

Lullaby for a Dragon Baby (for Josephina TuTu Waring)

by Yasmin Elaine Waring

There is no hush in this lullaby for a dragon baby
who breaks the bough with bottled fists
escapes the armored cradle stealing swords
from terra cotta men to slash the Ming canopy
and loose the butterflies that will free
Ho Chi Minh from the fire.

Fill her princess bowl with rose petals and apricots
and rusty shackles, will settle at the bottom
beneath curls of cinnamon bark calling ancient spirits.

So she will remember after the pink dance,
after the red night, after the blue walk,
to clutch her thick ankles in brown hands
open the heart of her lap on yellow grass
and sing.

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