

"Who are the wise"

Who are the wise?

Could it be those grown old and weathered by time, with their tired watery eyes? Or could it be those who in their youth life's silver cord was loosed; while they boldly embraced death with bright cheerful eyes - knowing eventually everyone dies?

How many tales are told by those grown old, their stories complete; and how many tales left untold by the ones that never had the chance to grow old, tender lives left incomplete.

A thousand tales are left untold for the sake of the wise, an ocean of tears left in the wake of a young heart's demise. (2010)

I'm an amateur; yet I do attempt to write bits and pieces of my life's experiences. The above piece was written in memory of a little child of (9) who died from brain cancer - But he was always on the radio laughing and telling jokes, and trying help others feel and be better. Such a hero!

aged AKA:
"Love is the Law, Love Under Will" (Six) &