

Butterfly

by Jory Zi

I

Mama held me in her embrace,
Soft hands over my chest in place,
Sweet songs whispered through her grace,
A gold butterfly on her neck to trace.

The most cherished moment of childhood past,
Until I went to school, a world so vast,
Mama put her butterfly on my neck, steadfast,
Sharing her struggles of leaving home at last.

Her gold butterfly, now mine to wear,
A symbol of strength and love to bear,
Through her tough times, she did dare,
To leave her hometown with love and care.

I'll wear the butterfly with pride,
As mama did, by her side,
Her story, a true guide,
Through life's journey, as I abide.

Putting on her butterfly,
Inheriting courage, brave to try,
Starting a new life, daring to fly,
In a brand-new country, with a heart, always spry.

II

Standing in the crowd, feeling rare,
Blond hair with light skin to stare,
New language in my ear to bear,
My olive yellow face with black hair, that pair.

New environment, new people to meet,
Pounding heart and sweating palms, a feat,
When will I have a real friend to greet?
I hold my butterfly, less alone, so sweet.

The first presentation in the semester,
A best chance to practice and temper,
Researching, collecting, making all with ardor,
Breathing quick and uneasy, oh the tremor!

"Can I make it?" asks my heart so pure,
Again and again, I am unsure,
Until applause and encouraging looks assure,
I hold my butterfly, my confidence, secure.

School morning announcements, delivered with pride,
The whole school hears my voice, a stride,
'It's an honor, I should try,' I decide,
My voice tremulous, but not denied.
I hold my butterfly, it's so bright.

III

December came, with music festival and melody,
Happy smiles and jubilations, so heavenly,
Greeting my first Canadian piano competition, very friendly,
Playing my winter concert solo, feeling aplenty.

Piano is like my best friend, oh dear,
Accompanying me, from callow to mature, with no fear,
In Beethoven's Sonatas, Chopin's nocturnes, so clear,
And in our very own Chinese folk music, sincere.
I hold my butterfly, it's always here.

With memories so beautiful and beliefs in my mind,
I dressed for competition and concert, feeling refined,
I looked in the mirror, confident and proud,
Like a gorgeous butterfly, ready to take flight and astound.

My name is called, and I walk to the stage,
All eyes on me, attention to engage.
Beads of sweat ooze from forehead with care,
I begin to perform, without a single scare.

The music flows under my fingertips,
As if the composer's musical exchange is at grips,
I feel as one with the music, in perfect sync,
A beautiful moment, like a carefully woven link.

I take a deep bow,
The applause is all I need to know,
Holding my butterfly, seeing its glow,
I feel anew.



IV

February, a month we celebrate,
 The Lunar New Year with joy, elate,
 With family close, we gather and cheer,
 A time we hold ever so dear.

It's a different year, my first in Canada,
 Sharing traditions with peers, proud like a banner,
 Window flowers I cut with care,
 For my peers, so eager to share,
 My culture, traditions, all mine,
 Introducing my ways, feeling just fine.

Surprised faces, but happy too,
 Proud of my culture, and of me too,
 In my hand, a paper butterfly I hold,
 One I made for myself, with colors so bold,
 I raise it high, with pride and glee,
 My culture and myself, forever free.

V

"From egg to larva, to cocoon's weaving,
 To butterfly's grace, in glory achieving,
 A symbol of hope, with new beginning,
 The beautiful tale, forever singing," Mama said.

I stand here, tall and proud,
 My black hair flies within the crowd,
 My eyes sparkle with bravery and courage,
 As butterflies dance around with a flourish.

From egg to larva, my past,
 Now a butterfly, soaring fast,
 I spread my wings and take to the sky,
 To dance and twirl, to say goodbye.

One of them, I am now,
 A beacon of hope, with a vow,
 My journey starts, just the beginning,
 With a new heart, I am grinning.



About the Author

Joy Qiaoyi Li is a young and passionate 12-year-old author and pianist, born in China and now residing in Canada. With a deep love for literature in both Chinese and English, Joy enjoys crafting captivating tales that transport readers to magical realms. In addition, she has been honing her piano skills since the age of four, using music as a heartfelt means of expression. Dreaming of a future as a respected writer and pianist, Joy remains committed to sharing her unique gifts to inspire others through her creative endeavors.