

## A Multilingual Decameron (Stories of A Different World) – Holly Blue

*Butterflies, butterflies, butterflies rang the soft noise in my head. I grew a whisper of an urge to paint. I stared at the dismal array of acrylics and burnt and bruised brushes as I found the bare canvas. Yes, where is the blue? I murmured, shuffling through the art supplies. Skipping across the vast white space the ocean of colours blended. Sea storms loomed at the tip of my brush as paint became strong wings in a whirlpool of dream-like fantasies, stroked by lilac patterns. This was not just any painting, brushstroke after brushstroke landed upon the spiritual landscape of white. As the day fell into afternoon, one painting became three and my artistic energies were spent.*

*Stepping out into the mid-summer sunshine, the sweet breeze broke the air and the sun beamed heavily on my freckles. I sat on the soft blushed decking chairs enjoying my sun-kissed minutes, when something drew me further down to where the trees stood. The shadowy golden hour loomed upon my neck as it lighted the hairs up like a twin-flame on my skin. Out of nowhere, he came, a Holly Blue butterfly. I sat in awe of him. Tiny and mighty, he should be renamed Spirit of the Past. He hovered above the warmth of my skin, unbothered by my presence. We spent several moments getting to know each other, like two old friends passing their time in the shade. I had wished for him, and he came. Paint strokes blooming into life. He came with a message that only my soul would know.*