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## Butterflies

(Translation of *Seethakochilukalu* poem of Vimala)

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Whenever I forget dreaming  
Gently leans a butterfly on my eyes  
Goes away gifting  
A dream and some poetry

While walking away  
As a lonely derelict *Sufi* nun  
Losing the violin of confidence, moonlight flag  
On the bank of *Vaitarani* river  
The butterfly leaned on my forearm  
Waving the rainbow wings  
Starts discourse with me  
Like the dearest eternal pal

While looking passively and silently at  
The voluptuous tides on the shore of blue sea and  
The elegant floating clouds in the black sky  
Arriving from whence  
Goes away a butterfly pouring nectar on my lips

Whenever the odour of life vanishes  
The groups of butterflies

Leaned on the bushes of *Champak* flowers  
Befall like the colorful letters  
In the book of my life

Whenever the darkness of human ignorance  
Threatens me in the infinite nature  
Like a necromancer who predicts augury  
A butterfly enthrones on head  
And goes away throwing rays of light all over the path

When I write poetry on the cheek of time  
Coming from whence softly leans a butterfly  
On my peacock-tailed pen  
I started in search of a butterfly island  
I myself might be a butterfly in the previous life  
The tattoos of butterflies are safe on my chest  
Giving wings to my dreams  
Started today in search of butterflies of all colors

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