



(or Pascal's Poem)

by Angie

Between the pages, Here Be Dragons, glorious retold,
The skies of Pern, Luxour, Earthsea, Smaug upon his gold
In icy caves or circling towers, they lived in many lands
Tempting knights who left their armour scattered on the sands

With armoured scales, lizard eyes, and iridescent hues
They sometimes, telepathically, spoke of deeper truths
They flew alone, they hunted food, they carried human friends
They burned with fire, lived forever, and riddled without end

We loved to dream of wurms, and read what words would bind
We gave them grace and strength and size, yet made them hard to find
They sometimes left for distant lands, to live where none could spy
Where every ridge suggested spines and every cave an eye.

Their eggs were rare and often sought, but always at a cost
They never failed to test us too, and oftentimes we lost
Sometimes they weren't what they appeared, waiting for us there
To see beyond the heat and smoking, brimstone in the air

What land do they shadow now, with their enormous wings?
Where are the newer tales, and songs for us to sing?
What dragons failed to tell us - and we, of course, had known
Was that they would fade away, if magic was outgrown.

A yarn dragon's wing around me, I ponder where they hide
What formula would bring them from the places where they bide
So I look to favourites - re-reading them renews
And wakes up all those sleeping dragons waiting for my view.