

Prevarication by Clare Lauren Kelly

Thinking and knowing, not the same thing. If you thought about it, you wouldn't need to ask. Maybe you're not ready to think. Nonsense repeated does not become truth, the truth never lies but humans do. How to tell a dishonest man from an honest man, don't you know the riddle? Two brothers, identical angels they are, stand by the dark wooden doors but you don't know which is the right door for you. One dark door will take you to your happy ending, the other to a fiery resting place where torment fills the time, and both doors and brothers look like the other, no way to see the difference. One brother will lie, the other will be truthful, what do you ask them to know? One question that guarantees you'll find the door to your happy ending, no matter which of the brothers you ask. Think carefully now, one chance is all you get before being sent on your way, better find the winning question no matter which angel is the liar.

A good man is an honest man, and an honest one is good. What is good and what is truth? Are all lies bad? Better to be truthful and hurtful even if a lie could mean relief. There is more talking than thinking, here is my confession, my true belief. Truth and safety are an illusion, so don't succumb to grief. Every coward seems courageous hidden in the safety of a crowd, bravery can be contagious when the band is playing loud. There they stand tall surrounded by likeminded sheep, singing out loud for the truth to be heard, but whose truth is it they seek to tell? As it is often said, the winner writes the history books, the ones in power decide what story will be told and how it will be told to the masses. Now say your piece, speak your mind. If all you have to say is the truth and the truth is what is good, then what worries do you have? Maybe you need to worry less about being a liability, and more about your ability, to lie. I'm only joking, we've all got used to lying. But I'm not lying, I never lie, lies are the source of all evil, and the last thing I would ever want is chaos.