

Are We Free Like Butterflies?

Are we free? The butterflies are free.
Free to fly over the lands,
And look down upon the cattle,
And they can rest on flowers,
And smell their essence,
And to feel their fragrances.
They are free to go into the trees where the birds live,
And the owl perches and hunts for his prey at night.
The butterflies can watch a snake as its sliver across the land.
Butterflies are free.
They are free to wander anywhere,
Bowers, graveyards, streets,
Anywhere they please.
They are free to come to the ground,
To touch us and to make us feel blessed.
Are we free?
If only our spirits could be as free as they are.

Tabassum Tahmina Shagufta Hussein loves to write since her early years. The loss of her father prompted her to publish her poems. Highly qualified, her debut was in OPA (Our Poetry Archive) poetry online Journal' Spiritual Poetry Beyond Borders Anthology, in July 2018. She hails from Chittagong and is now settled in Dhaka, Bangladesh.



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