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## Ramblings of an Imbecile

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## Ramblings of an Imbecile

Little do they know the fools they themselves make.  
Little do they realize the trouble they do not see,  
When the wind howls like a dove's last breath  
And the warm air from deep within seeps to the crevices of their souls.  
Those that seem to be immune find nothing inside.  
Where it counts the zeros run rampant  
Make travesties out of dreamer's dreams and poet's words,  
Holding the keys that free our overflowing dungeons of confusion.  
Selfless courage is beaten back against its will.  
After the frost has melted and taken with it icicles  
Which have constantly haunted sleepless nights,  
The flowers will bud and bloom a bitter rose,  
Nursed by the agony of the unseen,  
Quieted and covered by a fleeting smile  
Meant only to hide the insecure seeds of loneliness.  
Only then might they begin to realize the mistakes they have already made.  
Are they finally to be freed from their lack of understanding,  
Or is it possible to learn from our mistakes?  
Is it only human or am I just a fool wishing,  
Or am I just a fool dreaming,  
Or am I just a fool?

*Jonathan Fisk*