

Faithful Friend

Children are the species' heart.
It clouds up but the clouds can part.
Adults can peel the layers back
and rediscover what they lack.

It waits inside, a faithful friend,
a witness as our minds pretend
that what we are is made of thought
and all the other lies we bought

A child never tells a lie.
The first one makes the child die.
Its tombstone is the human mind,
a tool for sight to make us blind.

Until the day we wear it out,
exhausting every tempting doubt,
and come to see it has an end,
beyond which is a faithful friend.

Beyond the mind, beyond the mind.
The child is the one you'll find.