

# The Obvious Lie

By: William Dilbert

The Obvious Lie. perched  
Atop a pallid mantle, smirched  
And gilded in equal measure  
Ticking away as hidden hands apply the pressure.

Midnight paces closer, a persistent gloom  
On hollow eyes, e'er fixed upon a mirror distant.  
Perceived by a heart that grows a withered bloom  
What farce, this secret poorly kept, a felling most repellant.

Yet displayed in the open and recognizable, in gold  
Thin as air and luster brilliant as a mire  
The Obvious Lie sits alone, left to fester and mold.  
Ever distant, trapped just beyond the veil of desire

Not once retorted.  
The Obvious Lie wears a facade most distorted,  
It heads every greeting, sharing words it mirrors true,  
But still, before the animated eyes just outside,

The Obvious Lie is a truth unpleasant.  
The Obvious Lie is an admission most guilty.  
Its end a rope from the rafters.  
Its end a sweet song of sorrow.

But still, behind those hollow eyes  
It poisons every thought,  
A window to words distraught  
The gaunt face of The Obvious Lie

Its final toll tells its finality  
As fetid gold flakes  
The pallid mantel breaks  
Giving way to The Obvious Lie's lethality.

A happy end hidden in obscurity.