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The Mettle of Metamorphosis

MICHAEL WILCOX

Do you see it?
Is my tail still there?
Oh I've been waiting so long
My skin is slippery
My lungs have spit water and drawn air
But that tail still lingers
Hindering my new powerful kick
Dragging against the merest current
I envy the caterpillar
Life as a worm among the nourishing leaves
Warmed and loved by the sun
Nothing to do but munch munch munch
Until one day it sleeps inside its own skin
Slumbering the pain of growth away
Until it can soar into the sun
I have felt no sun
Spent days and nights in the cold shallows
Dodging every minute from harms way
There is no peaceful sleep
Only the constant agony of change
Of waiting for the day when I might leap to freedom
Finally I feel ready
My legs ache to throw me from the depths
But still I feel my little tail drag
Soon
Oh so soon
Leap I will
And my first task
My first goal
Is to find me a caterpillar
And eat it