

THE BOOK OF LOVE

TONI SCORSESE

They write songs about the book – as though there were only the one.

I think it's more like a diary we each keep. And as we grow, we add to it; ending unknown.

They read us stories from the book – fairytales and fictions. And as we journal, we craft the story we were told to read.

Some share their own fables. And as we read, we muse on their tales; wondering if we might freelance in kind.

Occasionally we encounter the “penny-a-liner,” who scribes a fresh perspective; encouraging us. And as we learn, we reinterpret the volumes we've duly studied.

Eventually, we find our voice; freeing us to edit the copious drafts we've already written.

If lucky, we have the opportunity to collaborate a yarn. And as we write, we revise our understanding of the tale we would rather live.

I knew we were in the same book. But the same chapter? The same page?

Today you told me we are the same sentence.
Today we live the rest of our story.

12/3/22 and
(You Know Who You Are)