

## *In the Garden*

### *Butterfly Watch*

Flitter-flutter flight-path changed with every zephyr's whim,  
As butterfly gardens catch the breeze  
And glitzy-pretty litter, brittle-busy, comes to skim  
The borders, with its only aim to tease.

Fragile scraps of loveliness embrace the grateful gaze,  
But rarely seem to take the chance to settle.  
A buddleia is odds-on for a wings-uplifted laze –  
But otherwise they'll settle for a nettle.

It happens in a garden: jewelled Nature's holding sway –  
A spectacle that charms with each surprise.  
It's a blessed bonus granted on a fleeting summer's day,  
As delicate invaders fall and rise.

But this is not a garden, and the charms are magnified  
With wondrous wings unseen on English lawn.  
I'm in a farm for butterflies, my eyes propped open wide,  
As gilded glories make a special morn.

It's glory in a glasshouse, superheated, where the glow  
Of warmth unwonted bathes untutored skin,  
And palms and bamboo meet, providing backdrop for the show  
Of jungle joys that flit entrapped within.

They *are* entrapped: they'll never know their real but distant roots,  
Where they could fly for miles in steamy heat.  
Unquestioning contentment flits 'mid captive bamboo shoots,  
While visitors stand stunned. It's sweet deceit.

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