

## BS

\*First letter of each line read down forms another sentence

Indeed, copper is not copper

And Silver isn't silver

Money weighs as worthless

But worth-full are the looks.

Suppose we all could fly today

Into the shiny blue

Not many would dare float up and

Go see blue is black.

This Black will always be black

His black will never

Isn't this why we pretend

So we'll always have our other?

Life is never good enough

Indecent is this thought, yet

Frequently we wish to join

Every soul who left.

Since diamond is not diamond

Only plastic tells the truth.

Many people do not

Understand me and you

Cold and hot are our hearts

How can we be heartless.

## Stories and Symmetries

Stories all have symmetries  
To me they do anyway  
On every script, novel, or poem  
Ranging from every form  
In every varying culture  
Eternal patterns exist  
Soaking into the air  
Active even in graffiti  
No storyteller can escape  
Directions of human lives

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| S | stories all have symmetrie    | S |
| T | o me they do anywa            | Y |
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| N | o storyteller can escap       | E |
| D | irections of human live       | S |

## 23 Years Ago

23 years ago, I knew more about life than I do now.

I knew that I was not my own

that I belonged to someone.

I was completely and utterly dependent on someone else for every single need.

If I were left alone then, I would have died

I embraced that unabashedly

Greedy for each breath

Thankful for life.

23 years later

I am 23 years old

I have forgotten the feeling of dependence

I now experience it for no human

Only God

And even with God I am arrogant.

When did depending on others become a painful, shameful thing for me to do?

Where did I get the boldness to stand before my Creator, who holds my atoms together,

and say, "You're fake"?

I was wiser 23 years ago.