

THE LIES I LOVED

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Life moves quickly.

Decisions arrive and demand answers.

We are naive to time and its authority — a dogma we do not respect until
we concede to its absolutism.

Most men wear masks. Prisoners to the choices they live behind.

You allow the ego to hide the truth from yourself.

Freedom is on the other side of that fence.

That is where a man lives in truth.

But few will cross. The truth is close, yet easily missed.

So the lost begin to wander.

A racehorse runs straight only in blinders; so too the man who would
lead.

Bound to the simple, blind to the easy.

Power is consistency.

And nothing is more consistent than time —
the true leviathan, waiting.

It will outlast every mask, and expose every lie we loved.

That is why I would rather live with the truth that I hate
than the lies that I loved.