

# Dream of the Green Cobra

She was from the New World  
It was from the old  
Green as envy,  
vile and cold  
Green with greed  
poison and bold  
It crawls through my dreams  
I try to stop it  
before it reaches you  
and I scream  
long and green and cold  
as I told  
There is nothing good there  
death follows  
and I wonder if I can stop it  
Seems I can't chase it  
Not supposed to be so fast,  
but it is quick indeed  
I cannot make a choice  
it is there  
around the Incan child's neck  
and coiled  
and cold  
as I told  
impotent and not bold  
I can only wait and hold  
my breathe and hope  
to do what I know  
what certainly must follow  
But it is merely the dream  
of a green cobra  
and it folds  
and it goes  
I am powerless  
and do not know  
Why the Incan child lives  
and the cobra goes