

# THE NEARLY EXTINCT BUTTERFLY

## Eumaeus Atala Poey Hairstreak



When sitting amongst nature  
Listen to the sounds  
Close your eyes and imagine us  
Black and blue we fly  
The butterflies abound  
Long ago there was a time  
When the distant drum beats flowed  
And all of nature's friends  
Lived amongst a balanced goal  
Native Americans roamed the lands  
Sustained a life in the wild  
Grateful to their surroundings  
They cultivated with style  
They mashed the roots of Zamia  
A small palm like ancient plant  
A starch to survive their existence  
Future nourishment for resistance  
In a wet bend called Arch Creek  
A natural limestone bridge amazed  
There the Coontie plant was abundant  
Upon the leaves we lay our eggs  
Then came the settlers of a foreign land  
They took over and a mill was made  
Took the recipe for themselves  
Claimed our wheat and called it arrowroot  
They almost wiped us out  
In this southern place by the water  
We were destined to not survive  
But it will not be when it comes to me  
The Atala Hairstreak won't retire  
Today, a blue streak flock  
Of bright red bottoms  
Flutter freely through the sky  
Thriving on the Coontie plant  
Their necessary life event  
Now, Atala lives with pride.



by D. H. Lasky - aka Hannah Lasky

[hannah\\_lasky@aol.com](mailto:hannah_lasky@aol.com) 2023 © [www.hanartwork.com](http://www.hanartwork.com)

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