

Google Search: Why Are Butterfly Chrysalises Gold?

When the chrysalis encapsulates a butterfly
And the sun's balmy fingers stretch out
onto its surface and hardens the once soft shell,
A bright seal glimmers on the crack of the exterior.
Pigments reflect the earth's core, like the color
Of the molten lava that breathes fire beneath us --
Or maybe, it's gold.

Or maybe it is like the fawny fall leaves
Which float to the ground in hopes to touch the earth's
Beating heart.
Or the optimistic brown eyes of one's first love
That gleams in the sun's kind presence
And hugs shrunken pupils that get younger
with each first glance --
Or maybe it's gold.

Maybe it is like honey from the bees' factory,
Stacked against the walls of the hive in crates
As they await the next shipment of
Nature's glittering syrup.
Or maybe it's the glitter of a grandmother's jewelry box.
A treasure trove of pearl and silver and secrets
Of a life once lived --
Or maybe it's gold

Or it's The Creator, who watches from above his
Tender refuge. Desperation kicks the knees of the helpless
To the rough carpet. He washes away their greed and pride
And lust and envy.
Or maybe it's the band caught in the hand of Amphitrite
At the bottom of the sea, it waited
To embrace the hand of Theseus once again --
Or maybe it's gold.

Or maybe it's the sound of a beautiful song
That acts as a rapture for the lost hearted.
Covering them with a blaring warmth
As they await their own savior --
Or maybe it's gold.