

A BUTTERFLY WITH WORKING WINGS®
by Imam (hajji) 'Abdur-Rahim Muhammad

As we begin to Analyze
That the Faces of clocks never change,
Only marking the passage of Time
By the movement of their Hands...

And as we come to Recognize
That more things run on gasoline, than Vaseline:
That is, you can only slide so far, Slick,
You can be better than you are...

And we finally come to Realize
That nobody would give a Damn!
If all that came out of the cocoon
Was a big, black, caterpillar...

You see, the Wings are almost dry,
And as we prepare them to take to the Sky,
To leave behind the "ugly duckling" lie,
It's beautiful enough to make you stop and cry,
To make you stop Trying to "get" high;

You see: that little, crawly worm...
Was Born to Fly!