

Driftwood: A Fairy Tale

Cursive

So he would sulk and drink and mope
And cross his arms and hope to die.
And then a fairy came one night
To bring this sorry boy to life.
She pulled some strings
And spun him about.
That boy sprang up
And began to shout,
"my arms, my legs, my heart, my face
They're alive!"
And she would cry, "liar, liar!
What have I done?
You're no lover, and I'm no fighter."
(the story goes on)
So he would buy her things and kiss her hand
To show he was for real.
And she would take those gifts and kisses
Though just stringing him along.
She knew about those wooden boys-
It's an empty love to fill the void.
"pinocchio! oh boy, how your nose has grown!"
So he would cry, "liar, liar!
I'll prove it to you!"
But then it grew
He had grown tired of her
So it was true
He left her apartment
And he walked all night long
Til he was stopped by the shore of the ocean.
But still he walked on, amongst the whales
And the waves, and screamed "liar, liar!"
And his wooden body floated away.
He just drifted away.
And now I wonder how I was made...(x2)
My arms, my legs, my heart, my face,
My name is driftwood.

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