

White Butterfly

outside the picture window,
a flutter, a dip near the ferns
when I least expect it.

It stops by the Phlox,
drops by the Geraniums,
encounters another white,
then is off, around a corner
out of my sight.

Where is it going?
When does it stop?
Together with another,
then apart, around the Rose of Sharon.

How shall I name it:
cabbage butterfly, nuisance?
Or a symbol of purity, innocence,
and new beginnings?

But why should I name it anything
except white butterfly,
or a break from the mundane?
Maybe a fluttering attention getter
transforming my day?

Does it know I'm watching?
Does it know I'm a friend
who envies its freedom
from behind a windowpane?

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