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Candace Gomber Brey



## Mariposa

Yesterday and the day before  
I came searching,  
I came wandering intentionally.  
My feet dusty with the ash of fire and volcanoes,  
my callused old feet follow the trail  
created by the hoofs of migrating deer  
every year as they return from the ancient mountains  
to feast on the tender shoots and buds  
of our human existence.  
My feet called by the bell of the ancestors  
follow the path in search of a sign.  
Yesterday and the day before  
I came wandering intentionally in search of the mariposa.  
Indigenous mariposa lily with stalk  
like the dry sticks of sage brush and prairie grasses.  
Mariposa with three-fold bud of the most  
precious violet dream.  
Today you have remembered yourself  
as you do each year,  
every year from the beginning.  
Today among the lava rocks and dry grasses  
you hover and seem to fly on wings of gossamer remembering.  
Today a bounty of butterflies,  
illusive magnificent mariposas,  
open as a gift and a sign.  
I touch each one as I pass in gratitude  
as the blackbirds sing a welcoming song  
and the grasshoppers click and clack  
like ceremonial rattles.  
Mariposa, I too am opening, remembering, transforming.  
I offer the violet blossom of my heart  
to the summer breeze  
that it may flutter and fly.