

Which Wealth?

Have you heard the story told
Of how a king turned things to gold,

Turned all to gold with one small touch?
King Midas loved this gift so much!

He touched his cup. (I'm sure you know.)
He touched his bed. He touched his bow.

He touched his table, rug, and chair,
His soup, his cheese, his grapes, his hair!

He whirled around in joyous fun
And reached to touch his dearest one,

His precious child, Alas, alack!
She turned to gold! "O give me back,"

The one whose love lights up my way!"
His wish was granted. Happy day!

Now do you think our king was sad?
No! Gold was gone, but he was glad.

He'd found that love was irreplaceable
And gold, mere gold was, well, erasable.

Sometimes I wonder just how much
I would enjoy the golden touch.

Would I have chosen, if I could,
The gold for now, or love for good?

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