

## The Dreadful Dragon

There's a dragon  
in me,  
and volatile,  
beneath the darkest shadows,  
Claws like shining swords  
from starlight,  
gleaming like embers in the tinker's fire,  
river; silver in the sun.  
Every day is a battle; some days  
I win,  
wins,  
h time he wins, he grows.  
His head treasures the emerald greens of the forest,  
sapphire blues of the deep  
sea,  
thorns gripping onto the scaly back pointing to the night sky.  
He feeds on my anger and  
resentment,  
me but tomorrow?  
than me, I shall perish.  
And that is why I have to tame him, as soon as  
possible,  
love,  
but youth doesn't last.  
I hear you say: "There's no dragon in  
you."  
haunting me and you!

The dragon is vile  
And lurks

His saffron eyes  
A tail like a

And other days the dragon  
Eac

The

His spikes; the

Today, he is smaller than  
I know if he gets bigger

He shall starve on my patience and  
He was cute when he was young-

But believe me- there is a dragon