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Cover Art: Tom Chandler

**Origami Poetry Projects™**

**The Lightbulb Theory of Truth**

A.J.Huffman © 2012

## The Lightbulb Theory of Truth



**By A.J. Huffman**

It is 6 a.m. and you are a fucking lark  
singing in my ear  
*Get out of bed you sleepy head.*  
*Get out of bed you sleepy head.*  
I close my eyes tighter, forcing dreams of you dismembered.  
So I can open them and smile back.  
I see you already showered and dressed; holding coffee  
like a white flag before you.  
You continue chattering stupidly about the sun, the sky,  
and what a day it is to be alive. I just grunt  
between swigs of caffeine. You take that as assent.  
I continue to smile, knowing the whole time  
that the world is a shitty place. And that you  
and your smug little smile are undoubtedly bound  
for hell.

**The Lightbulb Theory of Truth**

Your fear is that you are not  
who or what they think. You may never be,  
and they may never know. But you do.  
And you are racing with no one to see  
who sorts it out first. Competing  
with yourself to win something that is not really there.  
To compare something that has nothing to do  
with you to something that has nothing to do  
with them. There is a danger  
in this dance: unknown  
like everything else, it is sneaking up  
over your left shoulder. (The one that you never check.)  
It is a form without a face. You cannot/will not recognize it  
until it is too late. And this dark stranger will beat you  
by years and yards to the finish. He has to.  
Simply because he knows where it is.

**I Know What You're Afraid Of**

## The Abracadabra of the Alphabet

You have to find all the pieces  
before you can make the puzzle work . . .

You need the glue and the corners and . . .  
Oh, a picture; an image to work from --  
maybe a snapshot of a happy thought  
from long (or maybe even not so long) ago.  
Then you build/form/create a hardcopy;  
A perfected version of reality:  
Top down; bottom up; side to side;  
inside out. It does not matter  
as long as the end of the day finds you  
perceiving the whole: a culmination.  
All finished: the product = ready to market.  
Straight from the balanced surface  
of your open palm.