

Wishing Well

I am with my comrades, us bunches of circles,
Coloured of silver and bronze,
Our home looks of ancient beauty and art,
And sounds of natural ponds.

I am but an encasement of hope,
Amongst millions of my kind,
Each one as still and dead as I,
Each one as cold, you'll find.

I am no seed to plant,
Into waters of desire,
Nor am I potent fuel,
To feed to yearning's fire.

I am amongst my similars,
But my similars of different make,
Some are of happiness and love,
Some are for goodness sake.

I am as useless as logic can deduce,
Yet I am as needed as pathos can perceive,
For even the impossible can be attained,
If lucid doubt can be deceived.

I am the spirit of each individual,
I am the simple toss of hope,
I am the extra moral boost,
That makes life much easier to cope.