

A New Dinosaur

A cliff fall in winter; the heavy rains
Have sent loose earth and boulders to the shore,
And brought to light a lost burial place
High in the rock; an ancient dragon's lair.
He left no golden hoard, but men will climb
To prise his bones out of the hard clay;
Massive bones, blackened as though by fire;
Locked in the changing earth and hidden away.
A jumble of pieces is slowly quarried out;
Long bones from the legs, a great claw,
And sharp, cutting teeth are made to fit
Into the framework of his unknown form.
Each worker sees the creature in his mind;
Savage and free, and running like the wind.

Judith Nevell