

## Philosophy, yet Fact

"Write about positives and opportunity,"  
Yet his mind will not 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,  
Adults labeled him disturbed  
Yet he sought to find  
One noun, one thing, just as absurd

Some art gave him joy only for a moment,  
And a story could last him a week.  
Yet when he stumbled upon philosophy,  
The boy knew 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.

War is born from love,  
Love cannot be without war.

The boy then understood what he was breathing for.