

FLUTTER BY

Gordon Ramel

A butterfly may flutter by
but did you ever wonder why
it cannot laugh, it cannot cry?

If I were like the butterfly
my life would be much less complex,
no need to question what comes next,
a little drink, a little sex.
A little sex, a little drink
and I need never cross the brink
to madness and learn how to think.

If I were born a butterfly,
my beauty unrefuted,
I wouldn't ever have to try
and sleep with facts disputed.
Too wise to bother asking why,
I'd simply live until I die.

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