

Wish

I told him I needed time –
he gave me a cuckoo clock

(I couldn't work the winding key)

I told him I needed space –
he gave me a telescope

(or make the moon look back at me)

I told him I needed change –
he gave me a penny jar

(or stop from spending every cent)

I told him I needed more –
he led me to the well

(or count up every wish I'd spent)

Now I have so much time,
the cuckoo's flown away

(the moon's a clock that's come unwound)

Now I have so much space,
it's night for days on end

(the moon's a shadow on the ground)

Now I have so much change,
the well's just one more wish

(the moon's a coin the well has drowned)

- Caitlin Doyle