

Truth?

By Sheila O'Brien

Love to question,
It reminds you you're alive,
Never cease to question
Or you might as well have died.

Truth is a fantasy,
An image in a lake;
Truth is elusive,
Slippery as a snake.

Search out YOUR truth,
Stand up for YOUR feelings,
Some will try to coax you
With their own squealings,

But stand fast.
Don't be buried by their past,
Listen to the voice in YOU
It's the only one that's true,

You can depend on you.

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