



Flutter

**High summer, heat rises from the stones,
hot rocks sizzle in the laser glare,
the colours, fleeting, born of ephemeral wings,
as admirals are saluted by tortoiseshells,
each thorax glistens in the filtered lights.**

**The end game, on a glorious summer day,
the chrysalis of spring is shed, a carapace
removed to reveal the beauty beneath,
the cold grey of spring now cast aside,
sloughed off, like so much dead skin.**

**I watch you butterfly, your world so simple,
only worried by a passing breeze of wind
or the net of an overzealous lepidopterist,
beat your wings and live your shortened span,
you are the beauty of the summer sky.**