Because the eye has a short shadow or it is hard to see over heads in the crowd?

If everyone else seems smarter but you need your own secret?

If mystery was never your friend?

If one way could satisfy the infinite heart of the heavens?

If you liked the king on his golden throne more than the villagers carrying baskets of lemons?

If you wanted to be sure his guards would admit you to the party?

The boy with the broken pencil scrapes his little knife against the lead turning and turning it as a point emerges from the wood again

If he would believe his life is like that he would not follow his father into war


Source: Fuel (BOA Editions Ltd., 1998)