

Why?

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Random little drabbles... about things that just don't... make any sense to me...

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1 - It Solves Nothing



War...
It brings us nothing.
Nothing good or piece-full.
Only blood shed.
Nothing remains.
Every thing's gone.
Nothing remains,
of you and your comrades.
That war...
That bomb...
Those brought nothing,
only death.
Every day...
you seem to waste away more and more...
Until your own family doesn't recognize you.
Until no one knows you as who you were.
Your mind is gone,
gone to that war.
Something stupid,
that never should have involved you...
You were to train new reqrutes.
Not go over those seas.
Why did you want to go?
You seem crazy,
determined to get yourself killed.
"Why?" I ask you.
You say, "It's my duty."
But whats the point...
if it will get you killed...
and we never see you again...
I never see you again...

Brother....
don't go....
Please don't leave me...
please don't leave us...

I will miss you... my brother....

2 - Flamers



People with creative ideas...
they work hard.
In fact,
most of them try their hardest.
They want to make it as good as they can,
for people to enjoy.
So...
why then?
Why do other people put them down?
Why do they...
Why *do* they?
Are they trying to tear people down?
Or are they just trying to make themselves popular,
by being mean to others?
Is that what every thing's come to?
That people must insult to be popular?
If that's what it takes...
Why would anyone even want to be in the popular group?
Why be in that clique?
If thats what it takes...
then I don't care what group I'm in.
As long as I'm surrounded by friends.
People who don't *care*
if your works are good,
or if they're bad.
they just say,
"Wow. This is really good!"
or
"I can help you tweak it! that is, if you want me to."
They don't flame.
They only help.
So...
Why then?

Why do people flame?
Are they insecure?
Are they depressed?
Or do they just be mean for no reason?
The twisted minds of people can be so cruel...
I bet...
I bet that almost everything that tears a person down...
can come from 2 things.
Death of some one near
or
their confidence, being torn down.
And everything now...
almost every thing's a popularity contest.
So now...
everyone must be mean...
to be accepted...
to be chosen for anything...
Real personality...
not something fake...
Does that even matter anymore?
If it doesn't...
then why is every one different?
If every one was the same...
then what would come of the world?
So...
why then?
why must every one be the same?
Mean...
Hateful...
Cruel....
Just to be the same as everyone else?