

Men often claim to hunger for the truth, but seldom like the taste when its served up: Truth is-Absolute.

Truth is I've spent my life running from truth, running from the prison of everyday life. Banal and Boring, slave to a time clock and salary. Chained to a mortgage, subservient to the boss. I will not live my parents life...I am my Boss! The world is mine, my destiny's my own: No mapped out planned out life for me. And why not? its a new day/different time. But...truth is absolute: Truth is, it could not last. Eventually I found a prison of my own.

The smarter you are, the harder you fall, the higher you go the more it hurts to lose. Money, cars, clothes, so called friends and fair weather lovers. In the end nothing.....lasts not even the memories/ All that remains is truth, the truth that has vindicated my parents.

Reality pulls the stars and scabs away from our eyes.

What better way to spend your life, with someone you love.

Watching your children grow, secure in the knowledge you've done your best and raised them right.

Only to find that you've missed a spot, their off to find truth of their own, on roads well traveled full of pits and slippery slopes leading to truth. You pray for the best and hope truth has been satiated.

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