The Image of a Raindrop

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The act of telling the truth…
who are we kidding?

  What is the truth?

Attempting to speak of this image
  is simply an act.
We expand on a smile to create
  jealousy for those unable to correctly
  purse their lips
  their sadness is a synonymous reflection
  of the gap inside their heart.

Truth.

An entity we try to sweep under our bed.
The boogie-man.
Or an “I-was-right…now-listen-to-me” commodity
  we try to wear.
Like an expensive sweater.
It flatters our chest and makes us
  flashy on the outside.

This commodity, this cliché, this wretch.
Truth.
We are obsessed with truth’s well-being…or its lack thereof.

We act.
We perpetuate this pompous attitude
  as if we just KNOW.

However, is the reality:
  one denies the truth really exists
  in order to gain envy or pity.
We love it.
The erotic rush of lying.
Pretending. Imagining.
All my lips open as I perform my
interpretation of truth.
A blurry story arouses my mouth, my tongue, my blood, my hips.
My breath is heavy, my knees light,
my eyes…wide open.

Truth.

Nothing humans may attain.
An act. A goal.
A revolving piece of entertainment, horror, desire.

Jasmine Swyningan is am a part of the ISU Gymnastics team. Along with writing poetry, in her spare time she likes to read, volunteer, walk aimlessly around campus, and watch Spongebob Squarepants. Her goal is to join the Peace Corps upon graduation and make a positive impact wherever she is needed. She is an only child, and her parents have really helped make her the person she is today.