

A Subway Butterfly

One cold January day
There in the false light of the subway
I saw, fleetingly, a butterfly.

As the hot woosh of the train
Curled up the stairs
I saw it
Fluttering over our heads.

Maybe the next rush of air
Would take it higher
Up to the welcome of the street.

A likely tale
A colourful mistake
A flight of fancy.

And yet I saw it
Twirl in the subway air.
Survivor in the underworld.
I said
God speed into the sun
You mistimed summer thing.

Lucy Clough