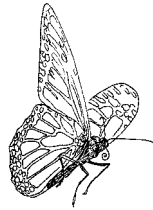


# *The Butterfly's Creation Myth*

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**I**n the beginning warmth is around me. That is why I am round, in the beginning. Eyeless I rest in darkness. I sleep. The sun and stars dance and shape me.

My eyes are born when the light comes. My long body is born too. I crawl out of my round house. I stretch towards the sun. I am hungry. I eat the light-eaters all around me. They fill me and I grow beyond all fullness until I cannot be who I am.

I change. I shed my skin. I hang beneath a leaf. I rest again. I turn to water. The voices of the planets surge within me. I hear them singing. I dream their shaping-singing.

I am born for the third time. I feel the warmth and sense the light and send the waters surging through my wings. My wings grow. They are like angels, colored with colors darkness and light have made for me. I fly. Sunlight glistens off my wings. It flickers back to the stars. I know they see me as much as the flowers do.

I meet another. We make universes and I lay them under leaves. My body dies and tumbles in the wind. I am as I was in the beginning, manyfold. They are me, in their beginning.