

## Metamorphosis

The sweetest and most fragrant of flowers  
planted . . . in a cave.

A flapping, urgent blightly-winged moth  
among a field of butterflies  
is seen as far away as the heavens  
and burning stars.

Her metamorphosis  
shadows over the rocks of doubt,  
enlightens the long night  
with those caves she once dwelled in . . .  
Has escaped from,  
leaves behind her.

And, that cocoon that twisted 'round,  
strangling her sanity . . .  
Has let loose its grip, relinquishes its hold.  
And candles now burn  
where once was only  
melting wax.

Its flame, Sara's flame, burns . . .  
is alive, dancing, smiling, warming  
with light and hope and joy and promise.

Out of a dark place of impossibility  
and untold loneliness  
there now is Love  
and a flower . . .  
named Sara

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