



Truth Be Told

Then, I thought
I knew the Truth.
I believed in Sun,
the earth was flat and
roses pink, so
I would write.
The ink, the words,
if it's seen
it must be real.
When mind was spotted
a crowd of notions,
conjured, concerted
governing the hand
called mine,
poetry paused.
Silence felt
more true than words.

Suruchi Arora