

Fairy Tale

Far, far away in the kingdom of Murth
Lived a king with two sons and a daughter.
The king called his male offspring the salt of the earth,
But his girl child was dearer than water.

One day, the king beckoned his children to him
And said, "Children, my heart's joy, my progeny,
I need to sort out, ere my mind becomes dim,
Simple truth from all kinds of hodge-podgeny.

"I'll set you a task, send you out for a week,
Unadvised, unprepared, on your own,
And the one who returns with the answer I seek
Wins the kingdom, the crown, and the throne."

"No problem," said Harry and Tom, the two boys.
"Just tell us the task we must do."
Miranda looked up from her books and her toys.
"I will do my best, Papa, for you."

"The task is quite simple. Now sharpen your mind
And your eyes as you scour the land.
The winner must bring the most fruits you can find
That will fit in the palm of my hand."

Young Harry and Tom both jumped up and left town
Before those who were watching could blink.
Miranda stopped reading and put her book down,
Then retired to have a good think.

Slowly and quickly the seven days passed.
The two boys scampered in from their questing
Very eager to share the small fruit they'd amassed.
In the throne room, Miranda was resting.

“What ho!” sang the boys as they drew near the throne.
“Was your search so unfruitful, our sister?”
And thinking that she had failed, out on her own,
They leaned over and quietly kissed her.

Miranda just smiled. “Welcome home,” said the king.
“Let us see what your journeys have wrought.”
And from packages tied up with paper and string,
The boys pulled forth the fruit they had brought.

In Harry’s large hand sat sweet cherries galore.
“There are twenty that fit,” he declared.
“I have many more grapes. In fact, I’ve thirty-four,”
Countered Tom as they looked and compared.

“Now, daughter, come forth,” came the king’s soft command.
As Miranda arose with aplomb.
A hush fell on the court. Then she opened her hand.
Three small seeds nestled in her plump palm.

“These seeds,” she explained, “which in number are three,
Have no visible leaves, trunks, or roots.
But waiting in each is a new apple tree,
And each tree carries dozens of fruits.”

“Brava!” cried the king. “Simple truth has been found.
May Miranda rule wisely and well.”
Several cheers for Miranda arose all around
Like the sound of a deep-ringing bell.

Now in faraway Murth, daily classes are held
To teach folks in the kingdom to see
All the words that unfold when we spend time in thought
And find, deep in the seed, a new tree.

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