

TALES OF A CHANGELING

I make my way to the water's edge,
The trees around me tinged with frost.
I hear their voices, cold and hard:
'Drown, fairy child, or we will all be lost.'

I take a step, then two, then three,
The water cold as a moonlit night.
The weed forms pearls around my throat
And now my killers are out of sight.

A new day dawns and I am gone,
Such a sacrifice at such a cost.
Yet when I surface, again they shout:
'Drown, fairy child, or we will all be lost.'

Miriam Joy