



## **The Opal Dream Cave (1910)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

In an opal dream cave I found a fairy:  
Her wings were frailer than flower petals –  
Frailer far than snowflakes.  
She was not frightened, but poised on my finger,  
Then delicately walked into my hand.  
I shut the two palms of my hands together  
And held her prisoner.  
I carried her out of the opal cave,  
Then opened my hands.  
First she became thistledown,  
Then a mote in a sunbeam,  
Then--nothing at all.  
Empty now is my opal dream cave.

