

Wishes are...

I have a little death wish,
I wish it wasn't so. But wishes are
a child's way
of coping with the fright.
Of coping with the demons born
of the dark and stormy night.

My demons, they are chasing me,
Just as yours are you.
Mine seem
to know just where I'll go,
Before I even do.

And giving not a care, these demons
Leap and run along,
The path
of life we all must share,
The path of right and wrong.

Of choice, ambition, consequence...
Of lies and truths be told,
The demons here are many,
And many very bold.

There is one demon of which I think,
One of which I'd tell,
If I'd
but a way of reaching him,
I'd send him straight to hell.

This demon is no stranger,
Within my brooding home.
He moves
about from room to room,
Never leaving me alone.

Trying ever so to bully me,
To frighten and to scare,
To impress
with false bravado,
And lies, Lies everywhere.

He sees me as few others do,
For the secret is held fast,
In the
knowledge that tomorrow is
A blend of present and the past.

The demon knows his power ebbs
As the music is set free.
And soon
the rhythm of the song,
Will be all but history.

Through his wide and watchful eyes,
The chieftain of this night;
The demon
that I've grown to fear,
Will see *me* in the light.

He'll know his time has come and gone,
My death wish has come true.
Having fretted, cried and prayed aloud,
His days of glory are through.

For as the nature of all things,
His hold was bound to break.
His lies
have lost their power,
And these chains he now must take.

And so it is with you my friend,
We are really all the same.
We each
have demons we most fear,
Perhaps, by a different name...

But deep within our heart somewhere,
Whatever haunts our home,
We share
a similar wish at night –
To quell the source of our "child-fright."

To slay that which most frightens us,
A death wish if you may...

For wishes are the child's way
Of coping with the fright.
Of coping
with those demons born,
Of the dark and stormy night!

— M. R. Marshall
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