

we’re taught since we’re young to always tell the truth. but the truth is a tricky thing, and honestly, i’ve looked truth in the face and flipped around and fled the scene like a frightened bird, maybe sometimes i want to want to know the truth, but when lies are more comforting than honesty i’d be lying if i said i’d rather be burning from those words than watching shadow puppets with naive eyes. it’s much easier to believe the lie from liars mouths because they’re so rehearsed with spitting curses it sounds like a bible verse. pretty popular girls spit poison and beautiful brown eyed boys slur their promises. it’s easy to believe that the boy you loved, loved you back, that your parents know all the answers, and that good people die for a reason. that’s all just a way to feel comforted, like pulling a comforter over your eyes to escape from the monsters in your closet. but, the truth is, that boy was using you because of your low self-esteem and desire to please, your parents are barely scraping by, holding together with a frayed thread, and the world is cruel and good kids die before they even reach their teens.

we’re taught since we’re young to always tell the truth. but now, “truth” is more fluid than ever. my truth, your truth, his truth, her truth, what happened to one truth? and i don’t mean big concepts like god or religion, where people believe or don’t believe or believe in one god and not the other i’m talking about the little things, like since when is cheating on your girlfriend something you can brush away with a little lie as if she did not deserve to know the truth, since when do we let amateurs form opinions on global warming and post those on twitter to influence the masses telling them “it’s bikini weather” and “who cares about those polar bears dying and those ice caps melting as long as we can go tanning.” since when should kids like me be forming opinions on guns. how am i supposed to know the ins and outs of hunting when i’ve never even felt a trigger, how am i supposed to decide what guns should be allowed when i can’t tell the difference between a military grade weapon and the rifle my ex used to shoot deer with. we baby our society so we think we come out of the womb knowing more than the adults who made us. the reality is we’re a bunch of entitled brats, hell bent on destroying this earth, filling the oceans with pollution, ruling in corruption, kids on so many drugs they belong in an institution, our military is bombing other countries, spending money making nuclear weapons while human beings are starving in poverty barely able to nuke a pot pie in a microwave, homelessness running rampant, kids are killing kids all while we’re obsessing over celebrities on tv showing us a reality that isn’t even reality. we need to open our eyes and stop turning away from the truth that’s right in front of us. there’s only one truth, if it’s not the truth it’s fiction and we’re getting so mixed up now it’s hard pick out the lies.

we’re taught since we’re young to always tell the truth. my mom especially hates being lied to. And i have lied to her. i have lied to everyone. but now, i’m learning to seek the truth even when it burns and yes, maybe i’ve failed and maybe i’ve let people sway my voice and maybe i’ve bent to others wills. the truth has been mixed up in my life because i’ve grown up around lies, parents lie, teachers lie, companies lie, friends lie, boys lie and i lie and lie

and i'm so sick of running into corners, scraping my knees, and banging my elbows on all the broken pieces of my lies that don't make the cut. lies may look easy, but they eventually hurt. i saw the hurt in my moms eyes last summer, and i saw the hurt in my own eyes this winter. the pain from finding out a lie comes from the illusion of truth you thought existed, comes from the trust you place in another to hold your heart carefully. trust builds on the truth. i am slowly gaining my trust back and picking my way out of the web of lies that i wove.

we're taught since we're young to always tell the truth. because, what is the point of existing in a world of mistruths when you can live in the world of truth, it stings and bites and itches and sometimes it will feel like you're dying. i felt like i was dying. the world lost its color and i lost myself. it took me a long time to find my heart again but here i am. and now, i would rather live in the bright pain, and bleed, and cry, and struggle, because all of it is better than existing in darkness.

we're taught since we're young to always tell the truth, so stop spitting lies to feel secure, and start screaming the truth no matter how badly the fallout stings. it will make you stronger.