

Tale of Twelve Spirits

by Jessica Rae



Way down beneath the fallen world, where hissing steam began,
Curling upwards through the bedrock toward the lofty worlds of man,
Resting there, in curled form, lay a dragon known as Light,
And though he slept, dark forces crept from beneath the cavern bright.

A wooden box, so innocent seemed, was clutched in claws of gold.
Dancing flames rose 'round his form, though the flames themselves were cold.
The sleeping beast, snoring on and on, unperturbed by days and nights,
Through watchful glare, a dark creature stared, and tainted the peace with fright.

A silent step, a shadow moved, across the dancing flames,
Reaching hands removed the sleepy claws aside and read the box's name.
"Spirits of the World" sprang up, as though alive, upon the demon viewer's eye.
And with a flash, the creature dashed, up the bedrock with his prize.

"I am in control," the great Thief did yell, into the sparkling starry night.
"I own you all, and I am Dark!" He dared them all to fight.
But close behind he heard the hiss where Earth's great steam was kept.
To run, he started, but the bedrock parted, and up faithful Light then leapt.

Into the air the box then flew, a rainbow of glass and light and wood.
They both dove high for the possession of each, but catch them, neither could.
Their possession took wings, as if by force, and they blended with the steam
With force from below, upward they go, and none can ere be redeemed.

*With a flash of teal, the spirit of **Peace** sent light sparkling bright 'cross the sky.
Tis the calm one feels when standing in a valley or on the peak of a great mountain high.*

*Brilliant green spirit of **Luck** came next, etched clover of white on the glass.
Closely followed it was by the spirit of **Mystery**, a lemony green like the grass.*

*The spirit of **Wealth** was not far behind them, Midas's touch in its power.*

*The spirit of **Love** was equally shining, its color rose red like the flower.*

*The spirit of the **Pheonix** was next to go flying, its fiery amber wings on display,
It is the strength of the try-er, the live-r, the die-r, that never is conquered or fades.*

*With a crown on its top, the auburn spirit of **Kingdoms**, was tossed up too, with a flash.*

Its miniature prince was soaring beside it, then they were both gone in a crash.

*Small amber butterflies followed the bottle as the spirit of **Springtime** flew aloft.*

Its essence the source of the unfolding leaves as the curse of the Winter was lost.

*Next came the brilliant violet bottle that belonged to the spirit of **Magic and Dreams**
That one especially was coveted – adored! - as it brought unicorns and knights and kings.*

*Next came the dusty flask known all over as **Time**, a royal purple inside hourglass.*

Floating around in it the grains of the future, the present, the maybe, the past.

The final two bottles left the case with a fling, one deep purple with lightning-like streams

*It was the spirit of **Energy** that brings things to life, its color as blue as the sea.*

The very last bottle was tossed in the air, and in the sun a vague mermaid was seen.

*It was the Spirit of **Fairytales**, things that shouldn't be, things that could never have been.*

The spirits of the World, as such, are scattered, in our sphere so wide and so far,
And the glass, it is shattered, so they cannot begin to put them back into their jars.
They float in the minutes, the moments, the days, all mixed up and winding through time,
And as dreamers dream, and kings will be kings, which spirit is yours, and mine?