

JOHN GALLAHER

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## *Everything You Know That Isn't True*

This is a cut-out doll. Let's name it your child  
and place it on the windowsill. You can sit next to it  
while you crack your knuckles.

You can place it up against the window  
so that it looks as if it's running across the yard.

It's a more recent idea,  
full of reports you must read out loud  
over the telephone to strangers.

The cars moved slowly back then,  
and you could hear them from a great distance,  
filled with ice cream trucks.

"I moved very quickly back then," you should say. Or,  
"I didn't think a thing!" Maybe you didn't see a thing.

"Have I misunderstood faith," we ask.  
It's like waking up to a kitchen  
full of open cupboards, asking,  
"Where did the child go?"

How secretive we were  
when you were five. The ice cream truck you could hear  
around the corner, blindly, and you had to run  
into the street.

"I have hidden something in the kitchen"  
 is another example. For a map, we say we used to run fast,  
 so fast we had to leave it there.

I jump over the bushes and come down on both feet,  
 and rise to the sound  
 of traffic. When your mouth opens it is sirens.