

## **Diane Kordas**

### **"Yellow Butterfly"**

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She was just five years old. A slightly moody day...  
She couldn't stay away from that river's edge, and I...  
I turned by back to count all the daffodil seeds that  
surrounded.  
I closed my eyes and then heard the water wake up,  
and I...  
I can still hear that scream.  
It's still lingering in the air, everywhere -- "Mother  
please save me."  
"Grab my hand!"  
"I can't! I can't!"  
I can still hear that face sink beneath the waves.  
"Baby, please breathe for me. Give me time i am here.  
Where did you go? Where'd you go? Where'd you go?  
Where'd you go?"

Were the angels that lonely? Couldn't they suffice for  
anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me?  
She's home... She's home crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday, I will visit the same spot that I  
hate.  
Yes, the place that baby loved. Now she can taste it.  
It took her away.

It's been five years since then, and when it hits  
September  
I'll feel like I'm dying again. I can still won't even talk to  
me.  
Talk to me! Isn't this pain guilt enough?  
I can't even look out the window without seeing  
reflections distorted in the sun.

And I... I can still hear that scream.  
It's still lingering in the air, everywhere --- "Mother  
please save me!"  
"Grab my hand!"  
"I can't! I can't!"  
I can still see that face sink beneath the waves.  
"Baby, please breathe for me. Give me time. I am here.  
Where did you go? Where'd you go? Where'd you go?"

Where'd you go?"

Were the angels that lonely? Couldn't they suffice for  
anybody else?  
Can't everybody else just lie to me?  
She's home... She's home crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday, I will visit the same spot that I  
hate.  
Yes, the place baby loved. Now she can taste it.  
It took her away.

When the pain hits me like gunshot, (oh) and I'm  
headed on the way to the floor,  
I hear her name and it kills me. (Oh) Bottles up, bottles  
up, bottles up.  
And I'm trying my best to hurt me. Ian says it's never  
enough.  
A razor to the wrist for each unshed tear.  
Cough it up, drink it up, drink it up.

Were the angels that lonely? Couldn't they suffice for  
anybody else?  
Can't everybody just lie to me, lie to me?  
She's home... She's home crying for me now.  
Every night on a Monday, I will visit the same spot that I  
hate.  
Yes, the place that baby loved. Now she can taste it.  
It took her away. Oh, it took her away... took her away.

So I had a coma, when I crashed my car in the lake.  
I saw your face, darling. I knew it was no mistake  
So I went to the doctor. I told him, oh, my heart will  
break if I couldn't see you.  
He just gave me more pills.  
But i saw you up there still floating by the river.  
God, you always loved that river. I bet your heaven  
looks just like it.  
I'll like it too even though it scares me now.  
When I'm with you, I'll be just fine. I'll be just fine.  
We can sit.  
We can talk about, talk about butterflies.  
Butterflies, butterflies, butterflies.

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