

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

As I roamed on the meadow green I saw a meadow brown,
Gatekeepers with ringlets danced, all up that grassy down.
By dappled hedgerows speckled wood and on the heath small heath,
And little blue things that close their wings and show the underneath;
 . . . you just see underneath.

Brimstone flew with orange tips, whites tangled round the green,
Then all at once a comma punctuates the scene.
Strange to tell, a quick tortoise-shell, proud peacocks with no tail;
And they know well what we can't tell – the female from the male;
 . . . the female from the male.

Then I saw an admiral, without a ship in sight.
Sailing down the orchard – the admiral was white.
But red ones fluttered all around, and now and then one settles
To sup the daisy nectar, or to lay its eggs on nettles;
 . . . the babies eat the nettles.

A painted lady in her flight appeared to stop and think.
Resting in the sunshine - white, black and dusky pink.
A pretty ringtone softly played and I was not alone,
But answering my true love's call and the butterfly had flown
 . . . the butterfly had flown.

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