

Truth

My truth belongs only to me,
And yours exclusively to you.
But *truly*, Truth belongs to no one.

We lock our “truths” in iron bars, ignoring their cries for freedom.
For within their cells, they cannot be changed, developed, rectified-
They are forever trapped in their incompleteness.
Our jailbird “truths” can never become Truth.

We may claim to have Truth in our grasp,
But her chameleon exterior remodels itself before our fingers can curl around her,
And we are left only with a falsity in our hands.

We refuse to release it. Because it is all we have.

We stack our erroneous “truths” one atop the other,
Building inflexible fortresses
That shut out the very thing they intended to become.

Truth skirts around our fortresses,
Passively watching them grow and mocking the stubbornness of it all.
She revels in her uncapturable nature,
Eternally staying one pace ahead, never so much as grazing the entrance of our fortresses.

Nonetheless, we defend our “truths” with blind passion,
Waging wars over our beloved fortresses,
Never seeing the cracks in the foundation.

Or perhaps refusing to see them. Because falsity is all we have.

We trap our “truths”, cling to them fervently,
Make them the center of our universe,
But recall, the earth was once *truly* the center of this universe.

We look upon this preposterousness and revel at its absurdity alongside Truth.
But we can never be sure that this wily mistress is *truly* at our side.
For she may be decades ahead,
And we will ultimately find that we have seized yet another falsity in the search for her.

It is impossible to know that our “truths” are illusions until our minds are opened.
For in order to be True,
We must release our “truths” and admit that we can only *truly* be false.

But we refuse. Because falsity is all we have.

Falsity

But you *are* right.

Your fortress stands strong.

Truth is but a cowardly sprite, fearful of falling before your mighty walls.

I do not flee your grasp,

I do not shrink before your wisdom,

I build your impenetrable fortress walls,

And I recognize the infallibility of your thoughts.

She may tell you that you are wrong,

Allowing you to question your roots, your beliefs, your intelligence-

Truth forces you to reexamine your very being.

But I will not. Because I am all you have.

There is no need to look beyond your walls,

Because there are no cracks in them.

You have constructed a sufficient existence within your truths.

Truth will lie.

She will tempt you beyond the safety of your own truths,

Claiming that they are undeveloped prisoners,

Lacking the necessary freedom for completeness.

But I say to hell with her!

How can you rely on one who can never be completely grasped?

Her fervent warnings are misleading, for she is wicked pyrite.

But I am gold to you. Because I am all you have.

I know you will not open your mind to her.

I have vastly more passionate followers than Truth,

And she has far fewer soldiers waging war in her honor.

I am glad that you recognize the risk of examining your own walls too closely.

It is unnecessary- your truths are perfect.

There is no need to venture beyond.

Breaking down your walls will only muddle your mind.

So, release the hammer.

Let go of your questioning.

Close your mind safely around your truths.

You will choose me. Because I am all you have.

Humanity

The way that I gaze upon the world
Is the way in which the world is meant to be seen.
Others are often mistaken, but I see Truth.

I know that I form my opinions in Truth,
And I secure them within the iron enclosure of my mind,
Safely barred from the lies which surround us.
There they stay, unchanging and infallible.

My truths create firm blocks with which I build my fortress.
The blocks that others build with are weak, but mine are true.
Though if they ever begin to crack,

I could never relinquish my truth. Because it is all I have.

I scorn the falseness that permeates through our world.
I pity those who have fallen victim to its ignorance,
And I pride myself in knowing that I have never been in such a state.

In my superior knowledge I have laboriously crafted my truths, as Vulcan over his flame.
I defend my handiwork as I would defend my own body, my pride, my life,
And I am willing to shed my last tear and breathe my last breath
All for the sake of my precious and perfect truths.

I will remain within my powerful walls
Because there is nothing outside that I cannot grasp from within my fortress.
The outside is plagued with falsity, and I will never engage with such lies.

My fortress is constructed of truth. Because it is all I have.

I wish I could serve the victims of falseness
And welcome them into my truth,
But *they* have sunk too far into the dark tarpit of lies.

Rescuing one from the closedness of their own mind
Is a task that not even my truths can accomplish.
I try, often and emphatically, to fulfill my duty of service
And impress my truths on others,

But they will not listen.
They believe that their falsities are truths.
They cannot see that *my* truths are superior.

But they will not part with their falsity. Because it is all they have.