

Memories of a Dragon



Study*ladder*

The morning sun lay hidden
I stood silently
Clutching my mother's hand,
Peering through the morning mist
Anxiously watching, waiting.
A distant rumbling roar
Made my body quake and quiver.
The piercing shrill scream
Cut through the cool damp air.
I saw it, I felt it.
A dragon was coming!
Smoke billowing,
Fire glowing,
I stepped back in awe.
A living breathing dragon,
Approaching
Slowing
Stopping.
I stood trembling
While clouds of steam
Melted in the gentle breeze.
My mouth open,
Excited,
I moved closer.
Big black beautiful steel dragon.
I was swallowed whole.
Taken.



Imprisoned within,
Shaking trembling.
The dragon growled with throbbing power,
Movement, faster, faster.
Clacking, clanking, shaking,
Flickering shadows merging
With waving trees,
Blurred abstraction.
Mesmerised I watched
Time and miles passing.
Through an open window,
The sting of cinders in my eyes,
Smell of smoke and hissing steam.
The feel of leather as I knelt
Staring with wonder at every scene.
Fleeting vistas slowed and focused.
Exhausted the dragon rested,
Out of breath,
Greedy drinking water,
Quenching a great thirst.
Visions fade,
For dragons are no more.
Shadowy memories dim.
My youth lies with the beast,
Gone,
Gone.

