

The Legend of the Three (an ode to my prayer triplet)

Boldly in the belly of the beast we rode
that warm and wistful afternoon when the world was ours
and skimming the scumcrust laketop, brandishing our swords of faith,
fire in our hearts and fire fuelling our dragon's roar,
we plunged to pierce the deep and found imprisoned wherewithals
and dreams, that once danced dutifully to others' schemes,
were freed to life and liberty, so goes the legend of the three.

