

## Monarch Arise! Luci's Butterfly Ballet

[Luci's bedroom]

From a chrysalis I stretch my wings.  
I am Luci, monarch butterfly.

My spots are black, orange and white.  
From inside I burst open like slow-motion dynamite.

Do you see me stage left? I float in a spot of light.  
Misty, Fanta, Twyla, Drew. [puts stuffed animals and dolls on the bed]  
Show's on!  
A butterfly ballet for you.

[A fantasy garden in Luci's imagination]  
"Good morning dawn."  
Tin bells ring.

"Do you hear fairies chime and sing?"  
*Entrechat*  
Ginger sprites and starlings flock.  
They toss morning dew throughout the park.

"Butterflies arise!" fairies chant passing by.  
"Arise. Arise! It's time to fly."

Golden glitter blows off my wings, I rise above the blooms.  
*Pas de bourrée en couru* I dive into a cup of petals  
sipping drops of sugary dew.

Flower to flower spryly I dart.  
Behind me -- a mantis -- I turn and start!  
He sways his head side to side  
glaring at me with hundreds of eyes.

But I am Luci, Monarch Butterfly,  
peering back at his stare.  
An idea pops up, and so do my wings.  
I flit to a branch way up there.

Below in the pond, Tad and Phibby croak,  
"Now what will you do, Luci-Lu?" asks Tad.  
With a shiver I look to the sky.

“Fly. Fly!” I decide.  
“Autumn is ending. Winter nearby.”  
Fanta, Misty, Twyla and Drew flock to the branch with me.  
*Sauté* and *change*. Now we’re a crew.  
A kaleidoscope of butterflies.

Snow is falling. Storms are in sight.  
Gray and grim. For days on end.  
Twyla asks, “Where’s the grass?”  
Drew wants to know, “When will I find a home?”

*Chassé-ing* with ease over lakes on the cool breeze  
At last, daisies in sight.  
Carefully we land on them and...

“Tomcat!” cries Twyla.  
*Sissonne Pat de Chat*.  
A boxer, Tom bats. He misses as he swings.  
Up we dart away from him  
in a confetti storm of wings. [Luci tosses all her stuffed animals and dolls in the air]

“Dear Luci,” Mom stands at the door.  
“Yes?”  
“Pancakes are ready.”  
“Your butterfly game must end.”

[Kitchen]  
At the table, a pat of butter  
drips over the sides of my stack.

We are like monarchs.  
A gathering storm -  
a swarm,  
a royal family.

But there’s only one Luci The Monarch at this table.  
And that special girl  
is me.