

# Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

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## Flying Free

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# Flying Free

**By: Naomi Harrison**

Oh how majestic,  
Oh how picturesque,  
Oh what wondrous thing is this?  
Dragons of the bygone age are the creatures of unspeakable bliss.

To be able to fly above the clouds,  
Breaking through their endless shrouds.  
Seeing all, proclaiming might,  
Probing, searching, through the night.

Flying, soaring, ascending, higher!  
Over woods and over mires!  
Winging up and up and up!  
Rain wet, snow white, lava corrupt!

Treasure pretty, treasure bright,  
Treasure won through countless fights.  
Glittering, shining malevolently,  
Diamonds, sapphires in an endless melee.

Oh how horrible, Oh how bad.  
If they existed now, their existence would be sad.  
Smoke mix/mingling with upper air,  
These marvelous souls would be torn down from there.

Their treasure would be snatched,  
And put under roofs that were thatched,  
The humans thinking, “What pretty baubles!”  
No knowledge of awesome dragons’ troubles.

Now their bones lay forgotten,  
Alleged knights who for ‘honor’ got them.  
‘Rescuing damsels in distress’  
Killed the dragons that had any finesse.

If only humanity were not so evil,  
Or half so much primeval,  
And dragons could fly the skies once more—  
Free to flame and hiss and roar.

And live forever in the yonder blue,  
Away from me, and away from you.  
Able to live in the glory of time—  
Now that would be a sight quite sublime.