

Doubt
By B.C. Pope

We held it in the heart and called it truth
A simple act or idea given taken returned and rewritten
The foundation of actions for which banners are carried and battles are cried
In effort to build the world around us as something bigger than I
Then the dark came
It bled into the pure waters we all drank from
It spilled ink across the clean unwritten pages we held as ideals
It became the little black spot on the sun that brightened our days
It was the very soul of us all but moved in ways we never thought possible
It ate at our tables
It drank from our cups
It played with our children
It slept in our beds
A houseguest that became an assumed roommate in the corridors of our minds
It aged us
It beat us
It teased us
It became us
Our faces were mirrors to it, a place it could check its teeth and brush its hair
It had merit
It had weight
It had validity
It could stand up in court
It had us and we had it
We gave ourselves to it and asked for more
It drove us
It was us

And we let it

Only to find when we questioned it already had bred inside us

Now there is nothing left but it

Now all we have is it

And we will never let it go for it will kill us

And even death is still feared above it for without it there is no after as there never was a before

There is no helping us

There is no holding us

There is no fixing us

There is no saving us

There is no us

There is only it, and we would have it no other way