A Child’s Thought

At seven when I go to bed,

I find such pictures in my head:

Tiaras sparkling, on the head of a princess,

A shiny, flowing golden dress;

A rainbow-coloured magic flower,

Rapunzel’s hair dangling from a tower;

Dragons swooping through the sky –

Up in the blue, up so high;

An evil witch reading her spell book

While the royal maid perfects the prince’s look;

I find so clearly in my head

At seven when I go to bed.

At seven when I wake again,

The magic land I seek in vain:

A metal hair clip lies in the princess’s place,

The golden dress is now a toy ship from space;

No flower is in the garden – just a dusty rug,

Rapunzel’s hair is now a teddy that I hug;

No dragons – just a lava lamp,

The evil witch is now a postage stamp;

No prince getting ready, no royal maid –

What lies instead is just an old, knotted braid.

The magic land I seek in vain,

At seven when I wake again.

Lola, year 4