

# The Wishing Well





## Sarabelle

Sarabelle, Sarabelle  
sits in front of the Wishing Well.  
Tosses in a coin or two  
hoping that her wish comes true.  
“Will I ever find true love?”  
she whispers down from up above.  
The Well is silent, dark and deep  
so Sarabelle begins to weep.

Through the night the princess cries  
but soon the sun begins to rise.  
The glade is fresh with morning air  
and Sarabelle, again, is there.  
To the Well she sends her plea  
with a coin or two or three.  
“Will I find a happy end?”  
But silence meets her ears again.

Another night, another morn  
another happy wish is born.  
Gold falls from her hand once more;  
a coin or two or three or four.  
“Wishing Well, I pray you speak.  
Say I’ll find the joy I seek.”  
Circling round her pretty head  
Are all the stories she had read.

Of princesses and fairy spells;  
magic mirrors; wishing wells.  
“Why must I be lonely since  
Cinderella found her prince?  
Snow White and Aurora, too;  
Achmed and Peribanu.  
Sylvia met Aminta, then  
Conrad found Midora again.

“Must I only play pretend  
that always love wins in the end?  
The hordes of Wak-Wak turned aside,  
the Mouse King lost the duel and died.  
Wicked Rumpelstiltskin, named;

the Big Bad Wolf was leashed and tamed.  
Carabosse sent to the void;  
Von Rothbart and Odile destroyed.

“Always prince and princess dear  
find their bliss and shed their fear.  
Though evil seeks to force its will,  
love and goodness triumph still.  
Say, then, that the coins I’m sending  
will win for me a happy ending.”  
But the Well is long since dry  
and darkness is its sole reply.

The scene repeats itself each day  
and always ends the selfsame way.  
Sarabelle, she brings her gold,  
with hopes her future bright be told.  
A coin will keep her wish alive;  
or two or three or four or five.  
Awaits a voice to meet her ears,  
but silence cannot dry her tears.

The shepherd boy is standing nigh;  
he watches her as she goes by.  
He listens to her heartfelt plea  
and suffers with her silently.  
She sees him sometimes, straight and tall,  
but lends him not a thought at all  
for all her care is nearly spent  
and on the Well her mind is bent.

The shepherd boy, he loves her so.  
He sees her come and sees her go.  
He never speaks as she goes by  
but aches when she begins to cry.  
His heart is grieved and very sore.  
He can’t stay silent anymore.  
“I see you, Princess, every day,  
and watch you throw your coins away.”

“They are not thrown away,” said she.  
“For soon the Well will answer me.”  
“My dearest one, the Well is dry,”

he answered with a tender sigh.  
“There are no answers in its hold  
nor even water, truth be told.  
Nothing there could e’er be found  
but the piles of coins that you threw down.”

She moved to throw in more as planned  
but he approached and stayed her hand.  
“You cannot find true love down there.  
Not when I’ve so much to share.”  
Sarabelle asked, with a smile,  
“Why stay silent all this while?”  
“My love, I am a shepherd poor  
and you deserve a great deal more.”

“A princess, true,” said Sarabelle  
“but I threw my riches down the well.  
A kingdom’s fortune cast away  
when my answer came the first bright day.  
Not a thought to you I’ve lent;  
to you, the love my Well had sent.”

He took her hand, her shepherd dear,  
and led her to his cottage near.  
Nothing had they to their name  
but love they nurtured  
all the same.  
Wife and husband they became.  
He won her heart, she took his name.

In the days that followed after  
all they knew was bliss.  
Hardships faced together,  
soon forgotten with a kiss.  
All the world was meadows;  
empty, wide and green;  
and Sarabelle, at morning light  
sat beside the stream.

No more days of longing,  
she’d nothing left to wish.  
Only words of thanks were hers,  
and thence appeared the fish.

Shining in the water,  
crystal clear and cold,  
There swam a little fish  
with scales of gleaming gold.  
His eyes were sparkling sapphires,  
his fins were regal veils.  
A treasury of golden coins  
formed the creatures scales.

“Greetings, Princess,” hailed the fish  
with gratitude and grace.  
“I come from yonder Wishing Well,  
thy treasures resting place.  
The Well expresses thanks to thee  
for all thy loyal ways,  
and sends thy riches back to thee  
to aid thee in thine days.”  
The Princess placed her lily arms  
into the rivers bed  
and, lo, the stream was filled with gold  
wherever the fish had tread.

She took the Golden Fish’s gift  
back to their humble shack  
And soon she and her husband  
had won their kingdom back.  
The Wishing Well fulfilled its oath  
and brought her so much joy  
but not a thing was in her heart  
except her shepherd boy.  
Never again would Sarabelle give  
the well another thought  
for she knew that at her side  
was the only love she sought.  
From that day on their hours were filled  
with merriment and laughter  
for love absolved their every care  
and they lived happily ever after...

THE END