

Butterfly Culture

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

Even though your faded glow
Won't burn through all your bars
You put out to put up
Even while your widening smile
Was shaking in the smoke
Your head was full of hope

Because I am a member of the butterfly culture
Where we work and we take
We play and we pray to god
That the girl in that dress will undress
And distress you with the way that she moves

Even now when you know how
To measure up the risk
You're still not tired of this
Even when the pills you take
Turn you to a ghost
You still spin around the most

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