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## Justice to a Butterfly

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Gareth Phillips is a junior, studying philosophy and English. He hopes to pursue graduate studies in literature and creative writing.

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## *Justice to a Butterfly*

Can anyone divine the heart of God?  
When Lazarus betrayed the living kind  
With illness, his accomplice, he was chained  
Between the waking world and dreaming sleep.

A butterfly, spread out, pinned to the wall,  
Before the great injustice fades away,  
Cannot recall the mortal sin, or guess  
That one day its remains will be displayed  
In books and magazines around the world.  
The disembodied soul that cannot fly  
To heaven or remain is much the same.  
The spirits trapped in life, as those in death,  
Shift endlessly between the barren past  
And shades of future pain they must accept.  
Can anyone escape the coming night?  
The net comes down upon us all in time,  
To snatch us from our circles in the sky.  
And then we hang upon the wall and wait  
To hear the final summons from beyond,  
Or just a voice, say "Lazarus, come forth."

-- Gareth Phillips