

# 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>»*

Copyright © 2016 Jerry Ratch. All rights reserved.

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

