

A fairy

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A poem about what a fairy truley is .

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She flies around the tree,
and dances on the water.
She slides down the grass blades,
and sits upon the mushrooms.

Her wings made of satin,
her eyes a crystal blue.
The face of innocence,
her voice an angel's harp.

She's the one who whispers in your ear,
the one who makes your dreams.
She listens to every wish,
and hears every secret.

She makes the seasons come and go,
the sunrise and sunset.
She picks every star by hand,
and places them in the sky.

She gives you the moon,
your own flashlight.
She makes the dark,
to hide.

She makes the clear clean water,
to drink and dance upon.
She made the tall green grass,
to run, jump, and play.

She's no human,
no monster.
No animal,
or plant.

She's more special than them all,
She's one of a kind.
She's a small fairy,
that flies.