

Dragonfly

by Darius McCaskey

I touched you then,
knowing it was foolish:
knowing you'd likely fly away.
My hand extended casually toward your perch.

You surprised me then,
climbing onto my finger:
climbing into my heart.
Your long, cobalt body felt weightless on my hand.

The wind gusted then,
pulling at your wings:
pulling you away from me.
You clung to me with all your tiny might.

Your wings shimmered then,
glistening in the summer sun:
glistening as you fought the wind.
My ears caught the sound of the pond's gentle ebb.

I shielded you then,
blocking the desperate breeze:
blocking the radiant light.
You never had to stay, but you did anyway.

Your strength failed then,
carrying you away from me:
carrying you far away.
You showed me the futility of holding on.

