

\*Butterflies (Sonnet #1)<sup>1</sup>

On winds of summer butterflies do soar,  
With wings that help them see the world anew.  
By intuition drawn to nectar's store,  
To taste the sweetness ne'er before they knew.  
And I, as they, do fly on winds so warm.  
Advanced by you above a world unknown.  
From humble beginnings was I transformed,  
Due not to mind, but what to me you've shown.  
And if likened to butterflies I be,  
And you the one who makes this ever real,  
Then stands explained these butterflies in me,  
Which serve to further truth in me reveal:  
That I am but a one who seeks his rose.  
And I, my rose, the one for whom you grow.

---

<sup>1</sup> Just as butterflies are naturally drawn to nectar, so I am naturally drawn to you. Though I willfully come to you, like a butterfly to a flower, it is not my will that initially draws me, based on me making up my mind, but rather through what you've shown me and how you naturally draw me. And the butterflies I feel inside of me, that could not be manufactured, but are natural, prove this to me.