

Please recycle to a friend.

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

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.