

## **Wonderfully Endless Thing**

In the circle of the city square  
A girl planted a magic seed.  
It was a silly little whim.  
The old folks grinned in sympathy.

She said it was a love seed  
given to her by an old hag  
that had passed the edge of town  
giving out small bags.

She was told it would sprout  
and spread wide into a giant tree  
with fruits of love hanging low.  
They only needed to wait and see.

The town folks hungered for love.  
Little could be found because of drought.  
They wanted such a thing to be true  
but childish dreams do not pan out.

Each day the girl came with what water  
she could find, then she'd tend and weed.  
She spoke to anyone who listened about  
how grand a tree of love would be.

Some say it was a miracle,  
and that day the skeptics went mute,  
in the city's center they awoke to find  
a tree hanging with amorous fruit.

*Chrystine Julian*

There was more than enough for everyone.  
The people gathered, planning and  
chattering while deciding what to do.  
There was only one appropriate action.

They had to disburse the fruit,  
let each person have two pieces.  
They got one to pass along,  
and then another one to keep.

If a piece was given to them,  
they'd have two again.  
So they repeated the process until  
all but their one was given and gone.

The exchange goes on today.

They sing, in this a truth does ring,  
love is a very magical, plentiful  
wonderfully endless thing.

Packaged within these words  
is a small bag with one seed.  
I have grown up to be an old hag,  
but stop me if you have a need...

for love.