

Exteriors

Exteriors are the lies of the earth.
I try to look deep to discover truth.

To glimpse what is truly worthwhile,
I must crack the exterior
to seek the wonder inside,
bleeding out the truth, accepting the pain.

Chaos becoming order when pressed to behave.
Order breaking into chaos when confined too long.

The beautiful tranquil sea
that is death to those who cannot swim.
The shock and pain from the bite
of the soft rabbit I cuddle.

I must organize the confusion
and disturb the tranquility of a peaceful moment.

Hoping to see all sides.
Not to seek comfort or gain approval
of surface visions, but to see beneath
to find truth. If I do not...

I face the crime of judging exteriors that are
the lies of the earth.