

THE IDLE BUTTERFLY

An idle, white-winged butterfly
Strayed into a garden,
He flitted here, he flitted there,
Then fluttered o'er a flower.

He took a sip of sweet nectar,
"Ah, life is good!" he said,
"The sun is high, the breeze is cool,
The flowers fresh and full."

But then a cloud bumped with a breeze
And spilled a bit of dew
That trickled down the wing of white,
Upon the flower rested light.

The idle butterfly looked up,
"Ah, life is good," he said,
"Now I can take my sip of nectar
"With clear, refreshing water."

L. V. R.