

Fire Dragon

The flames leap high,
Just then I spy a dragon
As green as the moss
On the wood that we burn on the fire.

His nose is smudged with ash dust;
He spits and hisses
From his tiger-orange lair.

Fragile coals crack under the weight
Of his ballooning stomach,
Crumble as his tail sweeps the grate.

Flame points prick
And climb his craggy back and head -
His eyes glow red with anger.

I leave him, safely trapped
Behind the guard, to pace and glare
And I stare back at my book,

The words jumble, my mind wanders
Off to a land of castles and tall towers.