

## **Optional**

The mind of man is made  
of myriad fireflies;  
the pathway to his heart,  
of so many dead ends.

He would send out help across the world  
to a group of schoolchildren  
trapped in a flooded cave;

But he wouldn't lift a finger  
to keep the nearby waters  
from filling a mass grave.

**Jules Elleo** is working on his first full-length manuscript of poems in Brussels, Belgium.



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