

Julian Federico Fraga

### **A Myriad of Thoughts**

There is nothing quite so nice  
As a myriad of thoughts.  
To have them bounce around one's head  
Like the particles of a gas.

They come and they go,  
Like so many futile ventures,  
For many can imagine,  
But a mere few can create.

A thought is a wonderful thing.  
It is the perfect birth.  
A purity of form and essence,  
It is synaptic perfection.

When you have so many ideas,  
Each fighting for survival,  
You don't know which is good,  
Or what is just plain bad.

Every thought is a mystery  
Worthy of investigation.  
Thoughts and dreams are fine,  
For they give us our aspirations.

Even so, thoughts defy us all.  
That is their true nature.  
Impossible to truly explain,  
We make do with poor proxies.

A thought eludes definition.  
It is ephemeral like the mist.  
Our memories are this proof,  
Who has never forgotten?

They have a certain spontaneity,  
Which makes them great fun.  
Who can ever tell,  
When a thought will come in?

To forget a thought is a great shame  
For it shall never come again.  
That is both blessing and curse,  
For all the ideas thus lost.

There are some who do this easily,  
Forming thoughts ex nihilo.  
But for the rest of us,  
We just use pen and paper.

They come.  
They go.  
We remember.  
We forget.

To move at the speed of thought,  
That one could live that way!  
To never forget one's dreams,  
And always be able to have them.

When one has these thoughts  
It is a miracle to have time.  
To just sit and type  
Whatever one may think.

Thoughts are what make us human.  
We would be mere beasts without them.  
To have a higher intellect,  
Perchance one must dream.

A storm of confusion awaits those  
Who are not prepared.  
Buffeted by the waves of thought,  
They are lost beneath its depths.

But for those who succeed,  
The reward is great indeed.  
For there is nothing quite so nice  
As a myriad of thoughts.