

Saturday

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## *Lost Magic*

Today I found some lost magic –  
a twisty-twirly horn  
of a unicorn lying at my feet.  
And when I stopped  
to pick it up, to hold it  
in my fist, I remembered  
how once upon a time  
you could always find unicorns,  
but there are no unicorns now.

You would find them on the shoreline,  
flitting in and out of caves in cliffs,  
or climbing hills at twilight.  
They would lead you through forests,  
sometimes hiding behind trees,  
and if you lost them or they lost you,  
you could always find them again,  
but there are no unicorns now.

And it didn't matter  
if you followed them all day,  
the edge of the world was miles away,  
there was nothing to fear.  
And none of the unicorns we knew ever  
changed into dangerous strangers.

Once upon a time there *were* unicorns  
but there are no unicorns now.