

# *Chrysalis Diary*

## Part 1

Cold told me  
to fasten my feet  
to this branch

to shed my skin,  
and I have obeyed.

December 6:

the color of leaves and life,  
has vanished!  
lies in ruins!  
I study the  
brown new world around me.

I hear few sounds.

Swinging back and forth  
in the wind,  
I feel immeasurably alone.

I can make out snow falling.

I find I never tire of  
watching the flakes  
in their multitudes  
passing my window.

Astounding.  
I enter these  
wondrous events  
in my chronicle

## Part 2

November 13:

to dangle upside down  
from my perch,

to cease being a caterpillar  
and I have obeyed.

Green,

has vanished!  
The empire of leaves  
lies in ruins!

I fear the future.

Have any others of my kind  
survived this cataclysm?

January 4:

For five days and nights  
it's been drifting down.

The world is now white.  
Astounding.

knowing no reader

would believe me.

February 12:

Unable to see out  
at all this morning.  
and branches falling.

ponder their import,  
and wait for more.

I wonder whether  
I am the same being  
who started this diary.  
like the weather without.  
my legs are dissolving,  
my body's not mine.  
This morning,  
a breeze from the south,  
strangely fragrant,  
a faint glimpse of green  
in the branches.

An ice storm last night.

Yet I hear boughs cracking

Hungry for sounds  
in this silent world,  
I cherish these,

miser them away  
in my memory,  
and wait for more.

March 28:

I've felt stormy inside

My mouth is reshaping,

Wings are growing  
my body's not mine.

a red-winged blackbird's  
call in the distance,

And now I recall  
that last night  
I dreamt of flying