

Wishing Well

<http://missrumphiuseffect.blogspot.com/>

With fingers tracing the cold stone,
I look down, down,
into the dark.
I cannot see the water
at the bottom, though I know
it is there.

I close my eyes,
make a wish and
throw.
I don't open them
Until
I hear the splash.

I dig my hand into
my pocket,
pulling another penny
from the loose change,
waiting for the well
to swallow my coins
and grant my wishes.

