

### **They are Rhetorical**

Was I too loud?  
Too proud?  
Did I stumble?  
Was I too humble?

Would you hear me if I were old?  
Would you listen if I were bold?  
Would it matter if I lied?  
How would you treat me if I cried?

Would you pretend to listen if I weren't alive?  
Does it hurt you to watch me thrive?  
Was I too smart?  
Did I not play your part?

Was I not the fit for your model?  
Did you want me to need your coddle?  
Did it bother you that I was strong?  
Did it hurt to admit when you were wrong?

Would you let me be me if I weren't me?  
Who did you want me to be?  
You held my wings and didn't let me soar.  
But I am back now, even stronger than before.

## **Journey to Destiny**

Would you follow me,  
knowing our destiny is to die?  
I will take this journey no matter your decision.  
I have made the journey my destiny.  
You can make the journey your destiny too.  
The chances of survival are slim.  
Together we have a better chance of survival.  
If you stay, your destiny does not change,  
but your purpose does.

Would you fly with me to increase our chances,  
knowing that we might die?  
I'd rather die with you by my side making change,  
then die alone serving a destiny we did not make.  
I know this choice is hard.  
if you choose not to come,  
Pass along my message.  
The ode to death is life,  
Our destiny is ours to design.

## **The Flight**

She starts her journey off with-  
a single flutter.  
A vibration in the air.

## **The Wind**

The butterfly looks like she's being thrown,  
But she purposely follows the ground and sky.  
In fact, she is not being pushed and blown,  
Her wings, they guide her where to fly.  
She uses the breeze and the wind to her gain,  
But those who watch think she is misplaced.  
She looks weak so they prey on her pain,  
They have no idea the challenges she's faced.  
She uses her instincts to make her own way,  
Her journey continues no matter how hard.  
She tries to ignore the hurtful things they say,  
And remembers they will always disregard.  
She will succeed on this journey no matter,  
They will realize change when they look at her.

## My True Intent

You always push me away.  
Try to stop me.  
Hold me back.  
Keep my wings closed.

For you see,  
This was always my true intent.  
As I am a pollinator.  
I am a butterfly.

Are you afraid I will hurt you?  
Do you think my intentions,  
Are anything but pure?  
Why won't you let me fly?

Why won't you let me help you?  
I feel like you misunderstand me.  
I am here to your benefit,  
And not to my own.

My goal is to give a little,  
Take a little,  
To help you grow and flourish.  
I want to help you blossom and bloom.

Before you try to stop me,  
Know that I want the best,  
For you,  
For the others.

You may not be able,  
To see the growth instantly,  
But I promise it's coming.  
I am just doing my job.

Other than propagating,  
And my mortality,  
Aiding in your growth,  
Has always been my purpose.

Your prosper will happen,  
Long after I'm gone.  
I hope you reminisce,  
As I will have no memory.

I do not do this to fulfil my mind,  
Or my heart.  
But because it's part of my journey.  
It's part of the plan.