

The Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
Against a white stone...

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished
To kiss the world goodbye.

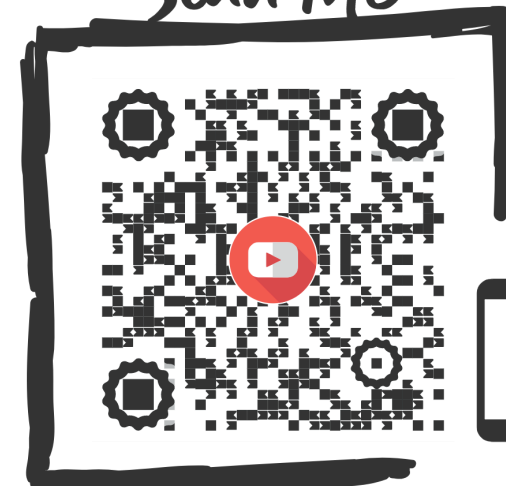
For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Pinned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

Pavel Friedmann

*Listen
the
Poem*

Scan Me



Listen to the poem and draw what you feel