

Write me a story about dragons  
And they showed me the ones inside of us  
The brave ones  
The ones we choose  
The ones we chase  
The ones we leave behind  
Flying high in skies we tie ribbons on and name yesteryear  
This past year

We asked them to write a story about dragons  
And they rode on the backs of pens that carried them into sunsets,  
sun haze,  
well mets,  
and dark days as they flew out of the cauldron of ink they carried on 'their' backs

Trudged up the stairs of writers block and chipped away it with a chisel shaped like Sunday  
mornings we asked the world of them

And they laid it out in front of us on A3 pages the colour of brainstorm, wet with the ink  
raining from a sky pitch black with possibility but brighter than you could ever imagine

They rained down their worlds at us

Their words at us

Until we were soaked to the skin, shivering in awe all at how so much story could come out  
of such half filled cups

But it's because we cupped our ears and listened

Heard the ocean churning in their thoughts as they debated the finer points of character,  
and improved ours

As they reflected on their plots, but never lost them

As they contemplated the use of tension, but reminded us that we were they ones that  
could be taut

They picked us up off the backs of dragons and threw us into the winds of change

And we tumbled out

With their stories in hand

Hands on eyes

Wondering

Where all this rain came from.

B