

## **The Boy Least Likely To**

### **"I Box Up All the Butterflies"**

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I find it difficult to  
Relax in the summertime  
With all the flowers in bloom  
I creep across the countryside  
With my net and my bait  
And a pocket full of veil and twine  
I break the promises I made  
As I box up all the butterflies  
I ruin everything  
As I sit in a field of grass  
In the spring, listening  
To the beat of its little heart  
To its wings, struggling  
For air under an upturned glass  
And I put a pin through its wings  
And I bottle it up  
I box it up  
And bury it in my heart  
Just as I know my friends  
I also know my enemies  
Are the birds and the bees  
And my own little insecurities  
I creep around in the dark  
And I tear up all the dandelions  
And I break my own heart  
As I box up all the butterflies  
Tirelessly following  
Its tiny butterfly tracks  
Across the field, in the spring  
With a plastic carrier bag  
Full of fish, hooks and string  
I lay a little matchbox trap  
And I put pins through its wings  
And I bottle it up  
I box it up  
And bury it in my heart  
I folded up its furry wings  
And opened up its little heart  
It might sound stupid but something about it made me  
wanna pull it apart  
I ruin everything

As I sit in a field of grass  
In the spring, listening  
To the beat of its little heart  
To its wings, struggling  
For air under an upturned glass  
And I put pins through its wings  
And I bottle it up  
I box it up  
And bury it in my heart

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