

The Autobiography of the Falsehoods Which Are Not Love

by Bill Yarrow

In 1990, his girlfriend told him she was seeing someone else.

"That's OK," he said. "I just want you to be happy."

In 1991, a smiling woman touched him on the arm and said,

"Don't believe everything everyone tells you, Stephen."

In 1992, he was generous with lies and did everyone he loved
the favor of never telling anyone nothing but the truth.

In 1993, he wound up hating the woman he betrayed in his heart
for betraying him in her body.

In 1994, though he tried to say what welled inside him,
he articulated nothing and created a new vocabulary of pain with his
eyes.

In 1995, he was palpably honest
and lost all respect in the torrid eyes of the world.

In 1996, he got married and the past began to fade,
like a song whose words he never really knew.

