

What leaks from Pandora's box when the seal comes loose?
Does the truth splash up the walls like a flash flood ripping through a house?
Instead of water, the walls are stained in post it notes-
Another Millennial exhibit based on things you wish you could say,
A motley of fluorescent pink, yellow and green flapping in the breeze,
Desperate little squiggles dancing upon the flags,
Confessions exposed to the elements,
Banners representing everything but the true identity of their state,

Sometimes truth is found under the shelter only obscurity provides,
Pen touching paper could be too vulnerable for the pensive,
Sometimes the truth is set free like a rehabilitated animal back in the wild,
but in this case, it is a domesticated creature confined to a prison of anonymity,
Tales of first dates gone wrong or more likely betrayal,
Flocks of lost souls turning a blind eye to an evil one,
Shades of blue colouring the screen with the white lies of a population,
Do you read confession page posts in screams or hushed tones?
Can you register a voice that has never met your ear?

Does the truth come to die in a toilet stall?
Where someone may bear witness to a marker skating across the wall or door,
Spelling out a piece of themselves they dare not speak,
Although it's buried amongst graffiti and obscenity,
it sits in its majesty amongst subordinates,
like a King amongst jesters and serfs,
Spewed guts spelt out in sharpie,
A spelling mistake or a message spelling out a mistake,
If you ever want to find where the truth lies?
The writing is written on the wall.

