

Dragonfly

Strawbs

The dragonfly appeared
The North wind brought it by
As summer slipped away
And autumn was approaching
It flew through silver trees
That stood beside the lake
I looked into its eyes
To find that it was smiling.

The dragonfly was mine
As slender as a wand
It cast a spell as it clung
To leaves that soon were falling
Its camouflage grew faint
As my mind grew darker still
I scarcely dared to breathe
It was frail and I might harm it.

Its touch was as soft as the thistledown
That is borne on the evening breeze
Its kiss was as warm as the summer rain
That whispers and sighs through the trees
And now the warmth of the pale winter sun
Has melted the heart of the snow
I lie awake throughout the night
And wait for the North wind to blow.