



extract from
jinnie ghost

written by
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Here comes Jinnie, the children call
but she doesn't turn her head, if she hears them at all.

Here comes Jinnie, as thin as the wind,
her hair as white as the feathers of owls.
Her eyes are like water,
her feet make no sound.

Here comes Jinnie, the dream-bringer.

*Jinnie Ghost, Jinnie Ghost, where do you go?
the grown-ups ask, but the children know.*



When the moon is round as apples,
that's when Jinnie comes.

The shadows are like velvet,
velvet houses, velvet horses,
that's when Jinnie comes.