving his son's
life
But he knows within his heart
His son's spirit has joined the butterfly, flying high
above
No more pain, no more suffering, free at last
he has join the light to become one
The whispers of the boy's mother, still singing,
disappear
By a giant flying bird appears above
Dropping boxes, traveling to the earth
with a white umbrella hovering over the top*

*Speeding down, hitting the earth, to be shattered open
Goodies scatter around asking to be picked up
To satiate the hunger that screams through the skies
just for a few more days to survive
The staring eyes of the mournful parents
holding onto their lifeless child
stares at the goodies scatters around
thinking the help came to little to late
Their son is already gown
One always wonders, those who have it all
if even they knew, they are wasting more food
that can feed the hungry cries of the world
Believe it or not
Sometimes I wonder, if they ever care for others
one must ask its heart.*

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November, 25, 2008

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