

Escape

As he was told how to behave
by his mother, by his nurse,
the lil boy would run away,
run away far from this curse.

He wanted to be free,
to wander all day in the fields,
feel the tickling of the wheat
and dream all night in the heat.

Would it feel good to escape,
not to be told “don’t be late”

Running down to a brook,
the soft stream leaping through
a never-ending shingle nook,
he sprung and stepped on stones askew.

And all at once, he saw it by,
a blue-purple dragonfly
leading the way; he followed down
this blueish-hued passerby.

It felt so good to escape,
not to be told “brace yourself”

Yet the flying element
whose colors, oh so bright,
adorned the daintiest winged head —
took the prettiest of the flights.

A dazzling sun, a beaming sky
and the flutter of the dragonfly
bade him farewell, said him goodbye
in just the twinkling of an eye.

It felt so good to escape
as the day was slipping ‘way

And when the sun had fully set,
his thoughts went once again
to the bug’s free-spirited silhouette

Were they alike, were they different
A lil’ adventurer, a colored gatherer.
Thought of it all again, when the sun had fully set.