Pinocchio

By Rae Armantrout

Strand. String.
In this dream,

the paths cross
and cross again.

They are spelling
a real boy

out of repetition.

Each one
is the one

real boy.

Each knows
he must be

wrong
about this, but

he can’t feel
how.

The fish
and the fisherman,

the pilot,
the princess,

the fireman and
the ones on fire.