

The Girl in the Butterfly Dress

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It is a photograph of me as a child.
A moment captured on a 4 x 6 print.
A little face, curly hair, and a smile.
A glossy coating and a worn colour tint.

It is bright and full of summertime dreams.
Flowers of pinks, purples, and strawberry reds.
It is lovely, and darling and just how it seems,
With the warm lemon sunlight shining down on my head.

Butterflies and dragonflies scattered on my dress,
The frilly edges hanging above my knee.
The woman behind the camera began to press,
Capturing this moment featuring: little me.

2004 and I was just two years old,
Standing in the backyard I loved so much.
The tall leaves behind me were strong and bold
And the Rosewood logs were sandy to touch.

Behind the garden's child there is a beige coloured fence
Enclosing this moment and protecting it from harm.
For little did the bud know life was going to get quite tense
As winter came that year, as abruptly as an alarm.

I was a butterfly then, free, and serene
With tiny wings always preparing my imaginative flight
This photograph is hopeful as it features lots of green
But where there is a hot day there is often a cold night.

She was standing there with the focus placed on her,
She was looking at something that she seemed to have adored
"I wanted her to remember this moment even when it is a blur,
So, I took this photograph, and I couldn't love it more."

This picture is of me, with my little smile on
One of the radiant moments my heart does possess
For no matter how old I am or how tough life gets
I will always be the girl in the butterfly dress.