

## THE DRAGON ON MY WINDOWSILL

Lucy is the dragon who lives on the sill beyond the windowpane, beside my cluttered office desk. From there we both have a great view of the garden, with its riot of wisteria, weeds and marching bamboo. Never daunted by mountains, she scales the house walls like a true professional, coming and going as she pleases. Having landed, she flicks a pointed tongue (not forked like the legend, but rude enough) before skittering to and fro along the ledge, as if to check up on the progress of my writer's block.

Sometimes she's a statue, glaring at me through glass. Posed, I presume, for me to appreciate her iridescent curves and latest haute couture. Her designer skin is mottled green and gold, and daubed with swanky stripes down each side of her supple waist. It ends divinely, in a whipping, snake-like tail. When not modelling she's hunting, poised like a cat ready to spear a corn-filled mouse. Replete, she dozes in full view on the sun-warmed stone, lulled by the soft tapping of keys.

Often bored by my sedentary lifestyle and vulgar lack of attention, she sets off on flattened, splayed stilettos in search of better entertainment. Some call her common, a lizard of no account, but I see the fire in her, waiting to set alight the world, toss silver-clad knights off their horses and turn to ash the dreams of sullen maidens.

I've noted her swelling stomach and wonder how long it will be before she brings the family to visit, if her eggs survive. No doubt they will, her ancestors having reproduced for the last two hundred and twenty million years, whilst watching with indifference the passing of species such as ours.

Pity the creature who, expectant of a future, squats beside her.