

The Boy and the Well

By Necko L. Fanning

There is a deep well.
Some say to heaven,
Others say to hell.

And there is a boy,
Small and meek,
But a vessel, an envoy.

Deep within this child,
Beneath sweet smiles,
And a temperament mild,

Is the well of which I warn,
Cast down with angels,
Out of heaven torn.

In this well is water,
Not for life.
But for power.

And one day
A wolf will come
With much to say.

The wolf will ask to drink,
From the well,
To lap with his mouth pink.

The boy will agree,
Not knowing better.
And his waters will turn as bitter as the sea.

His heart will shrivel, and his eyes will turn to dust. His tongue will turn to paste, and his breath will rust. His head will be home to bees and his bones will turn to snow. His fingers will break and as will his sinews and toes. And the boy will know what it means to have his waters taken and will no longer be a child but a man by right. The man will love and hate the wolf, hunt and kill him day and night. For something that has been taken can never be returned, that which is change can never be detoured.