

Do Not Spank the Truth

by Jerry Ratch

Do not spank the truth
Whatever else you do
You do not ever
Spank the truth

If you let the truth be spanked
You will be diminished
And it will never let you
Be finished, instead

When you are dead
You will dangle in the land
Between the living
And the dead, head down

In Ugly Town
Underground
Right next to Old Town
New Town and Uptown

So do not ever
Spank the truth
Nor speak of it
Getting the big Spank

Or you will be forced
To join the unknown
And putrid ranks
Of the dead-in-the-head

In the underground land of dread
Known all around

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/jerry-ratch/do-not-spank-the-truth>»*

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As the unreal, the surreal
And the Unfed

Where you will be forced to collect
And listen to Scandinavian crickets
Or worse, become a bonafide member
Of the Abandoned Shoe Project

And learn to let the derision and smell
Of trust-funders roll off your back
Like a human pigeon who's busy
Avoiding footsteps in hell

