

Pool of Dreams-The Six Goldfish

By : Mistress of Word Play

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â There's room here for you.â
Their demands and pleading, I at the time simply denied.
My duties were not quite through.

Each day as I passed the pool I found them swimming about
as I had the day before.
Yet not again did I hear an utterance, not a whisper, or a shout.
They spoke not once more.

The months and years escaped and time went sailing by.
I became tired and I grew old.
I walked the path to the pool, the goldfish caught my eye.
Their scales were bright and gold.

I saw my reflection in the water staring coldly back at me
and then the teardrops came.
The goldfish would remain young and beautiful eternally
but I was not the same.

A pool of dreams I abandoned in search of life and truth
but truth sometimes has a bitter taste.
I had lost my love of life and imagination's boundless youth
in my impatience and my haste.

One day I pray as I pass the pool during my evening walk
as I gaze in and see the fish
they upon my arrival might just once more stop and talk.
This is my greatest wish.

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