

One after another
but sometimes in tandem,
the men and the women
jump out of their hole
into what's said:
a beautiful gift. Then
an infant, a child
for a long, long time.
Remember what were you?
No you don't. Because the hole
told you fables
that make the hole so glorious
and the men and the women
so shitty!
Then remember it right.
Find that lying hole
and squeeze your own lost truth.
Suck it, stand its ugliness, and revel
in the new dawn.
That hole will get old, maybe close. And you
will know of a truth
that came out of a lying hole —
call it Peace.

But the earth will rotate
— backwards first
before the men and the women unveil
all the lies they were told.

Seattle, 11 September 2014
Ana Karina Luna

