

Behold the Sky!

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Something I wrote when I was fourteen. I had a thing for dragons at the time. And tea.

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Behold the Sky!

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What doest thou see?

A sight to behold,

A sight of fear to thee.

Alarm the village!

Tell them of their gloom.

A creature is coming,

To bring their doom!

Comes forth the dragon!

His wings of might,

Doth give him flight,

Lifting him higher,

Spreading his fire.

His talons are swords,

To strike through steel.

His teeth are spears,

To damage a great deal.

Behold the powerful dragon!

He comes for food,

Behold the Sky!

Behold the Sky!

He comes for plunder,
With wings of a hurricane,
With roars of thunder.
Take your children,
Take your wife.
Flee! Fly like the wind!
Or lose your life.

Run from yonder dragon!

The village is burned,
The flocks are gone.
You must flee to another city,
He returns at dawn.
Who has angered
This mighty beast?
Who has tempted him,
To come for a feast?

Apologize to the dragon!

With him, we have struck a deal!
From us, he will nevermore steal.
But we must invite him, often, for tea.
Keep your word, or he will come for thee!
Beware the dragon!

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