

# Truth

Who is a poet that writes poems so grand,  
but a lonely wish maker hidden with man.  
What are the flowing ink letters and marks,  
but unanswered questions once pondered in parks.  
Where is the happiness that childhood once did carry,  
but deep within thoughts that make the mind dreary.  
When was the last time the world sang a song,  
but when we won a war that wasn't all wrong.  
Why is it that the people of the world live in shame,  
but a way for the devil to have won his sad game.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Curtis Smeltzer.