

From the womb the wise one is never born wise
but rather birthed and destined ... to become wise
Likewise the fool exacts for the hidden record
each decision made in life as a proof
and thereby remains ... a destined fool

We walk among these simple fledgling souls
that refuse to bond with humility - to search - or to listen - or to realize
We walk among fools ... not with them, but among them
for truly their words are heard
and by them we know the contents of their hearts' pool

Oh Fool! Fool ... it is but the bending of your own self will
that will enable your recovery

The aggrandizements with which you and your buffoonish posse
continually reward and reinforce one to another
serve only to label the immature posture of your mind
And it is in this mind - that refuses to learn or to be taught or to consider change
that truth will eventually share its discovery

We walk among fools ... some as lions and others as sheep
we walk as philosophers ... as poets, teachers and sages of old
all knowing and desiring to know ... we walk separated ... seeking our kind

It matters not in what avenue the wise one travels
nor the continent - neither the gathering ... nor the vocations
For the antics of fools that claim to have no responsibility to live and think right
in anything that they do

Are constant in their constancy of rejecting and demonizing any
who would dare suggest rebuke in any of their locations

We walk among fools ... it is the every time and everywhere realization found
when the greater wise one arrives ... will he walk with you?