**Zoe Putnam**

**The Wish Keeper’s Attic**

My father told me a tale

When I was very small

Of the wish keeper’s attic

To the left of the hall

There with dusty clumps of hope

And spider webs of envious thought

Lives an old wizened man

Granting wishes for naught

Beauty or love he’ll give by the gallon

He has shelves full of joy to spare

Give him a visit if you think it wise

In the attic beneath the old stair

He’ll grant you a boon

With a smile, and wink

He has a fountain of youth

And he’ll willingly give you a drink

He keeps a box full of wishes

Tucked just out of sight

And if you look close enough in the corner,

You can see a dream’s mellow light

That wizened granter of wishes

And withered keeper of gold

All of his goods are easily bought

His starting price, a single secret told