

DRAGONFLY

When I look back at the past
to see what has past
I see a time that's gone by
In the flight of a dragonfly.

The thorns, the rain
The flowers, the pain
Time's faded away
In the flight of a day.

I see people under glass
I hear songs of the past
I hear a rhythm that's gone by
In the hum of a dragonfly.

The thorns, the rain
The roses, the pain
Time's flight, a lullaby,
In the song of a dragonfly.

When I look on to see
What has gone and what's to be
I see nothing that justifies
A fly's sight through dragon eyes.

The thorns, the pain
The fire, the flame
Time burns on
Through a fire that has gone.

It's a drag to feel
That thorns are real
Through the time of a flight
Of a dragon in a kite.

The thorns, the pain
The hours, the rain
Time stands still
Like a dragonfly on a daffodil.
When the future comes back
To greet the present in a past
I meet time in the eyes
Of a dragon that flies.

The claws, the pain
The ashes, the flames,
Time's alive
In the dragon of a fly.

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October 23, 2016