

The Treasure Box of Poetry

A little girl
Who so much longed to share her treasure
Looked all around for years
Yet no one seemed to notice
The unopened hand-carved box
Held closely to her heart.

No one asked
No one seemed to care.

Then one day
You saw her hurt
Her tears that others missed
How she was eagerly longing to share her treasure
So sorry it was still within
Her box, her heart.

Then you asked.
You asked her to lift it up
To open wide the box
So you could see.
And in so doing
She smiled
And danced across the pages once again.

She had never wanted them for herself
They were meant to share
With those so poor
And needy.

You asked and she dumped them all in your lap
Laughing, smiling, giggling
And sang a happy song once more!

Wanda Viola
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For Tom