There lived a boy who throughout his whole life, lived it as if it was new.

So strange to think, that with wonder and knack, he could influence himself and you.

For this boy learned much through the years of his life

Living and growing as a man.

Till one day he saw, that some expected, a natural reaction to events.

That some would look-up, and some would look-down, but all would look knowing what’s seen

“Why is this?” the boy asked, “That all seem to know, of things I can and can’t do? I know nothing of them, they know nothing of me, but I know they see something indeed?”

It then dawned on the boy; that perhaps his own folly relied in his self-perception.

No longer a boy, was he considered, by the rest of the world around him.

Indeed it seemed, with age came some powers, and the boy had to cope with these.

“Is this what it means, to be a man? To hold power with trust in each other? That I’d act as expected, knowing full well, that they’d act as expected towards me? Do I know what’s expected? Do I know what to be? Is the trust that is placed, a trust I believe? No… I think not, for man makes mistakes, and I know one thing most verily. I will refuse this power, for I know at a glance, that one cannot truly know thee.”

So the boy lived on, not playing his role as was expected of society.

Instead he found others, that questioned the same, and thought of possibility.