

RIDING NAKED ON A METAPHYSICAL BUTTERFLY
(MY THOUGHTS AS TO WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH)

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Metaphysics is the branch of philosophy that examines the fundamental nature of reality, including the relationship between mind and matter, between substance and attribute, and between potentiality and actuality. [Wikipedia](#)

“There's a feeling I get when I look to the west
And my spirit is crying for leaving
In my thoughts I have seen rings of smoke through the trees
And the voices of those who stand looking” – Robert Plant

As I somberly look out my window, I watch the wind rustling the newly formed green leaves of plants and trees which move by an unseen force. Moving silently as the gentle wind intertwines in, through, under and over, becoming one with the vegetation growing from the Earth below. And then leaving it behind to move on to other places.

“The wind blows where it wishes, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it is coming from and where it is going; so is everyone who has been born of the Spirit.” - John 3:8 (NASB). The wind goes where it wants, growing stronger then settling down as if relaxing, only to gain strength yet again. It defies gravity as it reaches to Heaven, yet falls to the ground and brushes along the surface. It fears nothing and no one, and answers only to **God**. Man may try to harness the wind, but he can't control it as he does the masses of souls under his rule. Until death creeps upon you, as long as you walk this planet, as long as there are rulers and subjects, you are never truly free. Never truly at peace, until you are placed in the ground. How ironic it is to believe in freedom but never achieve it until the end.

Oh, to be riding naked on a metaphysical butterfly as she deftly rides the unseen currents. I grasp gently to her sensory hairs just behind her head. And hold tight as her large wings push against the tiny molecules that make up the element known as air. How then, does science explain what created the very air that we breath? And the process of how is then converted to carbon dioxide and recycled by plants converting it back to oxygen. Would not a higher power have designed that process? Or perhaps it just happened that way because the stars were in alignment. Floating without resistance, without a care.

We rise above the trees to beyond what we can't yet see beyond the horizon. The horizon of a round globe, one of several other round globes in this solar system. With Earth's alignment set at just the right distance from the solar body known as the Sun. Moving beyond the realms of math and science that believe such feats are impossible and therefore don't exist. That **God** is only a figment of your overworked imagination, and **His** laws of behavior are meaningless. Some seek to prove that particles of matter came together on their own to create the universe, to prove that **God** is not the Alpha and the Omega.

They can not except that the laws of physics came from a higher power. Their disbelief overwhelms them, nothing matters but matter itself. To be the one who discovers the missing particle, the key to the forbidden door of knowledge. To prove once and for all that science is the greatest power, and man alone is responsible for his own destiny. And that everything that we know came into existence on it's own without **God**.

As Steve Jobs final moments approached in 2011, he gave us all a hint of what might lay beyond that is invisible until the appropriate moment. Steve Jobs while on Earth, had shaped the future of computer science, bringing home computing to the masses and to science itself. Yet his body was failing as will the body of everyone ever born. No matter if they have billions of dollars like him, or be poverty stricken. Science could not stop the cancer that was consuming him on the inside. Science could only take a back seat to the inevitable and watch.

What science, and a lot of scientists don't get, or are unwilling to admit, is that **God** is one heck of an engineer. Steve Jobs family surrounded his hospital bed as he lay there. He looked around them, at each of them directly, and then over them and uttered, **"Oh Wow, Oh Wow, Oh Wow"**. I believe he was watching the same process unfold that we all are going to see, as perhaps Heaven was opening up before him. And only he could see what others could not, the wonderment of the unknown.

My butterfly continues it's gradual ascent into the open void, I should be cold as my naked body is exposed to the elements, but I am not. I feel the warmth emanating from the gentle creature that supports me. And from the light that draws us ever near to it, rising with the currents. We float majestically above fields of green and brown which change to different hues as we continue our climb. I should be afraid of falling as I gaze down to the Earth far below, but I am not. I feel a presence that I can't explain reassuring me that I will be fine.

I cannot see this presence, yet I know that it is there. It tells me to relax and to be astounded by the sheer beauty of the depth of space that lies before us. I should be scared of not knowing what will happen next, but I am not. I look down at the Earth as it rotates at just the right speed to create the four seasons. The four seasons which for some creatures is a lifetime unto itself. The season of my butterfly is very short compared to the season of man. Yet they are one in the same, for every season there is a purpose.

"There is an appointed time for everything - "And there is a time for every matter under Heaven – Ecclesiastes 3:1" (NASB). But science can explain all that is happening around me, as it has an explanation for most everything else. It can explain away the orbit of the planets as being held in place by the gravitational force of the Sun. But what created that gravitational force, or the Sun to exist in the first place? How is it that the Earth just happens to be in the perfect orbit for it to sustain the life that exists there, and only there?

And what of my butterfly? Where did she come from? The life cycle of my butterfly is in four stages, egg, caterpillar, pupae, and adult. It changes through the process of metamorphosis. It goes from egg, to crawling to flying to dying. But before dying, it mates, ensuring the process will happen over and over again. The key word here is metamorphosis which means: ***"change of physical form, structure, or substance especially by supernatural means" – Merriam Webster.***

Not everyone will enter the kingdom of Heaven, but all will at least try. **“Not everyone who says to Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ will enter the kingdom of Heaven, but the one who does the will of My Father who is in Heaven will enter” – Matthew 7:21 (NASB).** Because all will perish at their own appointed time. Even the doubting scientist will at some point leave the Earth behind. My butterfly has flown me to my destination, but what do I now see, and where is it? I was born naked into the world with nothing, no clothes, no food, no warmth. I was helplessly dependent on one thing, **love**. Without **love** I would have died before I could grow.

“And he said: “Naked I came from my mother’s womb, And naked shall I return there. The Lord gave, and the LORD has taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.” - Job 1:21 (NKJV). In order for anyone to enter into Heaven, they have to change, to go through metamorphosis. **“And said, “Truly I say to you, unless you are converted and become like children, you will not enter the kingdom of heaven”. - Matthew 18:3. (NASB)** As Heaven has opened up before me, I finally see the presence which has been with me on my journey, I see **Jesus**.

