



Cave
Dwelling

*After Plato's
Allegory
of the Cave*

by:
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ISO 100

My mother calls
from the other
room to me,
to ask if I am
there. I am
looking at her,
in a photograph, in
her yellow sundress,
with a breeze blowing
against her pumpkin
stomach, where I am
ripening into a joke.
I answer, I am here,

and make myself
an honest liar.