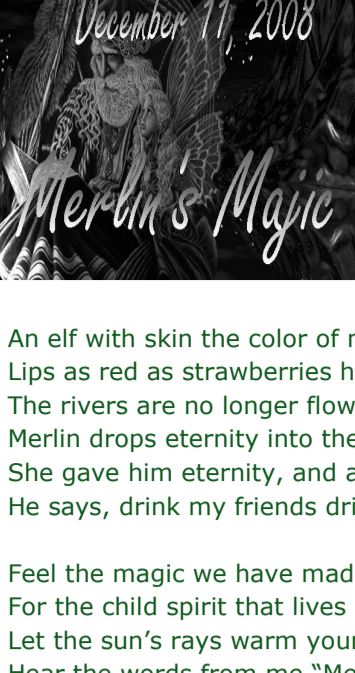


Poem of The Week

Jillian Stone
Merlin's Magic



With each gentle breathe he breaths magic in the night
Into the kettle of dreams catching special moonbeams
Opening the doors of so much faith with tears from his eyes

With his wooden spoon the words he whispers as he stirs
Is woven into time as each minute passes
There is no softer voice anything like you have ever heard

Fairy dust is sprinkled into the water that is now rainbow
colors
It spirals up and down vibrant powerful the light is blinding
He now looks in every direction searching for the last ingre-
dient he glances over his shoulder

An elf with skin the color of milk
Lips as red as strawberries hands him the medallion
The rivers are no longer flowing time has turned still
Merlin drops eternity into the kettle, the rivers rush, the wind blows
She gave him eternity, and as the flute plays
He says, drink my friends drink from the fountain and never grow old

Feel the magic we have made here for the young at heart
For the child spirit that lives in us all, come with me and dance on the moon beams
Let the sun's rays warm your soul never let it be to far away or apart
Hear the words from me "Merlin" never let a day go by that you do not drink a cup of
Eternity

A special magic that I made here just for you
Now lay down my child rest and sleep
Much work to do before you slide down tomorrows rainbows and look for gold
In the forest of dreams
In the world of magic
In Merlin's world dancing on Moonbeams

© Jillian Stone



© 1999 / 2008 The Poetry Club - Page design by Shannon Wendler

To remove your name from our mailing list, please [click here](#).

Questions or comments? E-mail us at Vivian@poetryclub.com