

FLEETING THOUGHTS

D. Aaron Hill

My fleeting thoughts are butterflies.
My language is the jar.
I put my butterflies inside
And gaze upon them there.

They rest upon the glassy sides
And fly against them too.
I drop a sweet, sweet flow'r inside
So they may drink its dew.

And if I find one that I love
I pray I will not try
To pin it 'neath a piece of glass,
For surely it would die.

After I've had my fill of them,
And they've grown bored of me,
I remove the self-sealing lid
And let them all fly free.

Yes, I desire my thoughts to be,
Until the day I die,
Always fleeting and always free,
Just like a butterfly.

