

Intelligence Should Always Be Capitalized

Year one, I learned one word,
Yayed at so much it was totally absurd,
Much more so than the second or third.
The fourth and fifth words were hardly heard.

Today I'm six and I'm counting change.
My parents more than I thought it so wonderfully strange.
They hoped and prayed my Intelligence would hold up down range.
Today I discovered I, like my parents liked math, and hoped it would never rearrange.

Ten and complexity has been christened.
Talked about sex which I couldn't understand, but I listened.
Listened more and understood things like multiplication by repetitive addition,
And volunteered for higher classes as if it were my mission.

Fourteen got me my first kiss,
And my first heartbreak, with emotions I'm unable to list.
Learned today things like this aren't the simplest.
Reading or math couldn't teach me of love or fist.

By nineteen I have been told so much of my brilliant mind,
Left for college but I'm sure my life could easily unwind.
I have just begun to believe my friendships un-designed,
The same friendships I feel I'm about to leave behind.

Today I'm sixty and I'm counting years.
Thoughts of death and afterlife bring many fears.
Regrets of mistakes and relationships bring many tears.
Today I discovered that the only intelligence lies in finding something that makes you happy,
And being able to hold onto it.