Yellow Butterflies

By Kate Estrella

Even the year began

off kilter.

Javelinas,

tripped past,

in endless

lop-sided packs.

Guilty heads down,

watching

from one side

of their

ridiculous snouts

that quiver, smell,

and investigate.

Delighted with

our secret garbage

they’ve rooted through

everything.

Exposing

wilted flowers,

crayoned messages,

dried tears

and tears

that never dried

deeper inside.

In this territory,

we mark the ground

where our loved ones died

with dolls.

You can drive by,

and leave

the little mounds

clumps of pain

to disappear

in the rear

view mirror.

Only the yellow butterflies

will not leave off

praying for rain.