



## The Pain of a Know-it-all

by Sue Thompson

A swaggering walk, head held high,  
shoulders broad, no one could touch him,  
he was proud.  
A smug self-importance,  
he looked in the mirror and a god stared back,  
no one could touch him, no one came near.  
Where did he get this presumptuous air?  
They called him a know-it-all,  
but it was so much more;  
he was conceited, an egotist a fraud.  
This was his armour this was his pain.  
His mind full of words and thoughts,  
never switching off, never calm.  
The father was almost all to blame.  
Beaten; chastised into the ground,  
took his confidence his personality,  
played with his mind.  
He has no reason to think he is wrong,  
a know-it-all after all, is always precise.

