

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