

THE WISHING TREE

Once upon a garden path
long before,
we all found a wishing tree
that'll give you all you ask it for

at the wishing tree.

Well some they laughed, and wished to be
rich and small and nine feet tall,
but the tree it stood so beautifully
that I forgot to wish at all

at the wishing tree.

Then I saw a face and fell in love;
love took us so far above
that we looked down and saw the moon,
but I looked again and you were gone

like a wishing tree.

Its roots hold the world together
since time began,
its branches reach behind the stars
and it's only for you, whoever you are

at the wishing tree.

When youth and time had flown away,
to the wishing tree I made my way;
I hoped its leaves could hear me now,
for I had lost my way somehow

to the wishing tree.

When I looked up, I did rejoice —
behind the leaves I heard a voice
I could ask no more of the wishing tree
for you were standing next to me

at the wishing tree.

Its roots hold the world together
Since time began,
Its branches reach behind the stars —
And it's only for you, whoever you are
At the wishing tree.

(c) 1997 by P. Shneidre