

## The Butterfly in Me

I'm young, I'm just a little bug.  
A caterpillar, green,  
I crawl each day from leaf to leaf,  
My talents yet unseen,  
I want to see, and do, and feel,  
Go places I've not yet been.

As I explore and travel wide,  
And wonder what's in store,  
I feel a tingle deep inside,  
An urge I can't ignore.  
Dear mother, "What am I to be"  
Her answer kind and sure,...  
Some day you'll be a butterfly,  
Then with new wings, you'll soar!

