

When the Fairies Sing (the poem)

Once upon a time in a deep, dark forest of fern and fossil
there traveled a fairy named Waffle.

And Waffle felt awful.

Waffle felt awful because he could not fly.

Maybe he will some day but it was so hard to try.

Oh, he had wings but they were not light,
nor were they handsome that stood upright.

His wings were limp and frumpy
and under his rumpy
that would drag along behind him
and in many ways bind him.

But, he could not fly,
oh he could just die.

His wings were so heavy and jangled like money
they even made him wiggle and walk kind of funny.

He slipped and slid from side to side
like a fat little waffle trailing syrup so wide.

And that's where he got his name
and it's still the same.

Waffle.

And Waffle felt awful.

The other fairies would flit and soar high up in the trees,
through the branches and leaves of the very tallest trees.

But all Waffle could do was slip and slide
from side to side

and he felt so wide that he cried and cried.

And Waffle

felt awful.

The other fairies flew so high they knew the Maples and Oaks,
they knew the clouds and birds and other winged folks.

They were close to God.

But Waffle only saw the mud and the rocks,
he had dirty socks

and he was only close to the sod.

And Waffle

felt awful.

On this winter day traveling through a strange forest that was usually pretty.
The trees were all bare the greenery was gone and even the snow looked
dirty.

And Waffle felt awful.
As he sat on his wings
trying to think of other things,
he suddenly felt something strange.

The ground where he set
was soaking wet,(and it was moving.)
He jumped up so high
he thought he could fly
but he came down quick with a splash.
He looked in the mud
and there was a Bud
that came out from under an Ash.

The flower was small
and made Waffle feel tall
and somehow it made him feel good
and it should.
He now had a friend
and they talked now and then
and Waffle
no longer felt awful.

The Bud was a beauty
and she said, "It is my duty
to be the first flower of Spring.
Soon other flowers will grow
and nod too and fro,
you'll see what glory they bring."
And true as her words
along with the birds
the woods very soon
would be filled with her bloom.
They will grow here and there
in clumps that are rare
and it will be a beautiful site,

they will be of lavender, pink and white.

Waffle

no longer felt awful.

So he decided to go for a walk.

But Bud told him, "Be careful and don't you dare talk.

Noise in the forest is forbidden

it's better to stay hidden."

To Waffle it was not clear,

how he could offend some ones ear.

Be quiet and stay still what for?

But Bud would say no more.

Even though he slipped and slid from side to side and made some noise,
he didn't care he had nothing to hide, he was happy like one of the boys!

As he rounded the bend

still slipping now and then,

he came upon an unusual sight.

Before him on a bower

stood a tall hooded flower

that didn't seem quite right.

It was like a bell, only upside down,
and it even had a clapper to ring all around.

But it made only one sound,

"Shhhhh". Waffle said, "That is a strange sound a bell to make".

"I am not a bell", for goodness sake,

and keep quiet and be on your way.

My name is Jack, if I must say,

and I preach from my pulpit. So go before I count four!"

Waffle slithered off without one word more

He had not gone far

before he saw another star,

this one was yellow.

As far as he could tell

The flower was a bell

and a tall, handsome fellow.

"What is your name?" he tried to say.

He too talked in a whisper and in his own way,

"It is Merrybells".

“If you are Merrybells,
he asked, “can you make them ring?”
“Oh, no” said Merrybells, that will only happen when(I can’t say”)
This puzzled Waffle, as he continued on his way;
he thought this forest must be enchantment bound.
Everyone talks in whispers and are afraid to make any sound.

Waffle was thinking this over, when all of a sudden he made a slip
and down the hill he went lickety split.
He went crashing into a small forest of heart-shaped leaf,
when he came to a stop it was beyond his belief.
There was a brown bell flower almost buried in the mud.
The bell said, “What’s your hurray, you big Bud?
Can’t you be quiet you’re such a noisy bell!
You are going to get us all wiped out by a freezing spell”.
Waffle said, rubbing his head, “I don’t feel so well”.
“I am talking about the Wicked Witch Hazel this day.”
Waffle replied, “What Hazel, a witch did you say?”

“Witch Hazel rules this forest, where we dwell.
If she hears too much noise she will cast a spell.
She will bring back winter, you may think winters are not so bad.
But if you are a spring wildflower it’s pretty sad.
Our days are numbered.
We spend most of the year in the earth where we slumbered.
We only get a few days to grow leaves, flower, fruit
and then we have to store up energy to boot.
We are flowers that can’t wait for spring!”
the flower whispered “And don’t you dare sing.”
“Oh, I am sorry,” said Waffle who was about to depart.
And with that he went back up the hill slipping and sliding through the
leaves of heart. .

Back on the trail Waffle saw something new.
There in front of him were more bell-like flowers and they were sky blue.
“What is your name,” he said.
“Why my name is Virginia” nodding her head.
“Bluebells should be your name, and that should do it”.
“I like that” the flower said, “Virginia Bluebells, has a nice ring to it.”
“Can you make them ring?”
“Oh no, that will happen only when the....when the fairies sing”.

There it was, thought Waffle; I wonder if I could sing.
But he was not sure what changes that would bring.
He felt that he now knew the answer as to why the forest was so still
but he thought what can I do, as he waddled down the hill.

When he reached the bottom he came to a startled halt.
There in front of him was the Witch and she said, "This noise is all your
fault."

She was a very large and threatening witch with icicles on her nose.
And a blast of cold frosty air came up from her toes.
"No fairies are allowed in my forest" she began.
And with those words, Waffle turned on his heels and up the hill he ran.
He ran and climbed like he had never done before,
right on his heels he could hear the Witches roar.
A blast of cold winter wind hit him right in the rear.
But his big flattened wings gave him nothing to fear.
It bounced the cold air right back at the witch.
It hit her square and knocked her back in the ditch.
Waffle was given an extra boost and made it to the top of the hill.
The Witch was coming and he couldn't just sit still.

For some reason all he could think was he needed to sing.
Maybe it would help if the flower bells would ring.
Birds sing from high places so Waffle wiggled up onto a rock.
He opened his throat but his brain seemed to lock.
He tried again, but still no song.
He would have to hurry he didn't have long.
He looked down and he could see all the wildflowers had come into bloom.
And there was the Witch flying up on her broom.
He thought of Bluebells and Merrybells and his little friend Bud.
He opened his mouth and the notes came in a flood.
He sang, "Bright Merrybells upon a slender stalk,
Virginia Bluebells deck my woodland walk,
oh don't you wish that you could hear them ring,
that will happen only when the fairies sing."
As the last notes of that little song were drifting,
suddenly hundreds of fairies through the woods were sifting.
They all began to sing
the song that he did sing.
" BRIGHT MERRYBELLS UPON A SLENDER STALK,

VIRGINIA BLUE BELLS DECK MY WOODLAND WALK.
OH DON'T YOU WISH THAT YOU COULD HEAR THEM RING.
THAT WILL HAPPEN ONLY WHEN THE FAIRIES SING!"(Notes and
Music)

And then all the wildflower bells suddenly began to ring.
The forest was changing it was a very strange thing.
But the singing and ringing brought strange warmth to be felt,
and the Witch Hazel, the Witch Hazel she started to melt.
High up in the trees were fairies singing and singing.
Down on the ground the bells were ringing and ringing.
Soon they were all around Waffle and like a chorus they sang.
The woods were filled with the ringing. And they rang and rang and rang.
The flowers were ringing like the bells they were meant to be.
And the fairies were singing because the Witches curse had ceased to be.
Even though Waffle could not fly
they all lifted him up to the sky.
Because he and only he could teach them how to sing.....
So the bells again could ring and ring and ring!
And they all rose up with their happy goodbying!

LOOK UP, LOOK UP! Waffle is FLYING!

And Waffle
never felt awful ever again!