

The Land of Make Believe

by N.E. Griffin

I

The sun rises as it always has,
casting a golden light upon the park,
revealing creatures frozen in time—
or, at least, the facsimiles of creatures.

Creatures such as have never lived,
except in myths and children's tales.
But this was a place for children and their dreams,
before.

II

There are no people here, now.
There have not been for a long time.
They left behind a world of their varied creations—
grandiose, imposing, pragmatic, and whimsical—

Now crumbling to rust and ruin,
covered in grime, eaten by termites,
nested in by birds, eroded by wind and rain,
faded by sunlight, devoured by time.

III

But long-silent children's laughter had imbued the creatures here with life.
It crept into the concrete, the plastic, the metal, and the wood
that made up their statuesque figures, a great potential energy:
lying dormant, awaiting its kinetic moment.

It's the wizard who moves first.
He crooks his moss-covered staff,
ever so slightly,
and that subtle move is like the tip of a domino.

IV

Now the elves twitch their ears,
scattering some nesting sparrows.
The dwarves let their axes fall,
weary from holding them aloft so very long.

A fire stirs in the dragon's breast,



and when she sighs,
her breath is like a desert wind,
whispering the word, “Awake!”

V

Now princesses brush the dirt from their gowns
and begin to twirl.
Princes shine their bronze buttons
and meet their ladies on the ballroom floor.

A unicorn gallops across the overgrown meadows,
playfully chasing a pegasus across the empty skies.
Down in the lagoon a mermaid suns herself,
and a faerie flutters amid the cattails.

VI

The wizard gathers them together,
and the dragon takes flight,
shepherding the stragglers.
Together they march down a road of golden bricks,

out into this abandoned world—
their world, now—
to see what kind of world creatures made of dreams
can build.

