

Ribbon of night I ride
through the blinding daylight
split down the middle
like a heart torn in two.

Butterfly Blade

Sean Arthur Joyce

Suspended in a bubble
of glass and steel,
I am a world colliding
with life sparks on the wing—

Monarch, Mourningcloak and Swallowtail.
I am death on wheels.
I am life wrapped up
in a coat of unbelief.

I am a portal to otherworlds
moths die in white clouds
to attain. I will kiss
this butterfly blade

this knife of blacktop
I made to send the soul
in its billion bits of air
smashdrunk and dancing
into the One.

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