

Wish Big Enough

What has this child been eating?
When she makes a wish, eyes wide open, she blows out stars. Was it fire or candle wax, gingerbread angels with starry crowns or starfish with legs that come and go?

Not hard to believe she thinks fairy dust is the matrix of prophecy, her sleep full of beautiful: oranges and chocolates, bright-feathered birds that lie down on her plate saying, eat me and never forget! promised you'd fly, not just in your dreams but every time you wish big enough.

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