



The Truth Is Out There
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I remember the summer that I was obsessed with aliens
Even a bright orange mark on the cement was a UFO landing spot
And I remember how my mom dutifully played along-
Gasping in shock when I exclaimed in a stage whisper that the blue arrow on the sidewalk was
a sign from another world
And when I found that pond in the forest
Now I can see that it's only a mucky swamp
Full of bugs and mossy logs and duckweed (and the occasional turtle)
But back then it was so much more
A different world deep within the trees
Where extraterrestrials might be lurking within a hidden spaceship
Deep under the muddy water
To this day, the idea that aliens are out there still excites me
I still want to believe.

