

MUTANT BUTTERFLIES IN FUKUSHIMA.

Brunnena Libris. Vol. I.



Carolina Musa.



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Cultura
Santa Fe
Provincia

Returning from their annual
trip crossing oceans
fields, mountains, bridges,
the butterflies which used to
fly around Fukushima
“suffer alterations in their legs
feelers and wings”
“severe deformities”
“genetic mutations
caused by the intake
of radioactive material”
the news says, specifically,
they have “much smaller wings
and irregular developed eyes”
and goes on: “The link between mutations
and radioactive material
has been proved”, because of that
and because the news keeps me up at night
and because it rains, I write down:

ALTERED CYCLOPEAN BUTTERFLIES
WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD

Option 1. Genre: Drama.

Astronautical engineers of the world
after much thought, finally
decide to run away to the moon
to protect themselves from the mutant butterflies.

They spend fortunes to build
a space station

(they carry materials in charter
rocket flights)

In an unusual display
of logistics and caution
they arrange the fateful moving
and calmly settle in, facing the earth.

If they are really bored,

they go for a walk among craters

(I don't know why I'm so sure: they carry umbrellas)

And although they miss the non-engineering
world a little, they never
complain about their fate

and they think —long hours, while
adjusting oxygen tubes for dogs

on their own dogs —how have those
pathetic overcrowded flooded
full-of-trash, heat
or frozen to death others
dealt with
an ill planet
under a radioactive dictatorship?

Option 2. Genre: Romance.

The mutant butterfly king
falls madly in love
with a girl hidden
inside a closet
and since she loves
him too and love oh oh has no age
they make interracial
peace with a little kiss
without rebellion
no stout hero or vengeance
and since the soil is completely devastated
they dedicate themselves to cultivate hydroponic gardens
in the Himalayas, and their children
and the children of their butterfly-human
children are humanoids
with small wings on their backs
and the mouth turned into a kind
of cotillion horn or, if you want, a kind
of tiny elastic screw-on clarinet
through which they suck nectar from flowers.

Since it is no longer necessary
to hunt nor to fish
the butterfly-human's hands
will be getting smaller
over generations
and it is said there is a remote possibility
that they learn to fly
in a bajillion amount of years.

