

In memory of Ali Misner, our very own butterfly. May her memory forever be a blessing.

Maybe One Day I'll Be a Butterfly

You see, here's the thing about butterflies.
They emerge and grow out of this beautiful chrysalis,
Spreading themselves with confidence,
And pride,
Becoming the butterflies they were meant to be,
With no care about the rest of the world.

Beautiful creatures,
So sure about themselves,
Lifting people's spirits everywhere they go,
Making hearts soar.

Little stresses don't bother them,
You see,
Because they're butterflies.

But then there's us.

Worrying about everything around us,
Scared about our futures,
Who we are as people,
How we come across.
Are we doing well in school?
Will we graduate?
Do we look good?
Better yet, are we kind to everyone?

We succumb to the feelings,
Feelings that we're drowning,
With nothing to pull us up,
Insecurities,
An avalanche ready to collapse around us.

But then there's the butterflies.
A reminder. A sign of hope.
There's promise and self-confidence in the world,
To take the world by storm.
Just be a butterfly and grow.

Figure out what life is about.
Grow. Learn. Inspire.
Don't be afraid to spread kindness and lift spirits,
All around you.
Flitter about life like you're meant to.
It makes me think,
In time,
Maybe one day I'll be a butterfly.