# A Poem For My Family

I do not how this came up, but the family group chat compelled me to write this and I feel like its worth sharing further:

Do you really think you got it this good by pure chance?

Are we really going to watch sports and avoid the potential here in our cosmic dance?

Out of all the times to be born, you are here in the end of dystopian times,

In a society where you can disrupt the future of the collective with a simple rhyme

We have the the potential for eternity in our presence

We don't need mediocrity, mimosas, margaritas or mead

We need to look at whats important and say fuck off to dopamine greed

I know you see us children as having lost our faith

But here I am asking you to keep pace

Mom and Pa where do you draw the line?

Do you fight for your beliefs or just settle with "it's fine."

Are you willing to preach to your kin

The power and beauty of the kingdom within?

Or just let us lose faith to the devil and sin.

To my brothers and sister if Gods not real and there's really nothing at the end of this all

Then is our call to action not made even more tall?

If oblivion awaits and we have the chance for it to not

Mustn't we fight against permanent rot?

I quiz you to think if you really love me so much

To look within and steer your life to fight with me on such,

I ask you fear losing me, as I do you

Let's fight the good fight in the game that we were born into.

I personally don't fear giving a couple decades of time for the fight

I fear humanity succeeding in the future and getting the gift of utopia knowing I didn’t make the choice to do what was right

I mean even if we fail, gods not real, you die this century and I do too...

If we helped life continue maybe one day I'll be back with you

Future technology will permit playing with the building blocks of time and space

Really understanding matter, energy, and life are not far ahead in our race

With magical powers of the future they could put our minds back in place

I mean maybe it's not that risky, and there's no reason to spit these bars

Inconceivably advanced intelligences may already be out there among the stars

IDK if they oversee us already from a hidden base on mars.

I will still work to bring these dreams to life if you will not

Because without it in a grave I fear you, I, and all of humanity may rot

Now you understand when I say no to a board game for an hour or two

It’s just nothing in my mind to spend an eternity with you.