

Truth or Consequences

I am plagued by a question. I have no address to which I can walk, ring the doorbell, ask my question, and get a straight answer. What is the truth? Life is made up of a string of questions. Some are light and the answers may not sway a mood one way or the other. Some consume us, and the answer could make the difference between joy that raises us near to the divine, or delivers the final, deepest cut that severs the last weary thread. The real truth seems almost optional in times like these, when the heart is perched like a baby in a carriage gone loose and hanging at the edge of a cliff in a stiff wind. Helpless onlookers gasp and wonder if that innocence will be saved and celebrated, or if it will fall to its death and be mourned. The truth usually delivers something in between. The baby falls but lives, disfigured by the scars of its descent, but beautified by the miracle of its survival.

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