



(Photo: An Alpine Blue—the Alps)

Of Bullets and Butterflies

The thought of some thinkers moves like
a bullet with the crisp crack
of logic's trajectory, a high powered line
cutting straight through the clear air.

The space in between is inessential;
It is only the target that matters.

But there's also the movement of the butterfly,
a rambling about on the whims of an up-hill wind,
a desultory, fluttering path, from one flower
to the next.

Is that life's movement? Chance
presentations of the honey's delight,
marvelous accidents a l l.