

## **Philosophy Writing Piece**

### **Kaylee Beeman**

The sun rises because of you  
The sun sets because of you  
Evil roams the streets because of you  
Smiles and laughter are caused by you  
Every inch of human pain and sadness  
All the happy moments the dull moments  
All of the love and peace  
All of the uncertainty and joy  
in an individual's heart  
Death and life  
Beginning and end.  
It is all because of you.

If a rose dies, does it come back as a new rose?

### **Butterfly**

Giggles and tickles  
Grips and squeezes  
Polaroids and sweatshirts  
Imperfection and teezes  
Useless but happy  
So many feelings  
I hate being so sappy  
They are temporary  
and I know this  
Switch it up or stay for momentary bliss?  
Butterflies  
Nerves  
Confusion  
And lies.  
Transformation  
Transportation of the mind  
With you, but I am not  
The love is fake but it still hurts

a lot.  
Crying  
Smiling  
Whining  
Timing, is wrong  
Timing, is it all.  
Butterfly stay or butterfly go?

One should not fall through the cracks or think they are mad for finding meaning or understanding in the absurdities of this wonderland.

### **Home**

I've lived in small homes.  
I've lived in big homes.  
Never white picket fence homes.  
Always barbed wire homes.  
It wasn't until I lost my home that I realized what it really was.  
Home isn't the same as a house.  
Home is not the place you live but rather the place of safe haven.  
Home for me was her.  
Home for me is gone.  
When she left the only thing to carry everything in were the bags under my eyes.  
I have a house  
But I still feel homesick.  
Another house.  
More barbed wire.  
There's no place like home.

All the apples on the tree

As I walk around this apple tree  
I rip off the bruised fruits  
And throw them to the ground  
Because I believe they have lost their purpose  
But in the end  
The purpose of those fruits is not to drip on my tongue and share with me its sweet

flavor

But, to carry a seed

And make new apples

So why are all those fruits thrown away

When all of them

Come from the same tree

The same bees

The same seed

And share the same nectar.

All the same and yet so different.

Don't forget

The seeds you plant with the actions you take part in.