

Cocooned

I once had a butterfly live in my stomach,
just one, with a misplaced sense of humor.
It took pride in its idiom, and could make me
terribly nervous with a series of maneuvers done
below my diaphragm. A sweet butterfly dance.
When someone would ask of my anxiety I'd tell
them of this butterfly dancing in my stomach.
I didn't think too much about how it ended up there, or why.
My stomach was the darkest place in the world that
would stay dark forever. If I missed the womb like the
butterfly missed its cocoon, maybe I'd swim
for the bottom of the ocean, too.
Or anywhere so solitary.