

## Teaching the Caterpillar to Fly

*A work in progress...*

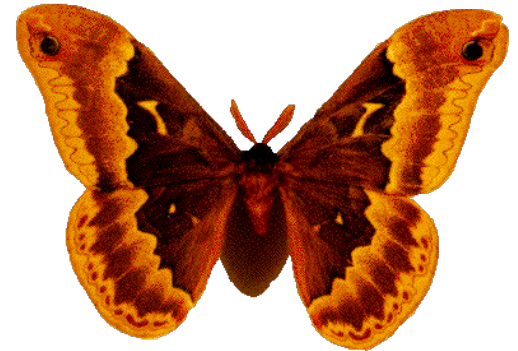
The caterpillar stomps its little feet. It climbs and chews.  
It grows, shedding skins but little more.  
Stomp, climb, eat. Stomp, climb, eat.  
So grounded it is; will it never soar?



One day, with two caterpillars looking on  
A beautiful butterfly floated gracefully by.  
Thinking logically, one turned and simply said:  
“Not ever me in a butterfly that high.”

Gratefully content, with laughing and smiles.  
No perspective. No understanding. No view  
Of the ironies, implications and a real future.  
What was The Answer they knew?

Resistance. Perspective. And Change.  
All of these and more are involved.  
Yet insight is limited. And self-perspective, too.  
His mother, is a moth--this problem is solved.



But one must STOP in the caterpillar journey  
For transformation, for what we can become.  
One must change to a much gooey mess  
to undergo metamorphosis and change.

Is the potential understood? Is it realized?  
We just don't know. Yet our nature does.  
The Call of The Wild. And the need to Become.  
Gain the wings, lose the bite plus the fuzz.

Change is about letting go, to trust the process  
Of growth and experience and your view.  
It is Becoming. You are more than you are  
With things you already were. And you knew?



The colors are in and on the butterfly  
They are already within what we were and are.  
Can we all learn from this? Can we assist?  
These changes will most surely occur.

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