

# Truth

"Truth," said a traveller,  
"Is a rock, a mighty fortress;  
Often have I been to it,  
Even to its highest tower,  
From whence the world looks black."

"Truth," said a traveller,  
"Is a breath, a wind,  
A shadow, a phantom;  
Long have I pursued it,  
But never have I touched  
The hem of its garment."  
And I believed the second traveller;

For truth was to me  
A breath, a wind,  
A shadow, a phantom,  
And never had I touched  
The hem of its garment.

Stephen Crane