



KATHRYN LAZENBY

# *A Pocket Full of Butterflies*

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Cover & book design by Jady M. Stevens / Eveready Press

Printed in the USA

ISBN: 978-0-9837256-1-9



EVEREADY PRESS

8 7 Broadway Nashville, TN 37203

Dedicated with  
great Love



*'The Joy Is Real'*

# Acknowledgements

To: Gardener Smith who patiently typed all of these poems, corrected misspelled words, solved confusion among the commas and retrieved participles that dangled. She gently put everything right and smiled encouragement with love. Thank you my forever friend.

To: Kind friends who cared to listen to the latest thoughts and poems. Thank you JoAnn, Ellen, and Phoebe for your loving encouragement.

To: JadyN Stevens whose creativity, patience and kindness set the stage and made my dreams come true. Thank you!

# Foreward

## The Butterfly Tree

It was very early on a spring day when I opened my front door and saw what I had never seen before nor since. The air was crisp, the sky was robin egg blue - in the old tree by the creek hovered hundreds of exquisite butterflies flying up - down - and sideways. I caught my breath at the rainbow of color dancing everywhere. They sprang from the hollow in the tree, and went to their flowers everywhere. Their beauty and their mystery brought tears of wonder.

They seem to whisper quickly to each other then melted away to fulfill their destiny, making this world a magical garden of flowers.

The silence - the color - the knowledge that they blessed our world. I had seen a miracle, this once in a lifetime birth. In the silence of the morning I gave thanksgiving. In the left pocket of my brain I carry my memory, the birth of the butterflies in a tree that is no longer standing.

This is a true story.  
Kay Lazenby

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## A Pocket Full of Butterflies

The great Blue Monarch, that amazing flying work of art,

Never questions its brief life span.

Their many complicated stages of life last longer

Than the full existence of this exquisite beauty.

A myriad of beautiful flowers owe their very life

To a pocket full of butterflies.

Moving in little hiccup jerks, this creation fulfills  
its purpose in a single day of kissing the garden flowers.

One butterfly – one day – circling eternity, dusting  
each flower with life.

The angels smile, the flowers bloom, and the butterfly  
sleeps among the petals.

# Always End with Ice Cream

A father's hand takes his daughter to see his world.

She sits and listens to all that is said.

Quietly she learns over the years about her father's world –

She meets the workers, the bankers, the farmers;

She sees the inside clockwork of her father's life.

Then, lo, the two sat together to talk:

What did you see?

What did you learn?

What did you think?

The little girl's thoughts were of value, you see.

The father shared and taught;

She learned and felt loved.

The two sat together laughing and eating ice cream

Before going home.

## A Walk Down Kingdom Street

As the friends gather, their joy overflows at being together.  
They celebrate by dancing and singing as they go down  
Kingdom Street,

Past the playground with slides and swings and whirley gigs,  
Stopping to play a game of tag and dance around the  
flowered Maypole.

On down the street stood the old school house where teachers  
wore lace-up shoes and the boys pulled well-plated pigtails;  
Past the church, decorated with Easter lilies.

Listed there in the big, white-bound book:

All the couples married at this alter

All the babies blessed and baptized in this marble font.

The bells rang loudly above the old church graveyard.

We stood near to welcome our friend with joy and laughter,  
To celebrate his coming to Kingdom Street.

As the old New Orleans jazz plays, we dance and sing  
And celebrate our journey together down Kingdom Street  
walking arm in arm with grateful, grateful hearts.

# Twinkle

The world is spinning at warp speed -  
Falling often into random darkness,  
Bumping into hurt and pain.  
Somewhere between heart and head  
The “Twinkle” springs up on gratitude’s rod and reel.  
“Twinkle” dances to laughter’s rhythm  
And partners with love’s heartbeat.  
“Twinkle” stands as the beacon, throwing open  
home’s door of acceptance.  
Follow the “Twinkle” until you can be the twinkle  
That welcomes and soothes your loved ones.  
Slow the spinning world, open your arms wide,  
Embrace the travelers and warm them with  
twinkling love and laughter.

# Fog

Fog covers the coming of the day.

It creeps slowly over the fields and paths we walk.

A shaft of light darts silently from heaven's sun, just in time.

Yes, just in time to woo us into living the coming hours.

Time and light given are gifts –

Open the hours of each day in faith.

There will be miracles to wash away our tears of fear.

We walk with blessings – our companions, our friends  
who bring lanterns of light.

We walk the day, trusting, feeling the strength of love given.

There is an expected joy that leads us through the evening  
fog to lie abed and dream.

God's peace of mind and heart have warmed this day

And all the days to come.

## A Good Dose of Anger

The little girl had a secret hiding place.

She put all her little angry moments in a neat pile  
in the back closet.

She could always retrieve a slice of anger  
when she needed it.

The size of the anger wedge varied with the occasion.

Her mad ranged in size from a mouse size with a tiny squeak

To gorilla size with great thumping of chest  
and jumping up and down rage.

Her closet grew fuller and fuller until the hinges  
flew off the door.

All her neat little piles of anger flooded out -

Some long forgotten anger shriveled up like a prune  
blew away in the stale wind.

Others were overweight and had turned purple with age.

Seen in the light of today, the anger seemed so heavy and ugly.

How does one dispose of this ancient and well-kept villain?