

## **In defense of fiction**

fiction is the friend not yet or never made  
or made and known or not yet fully known

it is the trinket turned to treasure  
the object examined, cradled, held  
placed in hiding to bring up memories years past its refinding

it is the long slow walk  
that turns into a verdant swirl of sounds and senses that halt  
footsteps on pine needles and moss underfoot

it is the snippet of conversation heard  
revealing some yearning, leaning, aha  
the steady stare as someone listens intently without words whirling

some may say fiction is the farewell to the real for the imagined

but how can we imagine if we have not  
felt or touched or smelled or sensed or seen?

in defense,  
fiction is the salutation to the real  
just made more so

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