

BUTTERFLY WINGS ACROSS THE SKY

Kikki

The oral is not to be heard in science, not embedded in it but existing, breathing like butterfly wings above, across those solid soils of text, free from them, fragile. Resting only on lush layers of growth stretching for the skies: literature. Here it is nurtured and nurtures, for who copied who: the flower or the butterfly?

BLUE WINGS IN COUPLES resting on the winds of sea, warmer, brighter from Sun's heat. And little wings long back and know their way, take to the sky, high, fly towards the sunset sea. No one knows why, do they, why they fly, each day is it? Let Wind take them out to Sea, little wings across the vast. Surely death it is not? The colours they share; Sea and Sky and little wings, but they seem oh so small although they're many.

Stories told and history, oh so big a difference! Asking where? rather than when? we all amount to this: it is all History. Constructs of minds, remnants of life; life. Remembering, remembering, and in so doing, cherishing. evoking, Stalking. Not embedded, more like an Other, the mirror of flowers stretching for the sky. Existing eternally, long as we are aware, anyway.

And now they're heading for Death. Or so it must seem. As their little wings touch the sky and they lurk into forces so powerful one can only go with them, heading for the ocean, the vast. They do go gentle into the night as the night is bright and soundless, almost arctic. Nowhere, this alluded frost or wilderness, no one listening to soundless wings flapping, hardly anyone noticing how they go as they go, in flight: silently into that good night.

Should we "rescue" them, stop their gracious ballet as they go, record, write it down? Forcing flowers out of them, imitations? Put oral knowledge on the agenda, like butterflies pinned on boards, embedded in science as dead only?

Rather, let them fly into that white night and let us fly with them, discover Islands of hope and future. Light as blue letters on air, airborne

images. Living forever on light air, memories and the love of those who
gave their lives by through for in l e t t e r s

*storytellers blue propellers cascades in the air
humbly humming sadly singing
wishing you would hear
them as
they
go
!*