Elliot the banker –or– One Weird Trick

My dears, you cannot even understand—

I must use my brain and nothing else.

What is an honest mistake, really?

There’s no time for anything, so there’s

No time for nothing. So there’s

Only this white lie about what you should do

And how to pin your hopes

To symmetry instead of utility

Or how not to—whichever

I meant to say. See

Phrasing is an ongoing problem

When you think about it

And if black lies or dishonest

Mistakes were real, how could

We even talk about them?

Which is not to say that

There are only the opposites

Or reverse that—whatever

Makes better sense. See

There isn’t always parity

Not even necessarily balance

There are however things

We say and things we do

Some things are fake

And some are true

Seeing is believing, so

Tailor the truth to where

And how you look, because

Belief is truth to you

Or anyway your truth is yours

Try as you might sometimes

To share it, reaching

Across the void, so that your

Fingertips just miss

—or almost touch—the

Other side, and sometimes

Just barely getting your belief

—or truth—to stick, stepping

Back to see it stuck at last

And at least a little askew