**The Oracle, Speaking**

Shelby Edwards

If you ask me what I know, I’d say *not enough*.

If you ask me what comes next, I’d say *I don’t know*.

If you ask me if this is the end I’d say, *remember, the future is unwritten.*

I could tell you how things hang by a thread,

tuck you into a warm bed with true stories of monsters in the shadows.

Or instead,

I could say, *go outside*.

Whisper, *love more*.

Tell you how the trees talk amongst themselves and the Orca have grandmothers.

Show you how the last light turns gold and the wind moves like waves

through fields of grass.

I could say*, there’s still magic in the world*, and mean it.