

The Chrysalis

By Rebecca Smillie

I passed a regal guest one day,
That caught my eye with its display.

Enrobed in finery of kings,
It circled me with gilded wings,
Inspired me to golden thought,
Of who I am and what I ought.

A chrysalis is plenty more,
Than a woolly bear's demanding chore,
The digging of one's own demise,
For there a caterpillar dies,
But born with things they'd never seen,
A pair of wings to fit a queen,
An artist's palette is their boast,
So different from their wormy ghost.

And so it is this insect's quest,
To crawl inside their self made nest.
So like a phoenix from the flames,
They rise again with graceful names,
To fit the wings that glide and soar,
To be a monarch, evermore.