Please,

the colours are amber and auburn,
cream trims and pearls of white-
speckled amethyst, like eyes – black
wrapping the light in a disc of ochre.
You feel the fuzz, the long feelers. Please,
I would rest a butterfly,
these broad, tissuey wings, on the rise
of your tilting face, half way
from your lip to your attentive eye.

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3RD place.

Stillness… It lifts its feet. Probing.
Edging onto your cheekbone.
You find you are listening
with your skin: the catch…
and the release, the petite
step… how your fine hairs stiffen
under its tremor… how its hooks
grab at the dendrites
of your woken nerves.

The legs are black, glossy, like
candied threads – you count them
as they move. You feel
the slight breeze as the wings
spread… and close… like blinking.
In the hover of its pulse, of its heat,
you learn of light and air and such
smooth petals, and how the widest

of stones slope gently
to the moistest flowers
and the sweetest of nectars.

The wind quivers, and the six
feet let you go. …A miniature life
flies into the weather, swept
up in the sails of its rickety rhythm.

For a time
you are taller. The air
remains breezy with wings, and perhaps
all the cocoons you cannot see
have stirred in their dense slumber.
You have an urge
to spread your arms
wide on the tops of mountains,
to swim in the deep bends of rivers,
to climb into trees, leaning
into the streams of cloud.

…A butterfly
tapping into your shell, and taking off
with a trace of your marrow
as if you have spoken.
Your skin still listens. Hears
how the weight of flying
floats into your ribs, how the hush
ripples in your skull. And because

the smallness is large in you
and the moment is clear in you,
and because
you cannot keep such things,

you decide, with your lips
brimming, to carry the soft
hum, like a bud into the world,
and you kiss
the cheek of another.
And the kiss
is light and at once
deep. Without want or need…
The catch…
and the release.

Rivers descend mountains. Trees
gather birds, spilling them
into other skies. This
touch – how it's
beautiful. Awkward.
The two of you breathe and
the weather folds through you
and your bodies
jolt in the tug of being.

A butterfly. Please,
I have kissed you.