

JOHN BLIGHT

AS A BUTTERFLY

As a butterfly of brilliant
colours, or just a scribble of
black on white dependent upon
your eyes' perception, here's a slight
sonnet on a corner of scrap-
paper. It may blow away or
flutter towards your fancy, even
against a gale of opinions;
but be sure I see this as a
butterfly, light and lithesome in
fine weather as a feather sky-
borne, yet willing its direction.
You see it as waste-paper . . . at
best a moth to bear my fancy's flight!