

The Dragonfly

Clutch

Could've been a swan on a glassy lake
Could've been a gull in a clipper's wake
Could've been a ladybug on a wind chime
But she was born a dragonfly In the sun she warmed her wings
And listened to the cicadas sing
"The trees are all bending in one direction
Because of something" Cross-pollination by the legs
Of bees in the spring is a beautiful thing
Oh when the sun goes down
The fireflies come out In a pond crept a slimy thing
That hummed a theme from the Rites of Spring
Pity the mate of Queen Mantis
So content but so headless
Katy did nothing but shiver and cry
As did the dragonfly In the shade the gypsies spin
Among the cloves they drop their skin
"Beyond the hedge grove
Over by the willows deep in the shadows" Regeneration occurs at a furious speed
Beneath the white oak tree
Oh when the sun comes up
The moon buds fold up
In the sun she warmed her wings
And listened to the Rites of Spring Could've been a swan on a glassy lake
Could've been a gull in a clipper's wake
Could've been a ladybug on a wind chime
But she was born a dragonfly "Ain't ever seen it but I have heard it
Sounds like the millstones when they are turning
But every moment getting louder and louder
And then there is silence and the smell of flowers"

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