

Pinnocchio

Pinnocchio will never be a real boy.

I know that.

He will never eat real crackers and soup.

But it is better that you see only this marionette who
brings to the world the protection of his woodenness.

I cannot put myself at the mercy of your raised eyebrows.

Do not ask it.

For many years I believed I was the only one who
sent whittled wood loosely strung together out
into the world to live by proxy.

Only little by little did I learn that nobody is there---

Nobody at all.

We are all elsewhere.