



Because Paper Has More Patience Than People

by Sue Hitchcock

Before the chattering screen arrived,
Before our minds were stolen,
The long dark night was filled with tales,
Read from books,
Songs remembered from our past,
And histories of families.

We tell our stories to a camera
And tik-tok them around the world,
But who would listen to the truth,
When fantasies find fame?

Inside us memories stew,
Brewing tales - not truth.
But telling truths,
Considered, fermenting into fables,
Mutating in the mind of quiet reader,
All alone.

Disguise your characters,
No harm to cause,
Some lived, some died,
Some stuck, transformed,
In memory to live again.