Dragon Song



Like a white cloud in springtime, he skids through the sky,
Whistles tunes into valleys, pushes boats with a sigh.
Through the forest he scurries, catching leaves in his wings;
With a rustle of treetops, the Wind Dragon sings.

With a temper so fierce and a beauty so clear,
She sways to a calling that no one can hear.
Pulling treasures like gifts from some faraway shore,
Wild and untamed, hear the Sea Dragon's roar.

With a wing fall as fragile as light on the sea,
She sings of frost shivers and white-gilded trees.
Unshaken, she soars, while the wind whips and blows;
Under sky-splattered starlight, the Moon Dragon glows.

His teeth hide a furnace, spewing ash and bright embers.
His scales dry and charred; a face man remembers.
A flicking, forked tongue licks the sides of a stake;
The Fire Dragon feasts, leaves the world in its wake.

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