

Chasing the dragon

Glasgow, January 2021

There's dragons of all shapes and there's dragons of all sizes,
There's dragons that breathe no fire at all, and dragons from which the heat rises,
There's dragons bright and brilliant, when you see one all is light,
There's dragons dark and feverish that infect your soul at night.

I've seen a few dragons throughout the years, they always come at different times,
They always seem to be afraid of something, some already scatter when the church bells
chime,
Some require a little more persuasion, we humans band together to end the plight we've seen,
Though personally I've never been too sure, if dragons be friend or foe, or maybe something
in between.

The last two dragons that came to visit, seemed to dance or spar or both,
They stayed quite long, they were quite strong, I came to call them, the intertwined dragons of
growth,
I thought a man could only do so much growing, until he's grown,
I thought a man could only harvest that which grew from the seeds he did sow,
But now I know how wrong I was, how naive to think that one dragon would ever leave,
For that dragon is like arm to hand, he is of human nature, would he depart I'd more than
grieve.

His talons were red, hot to look at yet not to touch,
I befriended this dragon from an early age, long before the other dragon could claim me in his
clutch,
I named him Puff, though he was not magic, and chased him as he led me,
He'd never quite let me catch him, but the pursuit was enough to fill me with glee.

Men grow tired of their friends, whether dragon or man,
And one day as Puff raced off, the other way I ran,
I'm not quite sure what pulled me, was it wind or something more grim,
Whatever it was had a tight hold on me, and pulled me all the way to him.

The other dragon, was of changing colors, sometimes white and sometimes green,
There was something so captivating about him, something I had never before seen,
He showed me tricks that Puff could not do, backflips and somersaults, flying oh so high,
I never stopped to wonder why, Puff flew so much lower in the sky.

One day I had to learn, for better or for worse,
The straw that broke the camels back would put me in my hearse.

It was an ordinary day farming the fields, I was waiting for a dragon,
Puff would not satisfy me today, as I sat up high on my wagon,
I needed the thrill of chasing green or white,
Running faster than any man should or might,
When suddenly Puff swooped down, nearer than he ever did before,
As I got up to reject him, something made my heart feel sore,
"You will forget me, but I not you. When you are most broken, I will be your glue. I will stick
each piece back together, make you whole again. For I am the dragon, sent to consume your
pain."

With that he flapped once, once again and soared up high,
Leaving my neck strained back as I stretched with eyes up to the sky,
A fleeting moment, I hesitated, I could have maybe caught old Puff,
I looked back down, sensing him, for there was white and green sure enough.

He smirked, never smiled, and circled me so slowly,
He always seemed to glitter, he always seemed so holy,
The green and white ritual, looked into my eyes,
"Let us fly today, I think you have earned your prize."

I blinked once, and I blinked again, not believing the words,
Of course I'd always wanted to, soar amongst the birds,
But Puff had never let me, he'd said it was to dangerous,
I looked into the eyes of green and white, surely he would not endanger us.

I stepped up from my wagon, stumbling and tumbling onto green and white's back,

He caught me, as I grabbed on tight, he soared right up without pause or slack,
It was supposed to be colder, up in the sky, but all I could feel was the dragon's warm skin,

What a feeling, what a sight, to be floating through the clouds so thin,

I could have stayed in the moment forever, eternally at peace,
Until old green and white changed course, his talons seemed coated in grease.

Panic took hold, I was slipping, shouting and slipping, "Please stop",
But green and white did no such thing, faster he raced as I braced for the drop,
My heart seemed to be in my throat or mouth, somewhere where it shouldn't,

I tried my best to hold on, but alas I couldn't.

When my hands did finally slip, I could have sworn I heard him laugh,
It was only a split second, as the wind engulfed my ears,
Suddenly I'm flying solo, I try to find green and white, trembling with fear,
I look down, I'm still quite high, but there is earth so fast approaching,
I close my eyes and brace for impact, ready to be rid of emotion.

Death is quite graceful, suddenly you're flying, suddenly you're not,
The cold subsides so quickly, and just like that you're hot,
I always thought that death would be violent, even rough,
But death did not claim me that day, I was claimed by Puff.