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?