

Wings

By Meagan Bevins

Black butterflies covering blue veins on pale wrists
battle cool blades which prick the skin revealing
drops of crimson that assist in addiction.
Pouring into a pool of illness
fed by a life spiraling into a ditch like an out of control automobile
nurturing this affliction that plagues my soul.

Named butterflies, drawn
with thoughts of loved ones in mind bring dawn a new day
in which addiction should subside,
but the beast rears its ugly head bringing with it
a bouquet full of roses that reek of death.

Butterflies doodled, splattered across limbs and thighs,
wrists, stomach. Different sizes.
The same hand-drawn attempt at self-love
created by the same muscles used for ruin,
now endeavored to honor creation, honor the Creator.

Thoughts
lost in nonproductive patterns of self-destruction,
seeking out repair,
even just some theatrical production
that would give a small feeling of reconstruction.
Love, lust, and introductions
hidden behind the overproduction of thoughts aimed to kill.

Triumph.
A single butterfly, now permanent—
etched in the skin to remain forevermore a reminder
of the reasons we live.