

Common Sense

By Ashleigh

It was critical for the one to stay positive,
To think before responding,
To not let emotions overcome its intelligence.
Yes, the one was hurt, felt incredibly insignificant,
And knew that it was being ushered back into "creature status."
Yes, it wanted to release the river in which the two dams were holding back,
To crumble, to release the heat in which boiled within the blood,
But the reason was too damn worthless,
Unimportant, inaccurate, and held no value for the one's mind, soul, and future.
It couldn't afford to waste its time and energy on word and actions it couldn't control,
It couldn't attend to put out fires in which kept igniting themselves,
The one could just not.
All it can do is maintain a positive yet realistically logical state of mind,
To keep its heart and soul happy while using its mind to heal its soul,
As that took up nearly every ounce of time and energy in itself.
It knew that the minute, the second it stopped tending to its wounds,
That they would fester and become too painful each time that they were pressed
upon or even slightly touched,
With the intense pain becoming a catalyst for impulsive behavior,
Defeating the whole purpose of maintaining a higher intelligence level,
And eventually having all of its time, its efforts completely wasted,
And the one didn't take too well of feeling foolish.
It would continue to treat others the way it wanted to be treated,
As that choice had nothing to do with anyone else but itself,
For it had the proper tools and knowledge it needed to heal and recharge,
And it could take on A LOT.
It could take on the world if it came down to that situation,
And prosper, learn, and help others going through their trials,
The one's who desperately needed a candle to light their way through their own dark
tunnels.
But only the ones who actually apply the help, the shared knowledge,
For the one absolutely LOATHED having its time, it words, it's energy wasted,
As the one's life was devoted to improvement.