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## *For Eustace*

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien  
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## For Eustace

by

John Savoie

I, too, have been a dragon  
And slept among jewels  
Dappled like a chill stream  
Flowing all green and gold  
Over my jeweled skin.

I, too, have touched the ones  
I love, tenderly, with claws,  
with eyes of hoard and cave,  
coughed my thoughts in fumes  
and chased us into solitude.

I, too, kept my light within  
till it pressed upon itself  
like a diamond smoldering deep  
in earth, the golden breeze  
shrunk to fierce black flame.

I, too, have beaten the air  
with leathery wings yet never  
flown outside my dragon skin;  
hated the hateful dragon glaring  
from the steep mountain pool;

turned teeth and claws on self  
to strip the mocking scales;  
dug and sloughed and dug  
again, but always I was  
dragon's heart in dragon skin.

And I, too, have known the Lion,  
felt Lion claw and Lion breath  
(a dragon seems so small),  
taken the stark half-blind plunge  
and died the sweet dragon death.