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By : [veltzhmertz](#)

This poem is about the search for personal depth. It's questioning - questioning our desires, are capability...

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Searching is endless,

trails scattered along the path,

ending.

every new try an opportunity â the despair reverberating ever more loudly

Reason notwithstanding, the endeavors lengthen,

only Weariness urges you to continue.

Baffled by your own conjectures a frown begins to set, growing deeper as time wears on.

Meaning is elusive, suspense

holds you from day to passing day.

Analysis ongoing, you trudge onâ

a small pebble trips you up â as you stumble understanding strikes.

In the end, profound thoughts seethed. Boiling down to a single pebble of truth â a warped cycle has left you blackened and burned within the confines of your own mind.

The wish to be profound is, to most, a wish to waist away under burdened scrutiny.

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