**Blue Morpho At The Edge of Tambopata**

by Mube Nalbant

We were sipping blue morpho cocktails of rum, lemon, curaçao and maracuya. It was just before the rain season at the edge of Tambopata.

You were content with an insta worthy shot of a dead butterfly, a vivid blue morpho, flicking brown and blue when alive, making it difficult to capture with your camera. I was travel weary. You were planning the next expedition. I was pleased to stay with the certainty of macaws and capybaras, you were teased by a possibility of a glimpse of an anaconda or a jaguar. You had seen the blue side of a big butterfly. I was beguiled by the brown underside of her wings, her cloak with false eyes, to hide from predators, mostly humans. I understood your misunderstandings. You couldn’t see; her scales reflecting the sunshine were perfecting that illusion of an iridescent blue without a pigment. I was fluttering through an Amazonian metamorphosis like a majestic butterfly, perceived as blue as I reflected.

I now reflect on the reason, as solitary as a blue morpho outside the breeding season, that nothing was as blue nor as brown as we saw just before the rain.

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