

Deborah Conway  
It was clear  
It was bright  
It was a shining star on a black, black night  
It was pure  
It was plain  
It was a weird, wild party and nobody came  
It was my blood  
It was your sweat  
It was a waterfall of tears where no one gets wet  
It isn't in the news  
Or any magazine  
It won't turn a profit  
Or make your toilet clean  
It's not something you can see  
Or something you can buy  
It's very nice to swallow  
When all you're feed are lies  
What is this stuff?  
This gourmet stuff  
This powerful, magical, illicit stuff  
It's the TRUTH  
Maybe if we told it to our children  
They could tell theirs