

## Monarch Arise! Luci's Butterfly Ballet

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

My spots are black, orange and white.  
Inside I burst like dynamite.

Stage left I float stage left in a spot of light.

Shut my door. Misty, Fanta, Drew. [Stuffed animals and dolls]  
Show's on!  
A butterfly ballet in my room.

"Good morning dawn."  
Tin bells ring.

"Do you hear fairies chime and sing?"  
*Entrechat!*  
Ginger sprites and sparrows flock tossing dew throughout the park.

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

Golden glitter slips off my wings, I rise above the blooms.  
Sipping drops of dew above a bowl of petals  
*I bourrée en couru.*

Flower to flower spryly I dart. Then  
behind me -- a mantis -- I turn and start!

He sways his head side to side  
glaring at me with hundreds of eyes.  
Mantis the Mimic gives me a scare.  
His ambush is swift, but I flit to a branch heavy with pears.

For I am Luci, a Monarch Butterfly.  
One with cascading brown velvet hair.

[Luci "flies" to the pond below where she greets frog friends]  
Tad and Phibby "Hello there!"  
Their heads poke out of the mud.

"Ribbit," says Tad. "You escaped the mantis."  
"Blurp. Such a sneaky, trickster stick bug."

Their eyes goggle side to side.

“Birds fly overhead,” says Phibby.

“Arise. Arise! Look to the sky.”  
Tad croaks, “Autumn is ending. Winter’s nearby.”

Escaping the chill, I dash away.  
*Sauté* and *change*. The star of my show.  
I’m a butterfly traveling to a home unknown.

“Fly. Fly! Look to the night sky.”  
“Snow is falling. Storms are in sight.”

Gray and grim. Days on end. They pass.  
Concrete buildings. Where’s grass?

“When will I find a home?”

Is that a field? Do I see a tree?  
*Chassé-ing* with ease over lakes and the cool breeze

*Grand jete!* Whirlpools of air fill my wings.  
More monarchs diving. Soaring. Re-coiling.  
We fly like a kaleidoscope on our way to spring.

*Glissade Asemble.*  
Look! At last, daisies in sight.  
“Careful.” We land on them.

“Breakfast, Luci!”  
calls a voice from below.  
“What?” I ask opening the door.  
“Pancakes,” says the voice. “Let’s go.”

“Stop! Shhhh,” I say.  
“A tomcat comes our way.”

“A Tomcat. Where?” asks Twyla.  
“Right over there.”  
“A caterpillar with jaws!”  
“Worse. A house cat with quick furry paws.”

*Sissonne Pat de Chat.*  
A boxer, Tom Cat bats. He misses as he swings.  
Up I dart away from him  
in a confetti storm of wings.

We are butterflies, on a quest for a cozy cluster  
in an evergreen.

“Dear Luci,” Mother says at the door.

“Yes?”

“Pancakes are served. Time to eat.”

“Your butterfly game must end.”

*Allegro. Petit changement.*

*Ballonne compose.*

Final pose, curtain

and bow.

At the table, I pour syrup onto my stack.

A flutter of butter drips over the sides.

Are we like monarchs?

A gathering storm -

a swarm,

a royal family?

No. There's only one Luci The Monarch at this table.

And that special girl

is me.