

# Butterfly Laughter

by Kevin Lee

In the middle of our porridge plates

There was a blue butterfly painted

And each morning we tried who should reach the  
butterfly first.

Then the Grandmother said: "Do not eat the poor  
butterfly."

That made us laugh.

Always she said it and it always made us laugh.

It seemed like such a sweet little joke.

I was certain that one fine morning

The butterfly would fly out of our plates,

Laughing the teeniest laugh in the world,

And perch on Grandmother's lap.

