

## Whispers on the Wind

I hear them as they glide  
Will-o'-the-wisps and their  
Ethereal sound beckon me forth.

Pulsing blue light  
Guides me through the darkness  
of the wood around me.

They flit—for a moment—into view  
before dashing off around a bend,  
A tree. A rock.  
I chase the pull they have on me  
To a clearing of stones

The wind is strongest here.  
Swirling my frock around.  
In my head and all around  
the whispers grow louder.

They speak to me in their native tongue  
of wishes and prayer.  
Wisps of magic and hope.  
We dart off into the moonlight woods  
In search of dreams yet to be dreamt.

