Albert
By Gideon Gomez

Before the fame, before the light,
Before he bent the laws of sight,
There was a child, quiet, still
A restless mind, a silent will.

Albert Einstein spoke so late, they wondered why,
As years went drifting slowly by,
His words arrived not swift, but few
As if he thought each sentence through.

Inside his head, a thought would grow,
Of shapes and truths he'd come to know,
A brain alive with hidden fire,
Not loud in speech, but vast in wire.

They could not hear the thoughts he'd weave,
Nor see the patterns he'd conceive,
For silence was his early art
The universe inside his heart.

And when at last his voice took flight,
It carried more than sound and light,
It held the weight of time and space,
A quiet child, the world would chase.