

I Was Hunger. And Became Light.

A Story of Transformation - from the Perspective of the Caterpillar



I · THE FEEDING



I knew only leaf. And leaf. And leaf.

The world was green, and it was large enough - until it wasn't.

I did not eat out of greed. I ate because something inside me was louder than I was. A hunger that asked no questions, only demanded answers. Day after day, more of what surrounded me, until it became part of me.

And then: the skin. Tight. Tighter. Too tight.

I shed my skin - once, twice, four times. Each time I thought: now it is enough. Each time, I had grown too large again for what had just held me.

No one had told me where this leads. I only knew one thing, deep and without words: the way I was, I could not stay. As if something outside of me had long known what wanted to become inside me - long before I had any sense of it myself.

Was that failure? It felt like failure. But it was growth that knew no other way than to become uncomfortable.



Perhaps you know this too-tightness. Those days when your own life suddenly no longer fits - not because something has broken, but because you have grown, and no one told you that this is allowed to hurt.

II · THE DISSOLUTION



I hung myself up. Upside down. On a thread I had spun myself, without knowing I would ever need it.

That was the last step I still understood. Everything after has no name I know.

Something inside me began to dissolve me. Not from outside. From within. Muscles that had carried me became liquid. There was no moment in which I could say no. There was only: happening.

But the thread held. Something carried me while I could no longer carry myself. An order I did not plan, but followed - as if a wisdom greater than my own already knew how wings emerge from this chaos.

From the outside it looked like stillness. No one could see what was happening inside. I myself could barely feel it - only endure it.

I remember the fear. That in-between that can last so long you forget it is an in-between and not a home. But it was no mistake I had made. No punishment. It was simply: its turn.

That was the hardest part. Not the dissolving. The not-knowing what would come of it. But every shell has an opening - even when you cannot see it from the inside.

Perhaps you know this darkness. The phase in which nothing holds anymore and nothing new is yet visible. What if this is not a standstill? What if something is growing there that you have never needed before - until now?



III · THE FLIGHT



When the shell broke open, the first thing I felt was not joy. It was heaviness.

My wings: wet, crumpled, pressed against my body like a promise not yet kept.

I hung from the empty cocoon and pumped, slowly, hour by hour, fluid into veins I had never possessed. No one could do it for me.

And then, at some point - I cannot name the moment -, there was no weight left. Only air. And vastness, wherever I looked.

What had once been my entire universe - a stem, a shadow, a patch of green - was now a tiny point far below me.

I did not simply fly off. I was guided - into a vastness I could never have imagined as a caterpillar. As if something, long before I had wings, had already known where they would carry me.

I landed on a blossom. Not because I had to. Because I could. And while I sat there, I carried something yellow from one flower to the next. Pollen. Life that was not mine and yet moved on through me.

I was no longer the one who only ate. I was no longer the one who had dissolved. I was light. And it was precisely this lightness that made me something that touched more than just itself.





But now, in the sun, with nectar on my tongue, I do look back. I see the hunger that was never enough, the skin that grew too tight, the dissolution that felt like an ending.

And I am grateful - not in a transfigured way, truly. Something in all of it knew more than I could know.

This here, this flying, this taste of sweetness - it was worth it.

It was enough to fly. And the vastness received me.



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