

ANCESTRAL BUTTERFLY



*Ancestral butterfly,
Flying Not so very high,
Winging it just below my upper thigh.
Connecting the new with the old,
Inspiring peacefulness within my soul.*



*Returning to that "Door of No Return",
Proving that Divine Spirits can never incinerate or even burn.
With wings of multiple decorative hues,
Black, white, gold and very deep Blues.*

The Black and Blue cloaking white as more Black is centered,

Was the dynamic display of the wings' inner.

But as the flapping wings took to fold,



The gold, brown and orange were extremely bold.

Two-fold Spiraling designs of colors tightly enclaved,

Ultimately denying that free spirits could ever be enslaved.

Beautiful winged Goddess cloaked in the finest of clothing,

Battering amongst the vast ocean's bushy opening.

Calling to the shores of Cape Coast those afar but especially near,

The swollen hearts of slave-rape but only those of clear.



*Hearing the call, everything stopped, libation taken, descension began upon
this attractive troth,*

*Caution of paste, for this, Thee Matriarch of Butterflies, was not just a
caterpillar or merely a moth.*

*As I drew near, the fluttering ceased, and crawling beauty linked my bowed
indexed finger,*

And close to an hour is where free-to-fly's feet choose to linger.

Letting our old and new spirits combine,

To be forever present time after time.



Spirits as strong as the ocean's life-giving roar,

Angelic wings of strength even powerful waves of wind it bore.

Though so soft, silky and very pristine,

Still able to seek, connect with predestine.

Sending messages to the Timeless and Mindless NOW,

that of Thee Ego, Not to Kowtow.

And that within the maintenance of Life's Sanity,

All actions are to be within the interest of Old and Ancient Humanity.

