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A Monarch

I.

Catching the drafts to get up the hill is no joke.
"Oh no!" The bus is slowing down.
An open window and a gust of wind.
Now I am caught inside.
What is this, splat, glass?
I recover.....
What is--- on the other side? Caught in some bare
hand. I can't move....Then
I am caught by a familiar current.
Fresh air.
Freedom.

II.

I had to catch the bus.
I run up the hill to chase it down.
Do I hit the side of the bus? Is it resting?
I awoke the driver.
The doors swing open.
"Thanks" I said catching my breath.

Everyone is quite as I sit down.
I try to think on a bus full of
tired homesick strangers:
sleep, pre-occupation,
anything to prevent that empty staring
at everyone.
Someone said "These kids are getting smarter
every day!"
I sleep.
I awaken to a New Age Child stepping on,
dressed in alley cat stripes of pink.
Noise, frozen faces have no answers.
Butterfly? Is it you, a symbol of my soul, again.
How do I help!
I saw you dive like a kamakazi pilot,
hit the window and fly to the only empty
seat.

Getting up I made a mad dash
for the place you had chosen to land.
I grabbed you into my bare hand and shoved
you out an open window, into the fresh air.
As I returned to my seat I felt like
screaming.

Apathy reigns.
Nobody moves.
Trapped survivor.
Escaped bus driver.

Monarch, you fight for life so desperately.
No, we are not alone or bound by transparent
walls of metro glass.
Lady butterfly, you are a free, you fly on your own.
Here I sit with people, unemotional about going home.