

IN THE CREVICES

In the crevices
the dark corners
with secret niches
kept hidden
lest anyone see ...

There lay the truth
Naked
A relic
On a shelf
Shivering in the cold
Shrinking in fright
From the light of day,
The darkness of night,
From detection.

And for all the deceptions ...
For all the deflections ...
There she lay
As sure
As certain
As any there be.

Ask me now ...
Ask anything
And I will speak the truth.

But wait,
Even a little,
And she will stir.
In me then truth will be no more.