

Migration Of The Monarch

A September flight of butterflies—
unsteady, quavering
yet relentless in their goal.

They are tiny flags of independence
unfurled in brilliant unison
or perhaps the silk
some ancient king might have worn.

They are a field of airborne oriental poppies
now on their way
to join some unfathomably
intricate tapestry.

A huge release
of new souls.

Daniel Boland