

Near Lindos, Rhodes

I walked with an ancient seer
across a wooden bridge
in a shaded forest glade
above a brook

there were others

we stood in silence
then we clapped our hands
ten thousand thousand tiny butterflies
arose from branches
all around us
fluttering in the air
filling the glade in a white cacophony
of aery movement

then they were still
gone to hide again
beneath the leaves