

**Title: Abroad**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: Matter is Dynamic, a tapestry unfolding of when i was younger

On a rock they clung,  
Is how this tale is sung;  
For greed and sun,  
Was their only fun.  
For many aren't pure of heart,  
In the start,  
And in discussions,  
There begin many repercussions.  
Then they learn,  
For a rock holds not so much energy as love,  
So they don't shove no more;  
For perhaps they saw,  
Just a little bit more,  
Of what they were looking for.