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The Lightbulb Theory of Truth

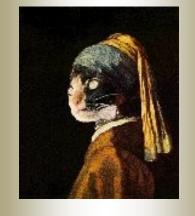
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By A.J. Huffman



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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.

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

The Abracadabra of the Alphabet

1 Know What You're Afraid Of

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

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.

You continue chittering stupidly about the sun, the sky,

like a white flag before you.

I see you already showered and dressed; holding coffee

So I can open them and smile back.

I close my eyes tighter, torcing dreams of you dismembered.

Get out of bed you sleepy head.

Get out of bed you sleepy head.

singing in my ear

It is 6 a.m. and you are a fucking lark

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