

## POEM: Butterflies ply

By Victor Kline

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### BUTTERFLIES PLY

Butterflies ply in the plain darkness,  
Their colours mocked by surrounds.  
Butterflies ply in the strained darkness,  
With ne'er a sound, nearly ne'er a sound.

Butterflies try in the trained darkness,  
Opening their eyes as they're bound.  
Butterflies try in the maimed darkness,  
Where their bodies are found, all found.

Butterflies cry in the shamed darkness,  
Their tears tender shards of abuse.  
Butterflies die in the lonely darkness,  
Their colours not found for a use.

Elephants weep in the wide tundra,  
Bright light mocking their pain.  
Nowhere to hide in a wide tundra,  
Gunshots again — yet again.

Elephants lie in a lonely tundra,  
Intelligence seeping away.  
Elephants die in a stony tundra,  
Flayed by the heat of the day.

Elephants grieve on a cold tundra,  
Trumpet their loss as of old.  
Elephants leave from that cold tundra,  
Rend'ring the rend in their fold.

Angels fly over known country,  
Wings beating time to no change.  
Angels fly over fly-blown country,  
Where love has no range.

Angels espy no good in the country,  
Evil no knowledge can cure.  
Angels try 'gainst a frozen country,  
But evil's as old as it's pure.

Angels fly over sown country,  
Sown with dark reason and plan.  
Impotent angels in sown country.  
Sown with the oats of the damned.

[Victor Kline](#) *is a writer and a barrister whose practice focuses on pro bono work for refugees and asylum seekers. You can follow Victor on Twitter [@victorklineTNL](#).*

*\* Full IA Writing Competition details [HERE](#).*