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ISSN 2278-9529

**Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal**  
[www.galaxyimrj.com](http://www.galaxyimrj.com)

## Me and Butterfly

**Iqra Khalid**  
Bandipora,  
Jammu and Kashmir.

O Butterfly!

I wish to catch you and for moments at you gaze  
My eyes and my heart have for you an inexpressible praise.  
You seemed to me a creature of magic when I was a child  
As you then fluttered from one flower to another my emotions grew wild.  
Ah! Your shape, your design and of course your colors  
Are what make me land in the beautiful world of mesmerizing wonders.  
That childish yet firm belief of mine associated with you when I was too young  
The belief that the souls of our dearest ones visit us as white butterflies and then in joy I swung.  
You dance in the air and play with the flowers  
In those days I chased you often but you hurriedly flew away beyond those lofty towers.  
Following you there wherever you fly, I want to touch your silky wings.

O Butterfly!

Come on! The wonderland is calling you and me ,urging us to leave all the rest of things.  
Be my object of enchantment while I feel bored.  
Be my object of freedom while I become restrained by those obstructing chains.  
Away from this deceptive world let you and me relish under this blue roof  
In the pitter pattering and soothing rains.