

...march 13, 2009...

*meeting for a writers lunch
we talked the circling hour closed
catching the word 'pinocchio'
to wrap our sleepy pens around –*

*the word drew echoes in my brain
awakening the once upon
into a retranslated now
woven between might-have-beens –*

*geppetto gathered loneliness
to carve pinocchio from wood –
but it was a wishing star
that magicked him into the world –*

*a jerking talking puppet boy
with cricket ethics – and a nose
that grew like branches on a tree
every time a lie was told -*

*and we – as children - listened close
to grin and shiver with each lie
imagining pinnochio
was as real as ourselves –*

*then carefully – when no one saw
we'd touch our noses – wondering
if the lies that we had told
could somehow make our noses grow –*

*but now the writers group is done
and i am reading what i wrote
touching my nose and questioning
which of my memories are pretend.*