

**Title: What is Ego**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Date: 2006/8/7

URL: <https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/91>

Keywords: Poem, Ego, Mammon, Greed, Poetry, Spiritual

Ego is something that we don't need,  
It causes such strife and trouble indeed.  
Ego is only a shell;  
Yet it can send us to hell;  
For spirit lives on,  
And spirit is one.  
Ego is from when we were hurt,  
Or when we try to flirt;  
It's not real,  
Can't we feel;  
Don't we understand the deal?  
What is the difference people ask,  
Well ego is like a plastic cask;  
The inner core is our spirit and soul,  
Fixing the outside won't make us feel whole.  
For no one cares for the outer barrel,  
All it does, is make us quarrel.  
So focus on the morals,  
To change the wine within;  
Instead of focus on the outside,  
And make our spirit hide.  
For ego does blind,  
It can make us not kind;  
We may think we're more,  
Which people don't adore,  
In fact, they might think we're a bore.  
Unless we focus on the core;  
Then that can open the door,  
For what is within is stored.