

Riding the Dragon

You thought it was over the day you stepped out of the cab.
You tried real hard to remember the soothing sounds of how it was
No longer vivid, the pictures all fade... you can't remember what you did.

There is a glimpse of a memory that stays within, but makes it way out of
your mind.
Calling a friend for support was your last thought... and the band wraps tighter
around your arm and now you're caught.

No struggle to makes it way – the hole is tender you like it that way.
The dragon soothes it way into your veins and soon you won't see another day.
No note to say goodbye or legacy like you thought...
the faces of friends are distance or at least that's what you thought.

- Michelle Madden