

# Wish

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What happened to wishes?

the real ones.

The ones you had as a child,

where you stretched your hands up towards the  
stars,

your small, chubby fingers

trying to grasp

onto those little diamonds of hope.

What happened to wishes?

The ones where you planted your callused feet  
in the damp, dewy dirt while you  
squeezed your eyes shut tight.

The ones where you craned back your neck  
as far as it would go,

until you fell backward into the grass,  
imagining the stars floating down

And caressing your head

With their warm touch.

The ones that you had no doubt would come  
true,

so you stood there,

The ones that you had no doubt would come  
true,  
so you stood there,  
under the dogwood tree each night  
watching their luminescent white petals  
shift their gaze towards the stars  
  
to pray.

Because it seemed to you  
that they wanted your wish to come true  
as much as you did.