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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.