

The Butterfly and the Rose

by George Albert Leddy

The Butterfly lit on the Rose one day; and in butterfly talk, I heard him say:

“You’re a beautiful thing, I can’t deny, but neery a bit more fair than I.
You have a fragrance, rare and sweet; your petal form are most complete;
You are a treasure, rich and rare, when you adorn My Lady’s hair.

“Brilliant colors adorn your bed: white and yellow, crimson and red;
Background of green decked with diamonds of dew, to set out your colors, and brighten their hue.
You bring joy to the Bride on the day she is wed, lighten the sorrow when they bury their dead.
You brighten the Church, the Home, and the School; but underneath all,
are your thorns, sharp and cruel.

“Now, me, I am proud and I feel I’m as fine; though, they don’t honor me, same as you.
But you’ll find, if you look, that I’m really streamlined, and colors a real brilliant hue.
My wings are as light as the Thistles’ soft down, as I float on the warm summer’s breeze;
I don’t have to stay in the same place all day—I’m as free as the Birds and the Bees!”

Then a voice, I can hear; it is soft, low and clear: “Don’t be jealous of me, Butterfly;
I am proud as you say, and I’m happy today, but tomorrow, I wither and die.
Why, the silver and gold that your wings do unfold, has brought joy to my short summer days;
So stay close to me here, promise, always be near, and bring me sweet joys—with your ways.”
