

Thus, it flushes blue-green

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The black-spotted blue butterfly flutters against the blue blue sky-blue sky. It lives through winter and well into spring with the copper-colored ants, offering them sugary secretions in thanks. It feeds on the ants' own larvae, whispering something for something, and then, it pupates. In July, it crawls out of the anthill, as a fully hatched butterfly. Now it has only a very short time to swarm, mate, lay eggs, and die. The black-spotted blue butterfly has blue, black-spotted wings. It lives only three days. It lays eggs in thyme, eats the flower's seeds, and falls to the ground. Once, it fluttered far and wide, but now, it lives only here, on the island—reflected in the forest lakes' glassy waters, powders itself with the cliff's white chalk, gathering marjoram in the open meadows. We are islanders, the black-spotted blue butterfly and I.

In front of the hay- and golden-colored fields, a copper sign gleams. The copper has been patinated with salt and acid and thus, it flushes blue-green, blending with the sky, milky-white streaks running from the copper, my fingertips leaving ghosts behind. In the light and against the sky, ridges and waves form across the shiny copper canvas. Little mirror on the wall, tell me all about the weather here.

It is a cloudless sky, the golden and the blue, the sun is warm and the wind is cold, the children have thrown their jackets onto the dew-wet grass, they walk barefoot, touch the golden copper with their fingers. My daughter hangs ruby-red stones and gold jewelry in the tall trees, she shapes jewelry out of beeswax, she lights great bonfires with her youthful fury, eats dried blueberries from large jars, she guards the black-spotted blue butterfly from the hands of adults. We talk about the weather but no longer about the climate, we talk about wind and weather but never about the wind and the weather. The wind blows through the yellow poppies' tender petals—it's not even their time to bloom yet. The wind leaves traces on cold, blue-green copper. The rain comes and turns the dew into lakes, the chalk runs, the cliffs slip—here it is rust-red and quiet, before it is blue-green. When poppies and flowers close up tight, soon rain and wind begin to sigh. A storm washes in over the coasts, over the forests, a whirl of plant debris and splashing waves, and thus, it flushes blue-green.