

The Dragon Lands

They walked together, hand in hand,
And by the window he would stand,
Observing with a wistful eye,
The flashing cars and passers-by.
And then they caught his gaze.

From where the world of dreaming lay,
His mind was quickly drawn away,
And landscapes born of elder days,
Retreated back within the haze
Of cool imagination.

He smiled, then he waved a hand.
He did not really understand
Why they walked on without a glance,
Eyes straight ahead, as in a trance
Of wilful fabrication.

Yet where the hills were green and long,
And where the castle towers were strong,
And where the Knights and Wizards fought,
And hordes of treasure still were sought,
He found his consolation.