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Justice to a Butterfly

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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