

Poetic and Interactive moment

The Butterfly Story

my story

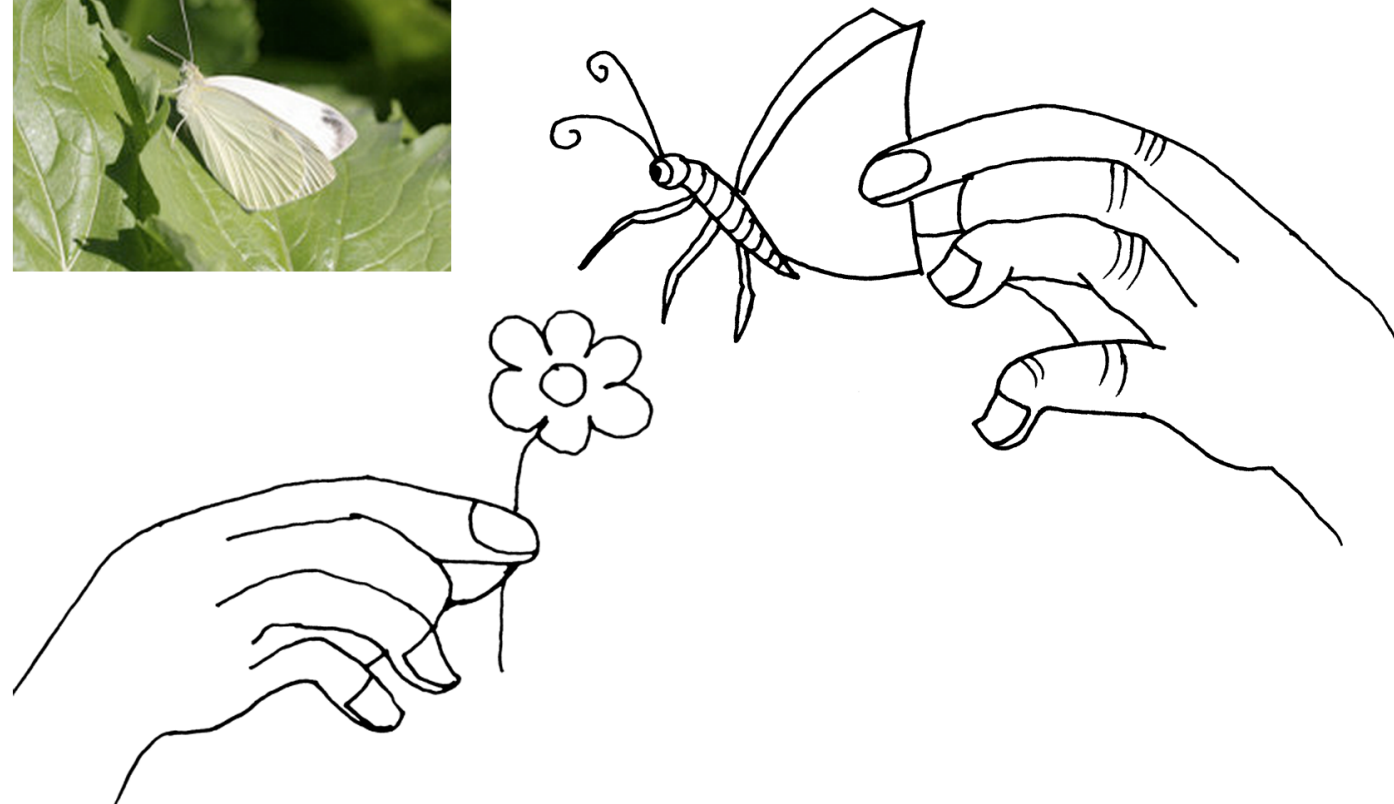
When I used to come back from my school it was already 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Generally, everybody used to sleep from 1 to 3, maybe it was too hot for anyone to come out during this time of the day. I chose to come out during this time (sneaking out of my house) and catch butterflies for hours everyday. This was the most happiest time of my life. It used to give me immense pleasure looking at so many butterflies at one time and I used to wonder which ones are the best to catch hold of.



This is what I used to do

I used to catch one butterfly (especially the yellow ones) and then pluck one flower from the nearest bush and make the butterfly sit on top of the flower (at this point I release the butterfly to have his/her food). I used to talk to the butterfly. The best part was that the butterfly never chose to leave the flower and fly away. I always felt that he/she knows what I'm talking about. The talks were mostly innocent and some of them were secrets that I could never share it with anyone. **Sometimes the butterfly chose to crawl on my hand and that was the most happiest and poetic moment of my life. I was almost convinced that the butterfly has become a friend to me.** The minute I tried to put it away the legs of the butterfly felt like little magnets, trying not to get away from my hand.

This activity continued till I saw people on the streets. As soon as people were seen I did something else or I ran home. In those few hours I used to feed and talk to at least 8 to 9 butterflies.



Interactive

This is what I find interactive in this particular activity

- Catching butterflies, feeding them, talking to them, an activity that gives me my own space and sense of freedom
 - Feeding the butterfly exactly the same flowers that he/she likes (through observing and knowing)
 - Fluttering of the wings when I catch it
 - Desire to share emotions
 - Revealing my secrets to someone
- The fact that the butterfly becomes a friend and chooses (sometimes) not to leave me and fly away
 - The tactile, magnetic feeling of the butterfly on the hand
 - Looking at butterflies makes me go back to my past





Thank You