

POETRY

Butterfly

by Agnieszka Filipek



"The Unbearable Lightness" by Sally Broadbent

My father had a collection
of butterflies. First he put
the pin into the thorax, then
on the edges of the wings
and dried each butterfly
in the sun on a piece
of styrofoam. His favourite
was *Polyommatus Icarus*. One
summer I coloured my hair
blue and became the butterfly
caught in his jar. The lid is closed
on me tightly, a few tiny holes
letting the air in. I'm waiting for
him to straighten me with tweezers
and pin me through the heart.