

# The Absolute Truth

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by KATHRYN LEVY

I was raised in a school—in  
the basement of a school. My mother  
was a witch who fed me  
chalk for breakfast. She made me learn  
to love it. Or I knew nothing else  
so I came to hate eating. I have a home  
on Venus. I am fond of the heat. All  
my lovers are tall—six foot three—they  
bend down when they kiss me. Or  
they lift me up—I'm as light as  
a no one. We have no seasons, but I  
always need change, so I dream new  
lovers, I travel to the earth—I am  
heading to see the final glaciers  
before they melt. And the sea turtles on the last  
island they can breed. I've lived  
two hundred years, but I've  
found the new ointments—my  
skin is glowing, my body still  
supple. Last night one of the lovers  
crawled into my bed: *I need  
to dig deeper*. He thinks I don't  
love him. And he's right. I dwell in an egg  
in my home on Venus. And all  
that world outside? It is chalk.