

## BUTTERFLY

A tiny padlocked metal cage, this has been my long  
abode

I forced my precious wings to fold till my soul  
became of age

I never saw my true colours, I never spread my  
wings

They fluttered at the thought, they wished to hear  
the key

My wings and I so wished that we'd someday be  
free ...

And yet it was My colours, Intense and bright anew  
Meshed metal mysteriously, I flew and flew and  
flew...

Towards clear coloured, azure skies

Scattered with golden Angel's dust

Finally my wings and I have claimed our precious  
Rightful space

I am the Colours, I am the Wings

I HOLD the Key, I am now Free!

**By  
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