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!