

## HIDDEN WISHES

In the shadows, where it's damp and cobwebs  
shroud the corners of the closets,  
lay the thoughts, spit from pure wishing wells  
upon the dirt of masonry deposits.  
Closets not locked are prone to their scourge,  
and cries made to fell me, "unclean! unclean!"  
So cobwebs are whole, but honest wells know  
that wishes are not as dirty as they seem.

The stinking dust, it hardly goes noticed  
mid pain to keep a good thought down;  
Of hope and fear, that share the same feeling  
of licking sweet razors without uttering sound.  
Strengthening yearning gives you courage,  
but there is no returning from being misunderstood.  
Cradle a wish in you, while they starve, or we do,  
and faceless consciences dictate evil and good.

Who is to say, and who is accountable  
when wishes escape, change lives and draw tears;  
or weigh costs, when you're unwilling to count  
ensuring wishes will be there for years.  
Resigned to cobwebs and dirt and cold minds  
hopes really can't trust the pure wishing well.  
In a closet dim there dies my last whim.  
If you have hidden wishes, I'll never tell.

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