

Submission for InterVarsity's Hope Infused Arts Contest

"Already-But-Not-Yet"

Submitted by Susan Norman

This is designed to be a participatory poem to be read aloud. The audience joins in (enthusiastically) with "**All those legs**" when the reader gives a signal.

Already-but-not-yet

The already-but-not-yet butterfly
Struggles in the darkness.
Slowly she stretches her already-but-not-yet-legs.
All those legs.

Bump!
Oh, no! Another wall. Another block. Another door slammed shut!
A barrier soft and subtle, but still strong,
Silken threads she wove herself
To shield and shelter her.
Now, it seems, a shroud for an already-but-not-yet butterfly and
All those legs.

What can she do or undo?
Rage? Give up? Try again? Pray?
What—or who—can set her free?

And then . . .
A gracious gift. A minor miracle.
The bonds are loosened
By the gentle hand of God.

She stirs again.
The silken shroud shudders.
Slits appear.
Wriggling free come
All those legs.

A whole new world:
The caress of colours bright.
Subtle shapes and soaring sound.
But folded wings still quiver,
Tightly bound and longing to be free.

The pain of possibility.
A faltering faith.
More pain. More faith.

And then . . .
A glorious, unfolding panoply of wing.
Gossamer-thin, yet strong enough
To bear the weight of
All those legs.

In God's good time
The Kingdom comes.
The captives are set free.
The ransom? 'Tis paid!

The already butterfly is no longer "not yet".
She has been changed.
She is all she was ever meant to be.
Her fluttering, fragile faith carries her and
All those legs
Into the Kingdom of light
For all eternity.