

Metamorphosis

by Elizabeth R. Urabe

Wrapped up in the web
of what you used to think you understood
You took comfort in the strings that bound you
held you tight
Kept you from questioning.

Why does the caged bird sing?
Why does it not open the door to its cage
and fly away?

Ahh...because it is
within the confines of its cage
That it learns to recognize
and to trust
In the unique sound of its own
individual voice.

To leave the cage
is to leave behind forever
The belief that you are ever alone.

Within the skies of freedom
there is nothing for the ego to attach
itself to:
No illusion to cloud
the perfect blue of divine Truth.

There is no imperfection
in the being of a caterpillar;

But when its time comes...
the butterfly will emerge.