

Where the Winds Had Taken Her

By Vincent Sargenti

I once planted Echinacea Flowers in my garden and, I tell you, the butterflies just loved them. One morning, many years ago, I sat in the sun, in my flowery garden, watching a single butterfly for hours! She first came and landed on the coneflower, then with her long tongue reached down and began sipping nectar for a long, long time. It was about 10:30 - 11 am and I must have sat there until 2 pm, taking in the morning sun, fascinated by the butterfly. I was so comfortable, I simply forgot myself in my fascination.

I watched her first from a distance of about fifteen feet but was able to slowly move closer, closer and closer until I was face to face with the beautiful creature. She was all involved in her morning meal and this allowed me to move gradually closer to her until we were nearly touching. She slowly moved her wings in the sunlight as the air moved in patterns of soft and smooth breezes around us both, the sunlight glistening from every hint of moisture on the wings of my newfound friend and from the flowers. I fell into a sort of trance as I connected with the individuality of this other, wild newcomer to my garden.

She would move her wings ever so gracefully from time to time as she enjoyed the nectar from the flowers I had planted. I remember silently becoming completely involved in a completely here and now experience of just "being with the butterfly," of simply taking in the totality of this moment I was in with her. Every detail of her wings was fascinating to me. I became deeply absorbed in an utterly languageless connection, a sort of harmonic resonance with the morning, with the flowers and the sun, with the garden and the light, the glorious, the utterly pure and sacred light. We all were together being woven of the same fabric, we each were springing from the same cosmic material but in our own way, taking in the time that we had together, sharing it for this moment, for the sake of this solitary moment alone.

There seemed to be no longer a point of separation between where "I" ended and the where the butterfly began. The trancelike quality of the morning grew and absorbed us all more and more deeply as the light grew brighter and softer, more buoyant, more intense. Likewise, there was no way to fathom such a point for where I ended and the garden began or where such a point might be for the subtle glint of light, which refracted from the water drop, cutting through my eye and illuminating my heart with brightness.

The morning lapsed in timelessness and so did my sense of who I was, all blending in the universal, the garden, the cosmic, the place where I was and the infinity of this event that was occurring on the perimeter of my flowery garden. The butterfly never moved, nor did I, but to draw closer to its all-absorbing newfound friendship. The silence of the morning had passed into the afternoon and still we sat in silence, in all-out wonder

enjoying simply being together in the fantastically clear and quiet day. It came as no shock when the air began to rise then, and the butterfly simply let go of its grip on our little coneflower, rising up gracefully, elegantly into the air, receding from my view and passing over the houses into eternity.

Where the winds had taken her, I may never know. But having been touched by our brief morning communion, my life will never be the same.