

Changeling babies all come together  
On clear midnights  
In open fields  
From the moment they can walk  
They recognize each other  
Did I say they?  
We, I mean  
We see the colours in each other's eyes  
The glint of gold  
The hint of mischief  
The captured amber light of other worlds  
We see the plan  
Even before we know the plan  
To disrupt and delight  
Family lines brough crashing, laughingly, down  
In joyful noise and colour  
We see each other, but they can't see us  
Too sure of what they think they know  
To recognize what we are  
We glow in the moonlight  
We ask different questions  
We ask the rules  
To be sure that we break them  
A faerie child is faerie child  
Even as it grows  
With stooped back and treeroot hands  
We are young sprites  
Old spirits  
Come to change the story  
And when we go, we go with pride  
Changeling babies laughing  
Atr the very idea of anything left unchanged.