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The Storm

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Cover Page Footnote

This piece was presented as a branch to "Dragon Season"

The Storm

My mother painted dragons which
she heard in trembles of the wind
her words like brushes conjured them
within the quiet of the storm,
as my willing, wondering eyes
delighted in her world.

For her, the summer breezes sent
the tidings of the air and told
her tales of sprites and beasts they warned
were drawing near.
and when these loyal messengers
were filled with dragons' dance,
she called to me, her treasure sweet
to quickly take her hand.

Hand in hand, we left the beach
for refuge in our porch,
the dune-grass bent in firm salute
which folded to earth.
and as we passed I turned around,
to quickly glance behind
and see our ready soldiers
stretched upwards towards the sky

I never loved our footprints more
which dragons rained away
and caused the sand to slip, afraid,
both ominous and strange.

their wings she said had beat the clouds
into this gloomy gray
and with each beat a breath now pushed
the deluge into range

I never saw her dragons dance
but heard them from above,
as crashes tumbled through the air,
and through my bones they buzzed.
The steely flicks of scales were sent
colliding into earth,
they raked their scorches in the ground;
seen but never heard.

Once I thought I lost this tongue,
of magic, might, and will.
as winds brushed past and dune-grass swayed
like strangers cold and chill.

Yet, from the sky I hear
the quiet calls of rain
I feel the dragons soar
familiar 'though I've changed.