

NECTAR

Mya Destefano poetry

The wings, the wings, the butterfly sings
disillusioned by candied nothings and melodies.
Fluttering between honeyed dreams.
Dignity lost to a self-absorbed disease.
She eagerly consumes without thought, bumbling through life until she finds Mr. Right.
Gullibly drunk on the saccharine nectar of flawed promises
laced with syrupy poison, hallucinogenic,
corroding her mind with sentiments of privilege.
She trusts what she's fed,
floating by as if to say the breeze was created for her ease.

The butterfly wishes to soar,
straining towards the heavens but is earth-bound by oppression.
Perched on a flower,
a tease for the masses looking to devour.
She makes friends with bees,
swarms of insects, traipsing with their stingers ready to perform.
But still, she's filled with naïve surprise when then they decide to prick.
Consent is for the birds,
not her, as they shred through her paper-thin appendages. Tatters,
remnants, of who she used to be, a cloying reminder, bittersweet.

The butterfly sings, her song just a fantasy, lying to herself to fall asleep.
Held together by strings,
pretty from a distance but one touch of the wings, she's soiled and can't be redeemed.
Wasted beauty on the weak,
we tell her she's begging for the attention she did not seek.
But look at the way she glides.
Not afraid of the skies when she leaves expectations behind.
When the nectar turns rotten with festering masculinity,
the small little brain of the small little bug is free
to dream, outside of the flower that she's been forced to drink.