

Clutch, The Dragonfly

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 windchime,
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.
Katydid nothing but shiver and cry,
as did the dragonfly.

In the shade the gypsies spin
Among the cloves, they drop their skin.

"...beyond the hedgegrove,
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

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Could've been a gull in a clipper's wake.
Could've been a ladybug on a windchime,
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."