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Confessions of A Dragon Lady / Windbound

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Abstract

Confessions of A Dragon Lady: Before I knew the wisdom of this world I felt the ebb and flow of secret tides. Windbound: Back of the North Wind, Under a pallid sun, all life is permafrosted.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Confessions of A Dragon Lady; Windbound; K. V. Skene

CONFESSIONS OF A DRAGON LADY

by K. V. Skene

*Before I knew the wisdom of this world
I felt the ebb and flow of secret tides.
After the moon-pale dragons sweetly sang
Their siren songs of lust and death and hell and hate
I saw through sun-washed eyes your perfect face.
All I would ever hope for, die for,
All I would ever live for, kill for,
Sank in the waves, drowned in my dragon love.*

*White dragon, crowned and conquering,
Fighting for a chance to rule a world,
I connive and manipulate.
Oh, see the cleverness of me!
There are no rules that I cannot break,
No limits to thought, and always another chance
To win a battle or to lose a war.
Blind power games play in my dragon head.*

*In my body center I know I am at home
With myself, my sex and sensuality.
Deep in the shadows of the hidden moon
My inner garden grows black dragon roots,
Earth knowing, intertwining, part of all that I am,
Part of all that I will ever be.
Interconnecting, always and ever full of life.
This is my secret, this the dragon me.*

*Inside the very essence of myself,
My soul, where I am, red dragons wait
For recognition--and to light the blaze
Where all the very best and worst
Of me ignites and finds illumination
In the consuming flames.
Someday I'll catch fire, someday I'll burn
Bright in my dragon soul.*



WINDBOUND

by K. V. Skene

*Back of the North Wind,
Under a pallid sun, all life
Is permafrosted.
An old world dressed in black and white;
A cold world caught
In one quick-frozen timeless shot.
In the badlands, in the deadlands,
Days are never, nights forever,
Back of the North Wind
The unborn sleep.*

*Run with the East Wind
Into the city's glass-edged streets,
Where gilt-edged traders
Transmute their souls into fool's gold.
Pass the blind alleys,
Where broken dreams, exhausted, end.
Storm the gateway, eye the highway,
Drive the fast track--don't look back--
Run with the East Wind,
Don't fall asleep.*

*Call for the West Wind,
Drown the roaring crashing waves.
Salt water tears
Sting yesterday's pain again and again.
Gray cloudy morning,
Tomorrow breaks upon a new shore.
Sailor, send me a blue sky,
Or teach me a blue song so I'll belong.
Call for the West Wind,
Rock me to sleep.*

*Hot blows the South Wind
Over sun-burnt hills, where every foot
Walks the bloody coals.
Taste all the sad days, mad days,
Swallow their fire.
Thirst in the sly wind, dry wind,
Drink to this crazy sun-stroked life.
Awake to love and hate--to fate.
Hot blows the South Wind,
Too hot to sleep.*