A Trick of Light

You only think the butterfly is blue.

There are no natural blue pigments in the animal world.

See, there are these tiny overlapping rows of scales on the wings.

They diffract the light the same way an oil slick does on a Walmart parking lot after a first rain.

And for that matter, Spring is only an anomaly in the circuit of some planet around a nondescript sun.

It warms the air, because the air is there, nothing more.

And that warm wisp moist, like live breath, only seems velvet at your ear.

It is only meteorology and…

Oh look! a blue butterfly.

—Kim Hancock

This poem won third place in the 2010 BYU Studies poetry contest.