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## Looking for Enchantment

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# *Looking for Enchantment*

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

She waits wide-eyed and waits  
Dew-lipped in sunbathed glade;  
Always these trees had winked  
And eyes had peeked from shade,  
While elves all came to dance,  
While the fairy pipers played.

She waits dew-eyed and knows  
That years have blown away;  
And if she had not crushed  
The wildflowers yesterday,

Would elves then come to dance,  
Would the fairy pipers play?