

On Gossamer Wings
© 2002, by Jackie Kays

I wish I were as tiny as an ant...
I'd hop a ride on the gossamer
wings of a yellow butterfly,
Oh, so high we would fly
across the buttermilk sky.

Landing on a daffodil, a daisy
or maybe a sunflower or two.

Laughing with glee...
sailing above the garden gate
and over the morning glories
in their early state.

On those tiny gossamer wings,
to a lilac tree, where I'd stop
and visit with a sweet little
honey bee.

Down the floral path we'd fly,
high, high into the sky...
across the fields of clover,
near the white cliffs of Dover...
just the little gossamer
winged butterfly and I.

High, high into the buttermilk sky,
I would fly on the gossamer wings
of that little yellow butterfly.

Jackie R. Kays