

The Image of a Raindrop

Jasmine Swyningan

The act of telling the truth...

who are we kidding?

What is the truth?

Attempting to speak of this image

is simply an act.

We expand on a smile to create

jealousy for those unable to correctly

purse their lips

their sadness is a synonymous reflection

of the gap inside their heart.

Truth.

An entity we try to sweep under our bed.

The boogie-man.

Or an “I-was-right...now-listen-to-me” commodity

we try to wear.

Like an expensive sweater.

It flatters our chest and makes us

flashy on the outside.

This commodity, this cliché, this wretch.

Truth.

We are obsessed with truth’s well-being...or its lack thereof.

We act.

We perpetuate this pompous attitude

as if we just KNOW.

However, is the reality:

one denies the truth really exists

in order to gain envy or pity.

We love it.
The erotic rush of lying.
Pretending. Imagining.
All my lips open as I perform my
 interpretation of truth.
A blurry story arouses my mouth, my tongue, my blood, my hips.
My breath is heavy, my knees light,
 my eyes...wide open.

Truth.

Nothing humans may attain.
An act. A goal.
A revolving piece of entertainment, horror, desire.

Jasmine Swyningan is am a part of the ISU Gymnastics team. Along with writing poetry, in her spare time she likes to read, volunteer, walk aimlessly around campus, and watch Spongebob Squarepants. Her goal is to join the Peace Corps upon graduation and make a positive impact wherever she is needed. She is an only child, and her parents have really helped make her the person she is today.