

# The Dragonfly

Clutch

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

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.

"...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."