

September 2015

*Awaiting Blindness*

I am ...afraid... of the path to success.

And when I say that, it doesn't mean that I'm not willing to go down that alley.

No.

I'm more than eager to stumble face forward into the unknown that looms ahead.

...kind of...

What I'm afraid of is where it'll take me.

Whether you embrace the fact that life is ever progressing or not, it's happening!

Coming toward you at such a speed that you're left there closing your eyes,

Calculating your footsteps,

Moving blindly,

Hoping for the best.

They say that you shouldn't fear mistakes.

Well,

I've come to accept my flaws,

But the still, the dread of failure always seems to loom two steps ahead.

It breathes on my back like a shadow that's playing a game of hide and seek I don't want to be part of.

This self doubt is a plague

Pushing down on my shoulders,

Drowning me,

As the stress comes to the surface.

Win at the game of life! they say

Although the quest itself is impossible.

Cross the checkpoints off your list

Complete one, move on to the second.

...But I don't want to be one of those people to have a 10-year plan

All to have it derail

Everything you thought you had meticulously decided in advance  
...Up in flames

Did you know that elementary schools now INITIATE programs that are tailored to help the next generation reach a breaking point of success?

I was given building blocks

And here are these kids being taught that persistence is key to triumph

...All because scientific studies show that what most people lack is the drive to push past their downfalls

My 5-year old neighbor is genetically engineered

Here's another thought.

You're going to wake up one day,

In a life you never would have imagined for yourself

That's terrifying!

But when that day comes,

And it will

Think back to today

How different times were

And how unbelievably naive you must have been.

Belief is a funny thing.

Why does it mean more when you hear someone else confirm it?

Why does it feel more real when said out loud?

You can beat yourself up about something-

purple, black, and blue,

But once you stare into the reflection on the other side of that double sided mirror

See that it's only you and let it go

This is me.

My past is behind, forgotten at times but stitched to my heart.

The tracks of the future loom ahead.

What will I become?

Who will I become?

Where will I become?

Will I become?