

99 WRITING

Untitled

by Sam, 826CHI

TYPE
POETRY
STEM

I am intelligent, yet confused

I wonder if imaginary numbers exist

I hear the silence of sound

I want wisdom

I am intelligent, yet confused

I pretend to favor science

I feel my personal legend calling

I touch the soul of the world

I worry I won't achieve what I was

bred for

I cry when I don't understand

I am intelligent, yet confused

I understand how to factor a

quadratic

I say there is a higher being

I hope to cross any abyss I'm stuck in

I am intelligent, yet confused