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Lies

Josh Mervis
NSU University School

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Lies

Josh Mervis

Lies are my sustenance.
They fill my soul, invigorating me night and day.
They give me strength, as only they can.
Without them, I am feeble.

Lies are my salvation.
They give me hope and the will to live.
They are all that I have.
Without them, I am utterly defenseless.

Lies give my life meaning.
They give my life significance.
Suggesting there is a purpose to my suffering.
Nonetheless, I know my lies are fruitless,
powerless over my true destiny.

I live a lie, but what does that really matter?
The authenticity of my life is unchallenged by those around me.
Everyone accepts my lie: my friends, my family, even my Creator.
Perhaps they, too, are living chimerically.

Besides, what good has truth ever done for me?
The truth has brought only pain, suffering, and affliction.
I have asked for very little, yet the truth refuses to answer my prayers.
My reality is grim, and so I must turn to my only alternative.

Lies, always and forever.