

POEM TO MARIO BY BILL

To Mario Rivali

My precious
butterfly soul

dawning yearly
flitting about.

from
flower
to
flower.

lighting

but for

less than a minute
reflecting dazzling rays
of wet velvet sunlight

Beauty fallen from your
Pollen dusted wings

Speak to me of Secrets -

For you Butterfly

time is and always
has been

just now.

Speak to me of Secrets.



and while we're on the subject of precious
little things,

Have we met before?

Weren't you once a sure of foot goat
who grazed close to mountain peaks
with hardly enough to eat.

Did you sell your soul to the devil?

The devil who must collect you
at your end -

My pretty butterfly -
and put you in
his little tin
box

To return you
once again
to earth.

two fish
to pay for such a sin -

23 June 1971

