

Cursive

"Driftwood: a Fairy Tale"

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[Spoken:]

He swam steadily for most of the day.
Suddenly he found himself approaching an enormous
floating cavern.
Could it be an island?
Pinocchio looked closer and he saw two huge rows of
sharp,
Yellow teeth and he realized his mistake.

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 hair
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...
My arms, my legs, my heart, my face,
My name is Driftwood.

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