

First Prize: Mathilde Carron (FLSH), “Butterflies”

Sometimes I envy butterflies
Once they leave their chrysalis, they explore the world
Once the chrysalis is broken
They just live, without any invisible threads
Whom stop them from moving or hold them back
I would like to leave for my chrysalis,
Life would be better, an adventure, a journey full of discovery
Around my chrysalis, they are invisible threads I want to break
I would like to flap my wings
But I feel comfortable and warm in my chrysalis
What if I regret breaking and leaving my chrysalis?
What if I cannot stand to fly away?
What if I was wrong about the World, about myself?
What if I cannot handle this independence, this liberty and all those new feelings?
What if I end up like a butterfly trapped in a spider web?
Incapable of moving because of my choices?
Trapped because of my will to leave?
Sometimes I envy butterflies
They don't seem to need others to live, to feel safe, to feel warm, to feel alive
They don't seem to think about how it would be easier to stay in their chrysalis
No - They seem peaceful, full of life and love
For them, these thoughts are nothing
In case of these things mean something
In one flapping of wings - thoughts, doubts, feelings, insecurities - its fly away
Sometimes I envy butterflies
I like their beautiful colours
I love seeing them flying in nature or sleeping on flowers
I admire their independence and their peace
When it will be my turn to leave my chrysalis,
To spread my wings -
Flap them in the air -
Push away all my thoughts -

And finally feel okay away from my sweet chrysalis?

The chrysalis dilemma (or the fear of spreading its wings)