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There is // butterfly tattoo

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There is

a delicacy in a wine glass
being flung at a wall,
like a jet-propelled
butterfly. There is

some serenity to light
glinting, like fairy dust,
off curved glass,
like watching the sun
peek in between
trees on the highway,
the pulsing light wishing
you to sleep. There is

satisfaction in the crash
that resounds in your soul,
like an untamed child
playing an untuned piano
to an untold song
of smashing all the highest pitch
keys, following the urge you
resist. There is

peace in the pieces
of stardust that flutter
down the wine-sprinkled
wall. You've just watched it shatter

like my will
on center stage—silent
as I fall—leaving
behind the thud of shards
and footsteps as I hurry away.
There is.

butterfly tattoo

My collar is starched, preserved and pinned to befit black tie. I sit on white upholstery, upholding propriety the best I know how. Sweat collects on my shoulders as I shoulder what I so-call sophistication. Sweat under suit jackets runs black as ink.

I sit and I glance as you dance.
 You are turned away from my eyes, faceless,
 a butterfly tattoo emblazoned on your back. Motion
 proceeds relative to another body,
 and I stay motionless,
 lost in the flutter. Scapula form lepidoptera
 wings that writhe with each twist and rhythm
 to escape the confines of skin.

Wings	open	wide,	on display,	false eyes
	stare back with desire		to fly, unrestrained	
	by cutaneous			butterfly
nets. So		wings waft	effervescent,	up
	and down,	push dust down,		
	rise up.		The reverse is true, too,	as the butterfly
	flies:		push breath	up,

Oscillation as it levitates,	ambivalent
to hardwood dancefloor	or high ceiling, indifferent

toward struggle	or ease, tumbling,	crepuscular,
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between fall and flight;

shoulder blades and life.