

Making My First Wish

Amy Cavanaugh

Ageless

The priceless pictures gleam and
Beam with pride. They gradually reveal
Themselves to me like new but relived days.
In one – Childhood's invisible spirit
Hovers over me and smiles.
She smiles with closed rose lips
And open indigo eyes.
Eyes open to what was once
Her role
In my life.

I hold the same youthful
Position: visible on the
Overgrown scented grassy hill of a yard.
A lengthy wishie – a new and old friend –
Bows courteously in
My direction.
Delicate like a memory
Memorable like delicacy
Touchable then
Intangible somehow
Where does the wishie grow now?

My young body
Angle-shaped
Holds my head
Decorated with stubs of
Newborn curls.

A pastel pink hood
Hides them like secrets.

It drapes itself loosely
Over the curls and around
My baby-soft face like a round blanket.
The curls are Childhood's gift to me.
And the hood – from Age.

In the perfect pretty picture
I lend my wandering eyes to Curiosity.
Together we gaze at the wondrous wishie.
My first wishie sighting.
Together tiny precious pieces
Make up the old white fuzzy ball at the top.
Deliciously delicate.
The gift of a dandelion's death.
Youth's dandelion
Age's wishie

Where does the wishie lie now?
Its spirit must reside with afterlife
In the entire album of pictures
Entitled “Memory Lane”
For which I've wished.

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