

...gathering notions...



The truth is I'm exhausted from the battle against all that rages against change of self.
As if the growing pains on all levels of my being weren't enough strife
The vacuum of old, ruts of neural pathways trip up
my bambi awkward motion towards the me I glimpse beyond the hill crest;
the version of self standing brazenly in the light of day with confidence in the truth donning a tee
with the self prescribed inscription, *"I AM SO NOT A VICTIM"*.

From where did the butterfly come?

Can entomologist please whisper what stage, what season I'm in of this painful transition of form, essence and nature? Will the characteristic of caterpillar still be visible in flutterby ocelli? Surely evidence of past self will remain apparent as it formed the basis upon which new entity was engineered. It is an ascension of a process I know but inherent 'through the looking glass' distortions of time and space make actual upward locomotion indiscernible at times.

Inside the hardened chrysalis that is my vessel of transport, rumored to be of jade in hue, there is only the blur of pain in body and soul that surrounds. I did not choose the old form nor seek the new altered reality it is merely the destiny granted. Somewhere masked in the play list of encouraging metamorphosis melodies, (filed secretly between consommé and mocha chiffon cake as a recipe for survival), was the hope filled message from angelic host that if I could just

hold on in my upside down bewilderment a moment of flight, a moment of freedom, would come...someday.

My mother knew my special destiny but kept the secret of 'it' all deeply hidden in the splendor that was her heart.

Nurturing without fanfare my love of beauty in this world, how to see the true Son of righteousness, how to paint from the inside, how to self preserve in depth of soul - my mother placed me with great care before her departure from us on the underside of exactly the right type of leaf for me to start molting the skin of the larva that encased me.

Could I have persevered till now if I had foreknowledge that I must outgrow not one but multiple skins that bind?

Despondency

Anger

Fear

Anxiety

Lack of confidence in self

Not long ago I crawled with mentored assistance to find a safe haven to pupate? Time and stage of transition slowly passed and adulthood eventually on the brink. I simply missed hearing the voice that helped me in my wilderness; to speak freely is a gift. I reached out once more only to be wounded as I now flounder with butterfly body at last though so newly emerged my wings are small and wet and cannot lift me

YET

To discover new heights.

I cling shrouded in shame and temptations to fall back into all the old constructs to the shell from which I just emanated. In fact, I am unrecognizable even to myself and feel more on the edge of destruction than new life.

Completely vulnerable I await the life saving fluid, the hemolymph of faith that will stabilize my fragile body and wings with strength by God's Grace and Mercy preparing me for flight.

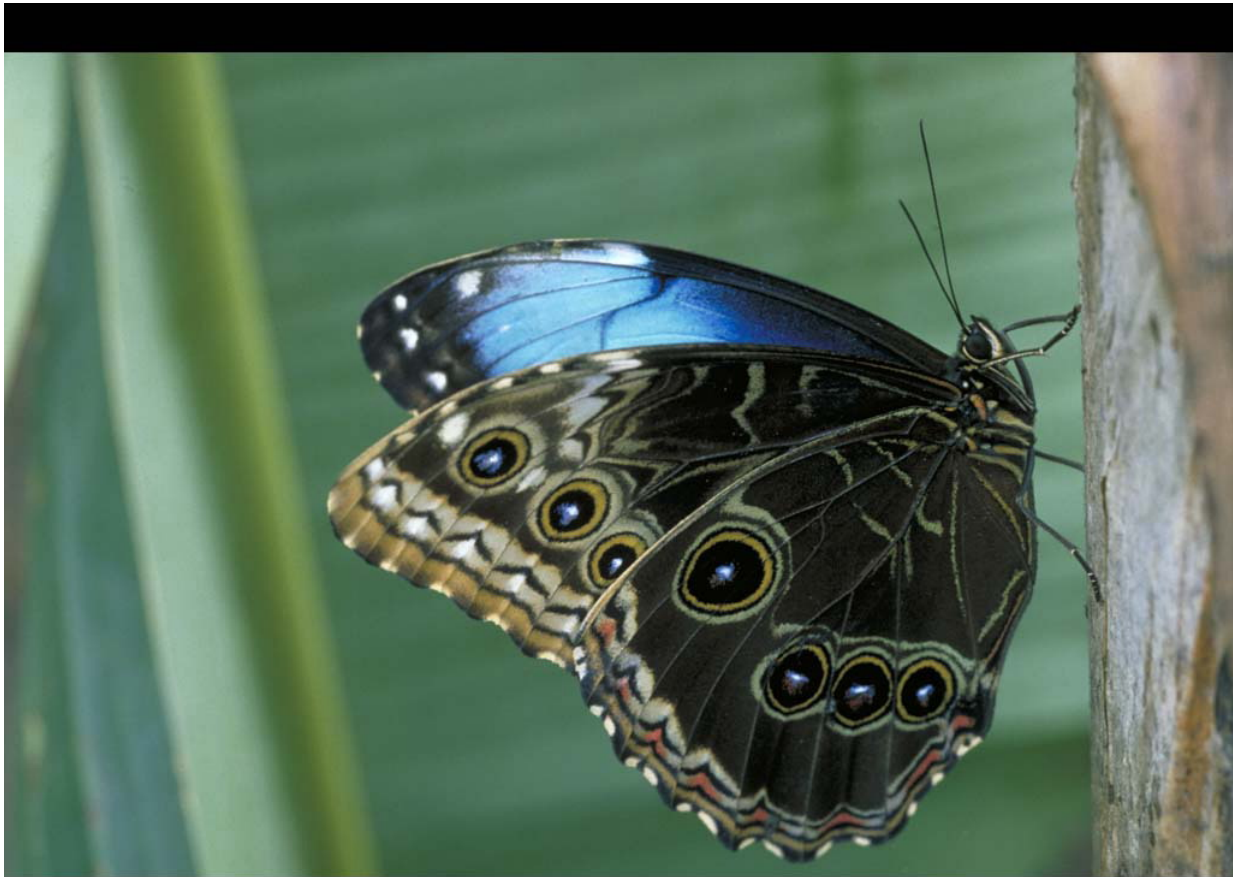
At last...

I soar away from all that I was and in the light of day the iridescent lamellae of my morpho wings reflect all that surrounds me in hypnotic blue of mythical measure, all that warms and heals me is there as witness to all I can alight on and bring momentary joy too.

Blindness makes humility, and in this case blindness of color, as I cannot not see my splendor only the moth like mottled ness of my ventral coloration. Admittedly, there are times I sense a beauty, always an inner spark, now exposed fully to those around me with eyes to see because it sparkles in the mirror aspect of their iris' as we speak.

There is security in the knowledge without real knowing that at the blink of eye and close of partnered symmetry of wing I can once again hide the glory of my Mother's love and gifts and

return in brevity of disappearance into the camouflage of commonplace colors and safe stillness of prayer within my transfigured soul.



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