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Truth and Lies

by Richard Lewis

Some of these things are true, some of them are lies. Though it all depends on what version of the truth you're looking for and anyway how can we discern which comes first, in the strange muddle of time.

Like it or not, we all deceive ourselves. Could we even survive if we always told the truth.

So many inner selves jostle for position. The child the adult, the mother, father, sister or brother. The joker the sage, the timid one or the brave. From virgin fields of youth, through schooldays, work days and holidays our experience of the world swirls and changes like mountain mist. Memories rise up like the morning sun only to fall again in the evening of our days, discarded like autumn leaves, in the unnumbered moments that pile up across a lifetime.

False news or true lies. Who can say?

Come truth come lie, it's much the same, how can we name reality. The me who stands still like silent trees or the other me, all in a rush, all noise and bluster. The one who strives to be alive, and keeps pretending that his life will never end.

So many contradictions, from waking life to the world of dreams. We emerge from the underworld that seemed so real, perhaps more real than waking life itself.

When all is possible, flying high over mountains, across acres of green, like the swallow of summer. Only to fall in unending spirals to the valley below, to be chased by some mythical monster, before being hauled back to the surface with a start.

From bright coloured realms to the black wash of darkness, the days and nights of our thoughts drift like lonely spirits.

Who knows where truth resides or when it will reveal itself, down the back roads of our memories in the corner of our minds eye, perhaps hidden behind the lie.