

Enid Flaherty  
September 20, 2010

## Testament

Late October

We walk the ocean's edge

From the beach at Green Hill

Toward Trustom Pond.

The day is sunny, warm and slow.

Suddenly,

A veil of amber and black velvet

Floats,

Hovers over the dunes.

Monarchs!

A swarm of butterflies

On their pilgrimage to Mexico

Rest among the Rosa rugosa

Where I often come to breathe and pray.

Wings brush beach grasses;

The butterflies drift and rise,

Carried on ribbons of air currents

Spiraling In slow swirls,

Like embers, incense or bits of fiery ash.

We are joyful,

Grateful witnesses to a miracle.