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Truth is in Plain View (Part Two)

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Truth is in Plain View

(Part Two)

Suzanne Bern

I hate the fact that I cannot, to save my life, answer that question. I know I am a Jane, but that cannot be all. I want there to be so much more than there really is. Reality seems to be a problem for me in that sense. Sure, in broad daylight I am Jane Smith (could you just die?) helping to milk the cows on the family farm, but in the nighttime, I just know that my dull, half-sun-bleached light brown hair will melt away and the fat will trim off my body dissipating into the air around. I will suddenly be mysterious and stunning, not to mention of good breeding, and all the girls will want to be Janes. Then what happens? Then, I will wake up and realize I've overslept again.

It is not that I am trying to be pessimistic either. I just think that all arrows seem to be pointing me toward the plain direction. My parents tell me I am special, but those talks sound like an after-school lecture on television. They say that everyone has that awkward stage. Stage? I'm guessing those Bettys and Kimberlys do not have awkward stages. They have beauty and grace and boys' affections. They never feel awkward because they belong; they are not Janes nor will they ever feel like such. The Janes, we get to be the lucky, stronger ones, wading through the tough tides of adolescence only to emerge cleansed souls. I'm sorry, but being stronger sometimes sounds like a bunch of bull. Being strong is not even half the truth of it. What is the truth of it? I wish I knew what made me plain and others vibrant, made cows stupid and birds smart. Some say, "G-d is truth," but the other bumper stickers say, "He is love" so I get very confused between the two. I think G-d is plain, if He made me in his image that is. I wonder if G-d had to milk cows every day after school. Of course he didn't. That job is for the Janes of the world. G-d has more important things to do I imagine...

I imagine I am dancing on the water with my toes lightly brushing the current. I dance to the *Moonlight Sonata*, swaying with the slight breeze. The birds in the sky rush near to watch me; I am graceful as a swan wading the flow of a pond. I can bow my head and bend my knees and arch my back as if I were something purer than innocence. I can float, and I do. I can soar, and I do. A boy dances, too, at the other end of the water. He can see me, and he treads lightly on the surface so as not to shatter my presence. He reaches for me, and we dance. And then he and I, we...I wake up. I am here in my bed, not floating or soaring, crunched in a fetal position.

I always wake up. I always feel the ground again. I never finish my daydreams – my figments. I am a vision solely seen by myself, created by myself. Truth is, I'm just a Jane. Another day comes and goes with calm passing, and another dream flees with the sunset. Truth is, I can't see anything real about myself. Maybe that's my only problem with reality.