

Deborah Conway

"Dcn #348"

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It was clear

It was bright

It was a shining star on a black, black night

It was pure

It was plain

It was a weird, wild party and nobody came

It was my blood

It was your sweat

It was a waterfall of tears where no one gets wet

It isn't in the news

Or any magazine

It won't turn a profit

Or make your toilet clean

It's not something you can see

Or something you can buy

It's very nice to swallow

When all you're feed are lies

What is this stuff?

This gourmet stuff

This powerful, magical, illicit stuff

It's the TRUTH

Maybe if we told it to our children

They could tell theirs

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