

A photograph of a man in profile, looking upwards and to the right. He is wearing a light-colored, textured zip-up shirt. The background is dimly lit, showing a white door and a dark coat rack. The right side of the image is overlaid with a dark vertical band containing white text.

That beautiful butterfly I should call true happiness
She visits from time to time,
teasing me with her radiance before retreating
When I seek after her like a treasure,
she won't be found
When I pursue her directly,
she always remains just beyond my grasp
But if I am patient,
holding steadfast to the convictions my attention should honor,
Striving true and forward upon my passions,
and become one with them
There may be there enough to draw her notice,
and in time allure her flutter from however far
So that she may rest down her wings,
and become one with me

- JC