

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Subject: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_

# Writing Poems

butterfly

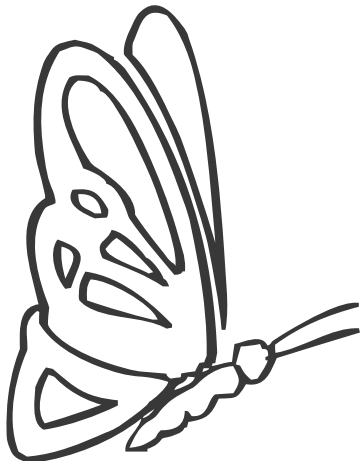
topic

Prose

## Watching a Butterfly

I've spent the afternoon watching a single tiny insect, marveling at its perfect stillness. I know the summer wind will eventually lift it off its perch, but it rests as if it might stay on the flower forever, more motionless than a frozen sea. Do butterflies sleep? Is that why it's so still? Do they eat? Do they feel? I can only imagine the joy it would feel in flight.

Poem



## To a Butterfly

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little butterfly! Indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless! Not frozen seas  
More motionless! And then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Has found you out among the trees.  
And calls you forth again!

William Wordsworth