

Tears, Paper Dolls, Butterflies



by Kathy Warnes

Tears

Tie your tears to a balloon

Drop by drop

Set them free to mingle

Into the clouds - silver and gray.

Then when recycled into rain,

Let them fall again

Drop by drop

For inspiration.

Paper Dolls

Come into my life

I will cut you
Into a paper doll,
Paper patch the rips
Scissor-smooth the edges.
Next the clothes
Cut them ready wear.
Come into my dream
We paper doll people
Must enter dreams
For substance.

Butterflies

She raised the lid,
Dark butterflies of human nature
Flew away to settle in souls.
She took the blame
Smiling,
Flinging out her hands
Throwing back in our faces
The nectar of ourselves
That eternally entices the butterflies
To the open box.

