

Butterflying Lilies

They sprout from a noisy soil
transparently green
pollinating each other
lifting to air in a
new navigable pattern.

My steep-hill walk
becomes level
when taking wing
they sweep the air
in tango.

Co-evals delight me so
when they land on my shoulder
and I experience
their magical touch.

Miracles felt like this
cannot be interpreted.
Only in the sacred
motion defines our actions.

And it is here
I disappear
and dance forever
with my butterflying lilies.