**‘Cocoon’ by Brother Richard Hendrick OFM Cap.**

***Friday, 08 May 2020***

**Cocoon**

**Do not expect cocooning  
To be easy.  
It is not a time of rest  
But of rebirth.  
They used to think  
That the Caterpillar  
Merely slept there,  
Awaiting the wonder of wings.  
This is not true.  
To cocoon means  
The breaking down of self,  
Of letting go of all  
that may be considered  
Caterpillar.  
Yielding to the chrysalis call.  
Dropping all that is old identity,  
All that is desire,  
All that is hungry,  
All that is eating, eating, eating,  
Endlessly.  
When the moment comes, called  
To go to the cool dark underleaf, underlog place,  
To spin the silk of silent self,  
The Caterpillar dissolves,  
Touches the point of nothingness  
Of being;  
Become now  
Neither Caterpillar  
Nor Butterfly  
Become simply, potential,  
Until new form is found,  
Until the selfmade tomb is too tight  
And Butterfly is birthed,  
bursting blessing, beauty.  
A journey through stillness  
into freedom,  
Into flight,  
No one who knew the Caterpillar  
Would know it in the Butterfly,  
No one who knows the Butterfly  
Would see in it  
Even the memory  
Of Caterpillar,  
Yet within there is  
A continuity of being  
A new recipe out of old ingredients  
A life remade, a seed flowered, a potency fulfilled,  
There is pain in this  
I am sure.  
How could there not be?  
There is always pain  
In surrender,  
In transformation,  
In new life, new birth  
Death before resurrection,  
Letting go, before letting be  
This is the divine order of things  
This is why there hides  
Even here, even now,  
In all your old Caterpillar desiring,  
In the hunger at the core of your being,  
The promise of Butterfly  
If you would but surrender  
To the call  
Of the cocoon.  
If you would know,  
even for a day,  
The wonder of wings  
The freedom of flight.**