



The Prophet
and
The Beggar

by Kyle Burton

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Asked if I could have the honor of setting him free

I already am, he replied sternly

I listened intently as he began to explain something even he didn't
understand

A beggar and a prophet once crossed paths he said

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A beggar and a prophet once crossed paths he said

One had a smile on his face while the other was at war inside his head

The beggar asked the prophet if he could have a piece of bread

The prophet gave him some and went on with his day

Later that night he was robbed of everything he called his own

The next morning the prophet sat next to the beggar and began to pray

With all his wisdom and knowledge he, like the beggar, had no home

As the sun set on the horizon he asked if I understood

I told him that riddles were never something with which I was any good

He paused for a moment and lifted his head from the sand

Looked me in the eyes and began to cry

The beggar and the prophet are one in the same

One man at different times in his life

Can't you see, he said, we have no control over what comes our way

That's why I bury my head in the sand, it's the only place to stay safe

Again, I asked if I could have the honor of setting him free

Directed his gaze out to the open sea

And told him that is where a man can truly be free

It wasn't until the next day that I finally began to see

The man with his head buried in the sand

That man...was me



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