



The Blue Butterfly

Graham Nicholson

Blended foliage spreads out before
Shades of green-gold, green-grey, and more
Filtering sunlight gently splintered
Numerous filaments vaporously glinted.

The overarching rainforest holds tightly in hand
An ecosphere complicated yet subtly bland
Absorbing life's vibrancy, a symphony discrete
So constrainedly diverse, yet so indivisibly complete.

From out of a thicket, a butterfly azure
Specking and flicking, candescently pure,
With a vividness abundantly conveyed
A visage from the greenwood outwardly splayed.

Auspiciously blue, it flits around the arboretum
Manifestly signing its presence, an opus magnum
Presaging the observer to eye-stalk each move
Seeking for meaning in the diminutive to soothe.

What a fantasmical display, so apparently alone
Azurely antipodal against the mass phytochrome
Signaling nature's latent power of generation,
A single, noble beauty from out of densification.

Is not it like so, contemplating humanity social
A mass of generality homogeneously local
Hints of diversity, excellence and free-thinking
But with widespread mendicancy to conventional conditioning.

From out of conformity there can emerge
Singular examples of wisdom that diverge
Standing starkly yet confidently against thought limitation
That strives for accepted paradigms by predetermination.

The gentle human butterfly, a noble creation
With tact and discretion proposing an elevated destination
Moving lightly over the crowd, but without disruptive motive
In a distinctive blue garment, a consecrated votive.

The sign of the blue stands brilliant and bright
Before an other-coloured humanity, unmindful at the sight
Of what meaning it symbolizes, of what truth it disclaims
Of its beauty, its nobility, its ethereal aims.

