



Holy Dragon and the Clown (October 16)

Cymru, the land of Dragons of different types it seems
The ones with wings, who breathe out fire and brimstone
And those dressed in a Holy veil of righteousness
Whose deceit and wickedness lay hidden behind the lie

She embraced the hand of love and support with pious smiles
Feed the off-spring while fathers and lovers recede back and cower
Slowly suck the life-force and drain the juice until reserve is gone
Then discards without reason and just moves on.

..... oOo

Distressed the Dragon who was once a bride
Outcast by husband and betrayed by kin
Her Holy community, her family, pushed her out
With their heads in the sand was their biggest sin.

The Dragon was lost, and was so alone,
Still inside her group with their hearts of stone
She cries aloud with wails and sobs
And takes comfort in cars by giving jobs.

Alone, she hardens fast, trains in the art of deceit
Yet to the world shows the smile side of her face
She pushed her assets forth and sets her trap for meat
And the clown rushes into her crushing embrace.