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

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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.