

## August Butterflies

White tufts of cotton  
flutter  
from flower  
to flower  
flitting on the breeze  
Orange ones yellows  
and brown ones too  
Do they ever count  
the stars at night  
do they vacation South  
when fields are ice  
I see no ears  
for them to hear  
politician's sighs  
I would like to ask them  
why no plans  
for global warming  
or coping  
with trail-streaked skies  
The old apple tree rotted  
died  
It provides no more  
August shade for me

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