

Wishing

by: Sarah Burakoff

When I was young I used to plan
The things I'd do when a woman
I'd conquer space and be well known
I couldn't wait till I was grown

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I was a kid again
A kid again I'll never be
Till cherries grown on apple trees.

While in my teens I fell in love -
Forgot to reach for stars above.
My childhood dreams could be postponed
for timelessness I then did own.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish for teenage years again
But teenage years will never be
Till cherries grown on apple trees.

My wedded state I found a bore,
although my kids I did adore.
I lavished time on petty things for
"someday" seemed quite close for me

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I had my thirties back again
but thirties I will never see
Till cherries grown on apple trees.

the forties bombed my timeless state
of looking fine and feeling great.
Contemporaries soon feel dead
and timelessness from me was shed.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish for forties once again.
I'd treasure every moment free.
Please cherries grow on apple trees.

The fifties, sixties pass by me
Embroided in time I am not free.
My plans are shot as time flies by
And some day soon, I know I'll die.

I wish I wish is my lament
That I could live my life again
I'd live in some other way
And treasure every precious day

I feel depressed it angers me
Reproaching time that cheated me.
I'd like to chuck my old life plan
And start fresh in another land

I wish, I wish perhaps not in vain
Perhaps we all come back again
to some new planet where we're free
And cherries grown on apple trees.

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