

Philosophy, yet Fact

“Write about positives and opportunity,”
Yet his mind won’t allow it.
“Write about positives and opportunity,”
But his mind won’t allow it.
Pen is written permanently,
So, pencil is put to paper.
Pen is forever,
And so, he scribbles down his soul in a short living ink

The boy was small when he first learned,
The only comfortable place was his mind,
Grown ups said he was disturbed
Still he sought to find
One noun, one thing, just as absurd

Art gave him joy only for a moment
And a story could last him a whole week
But when he stumbled on philosophy
The boy thought he wanted to speak

Not to others, but to himself
He needed to know the world
And so, he thought, and prayed, and watched it unfurl.

Maybe war comes from love
But love can’t be without war

But he still couldn’t quite understand what he was breathing for.